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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXXII—Second Series

July-December 1918

OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

259 MINNA STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. Marriott, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, F. Marriott, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Editor, B. Davidson, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Managing Editor, B. Davidson, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Business Manager, F. Marriott, 259 Minna St., San Francisco.

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Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires September 20, 1919.)

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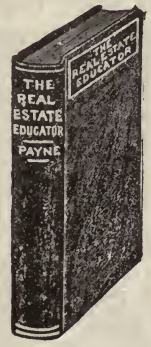

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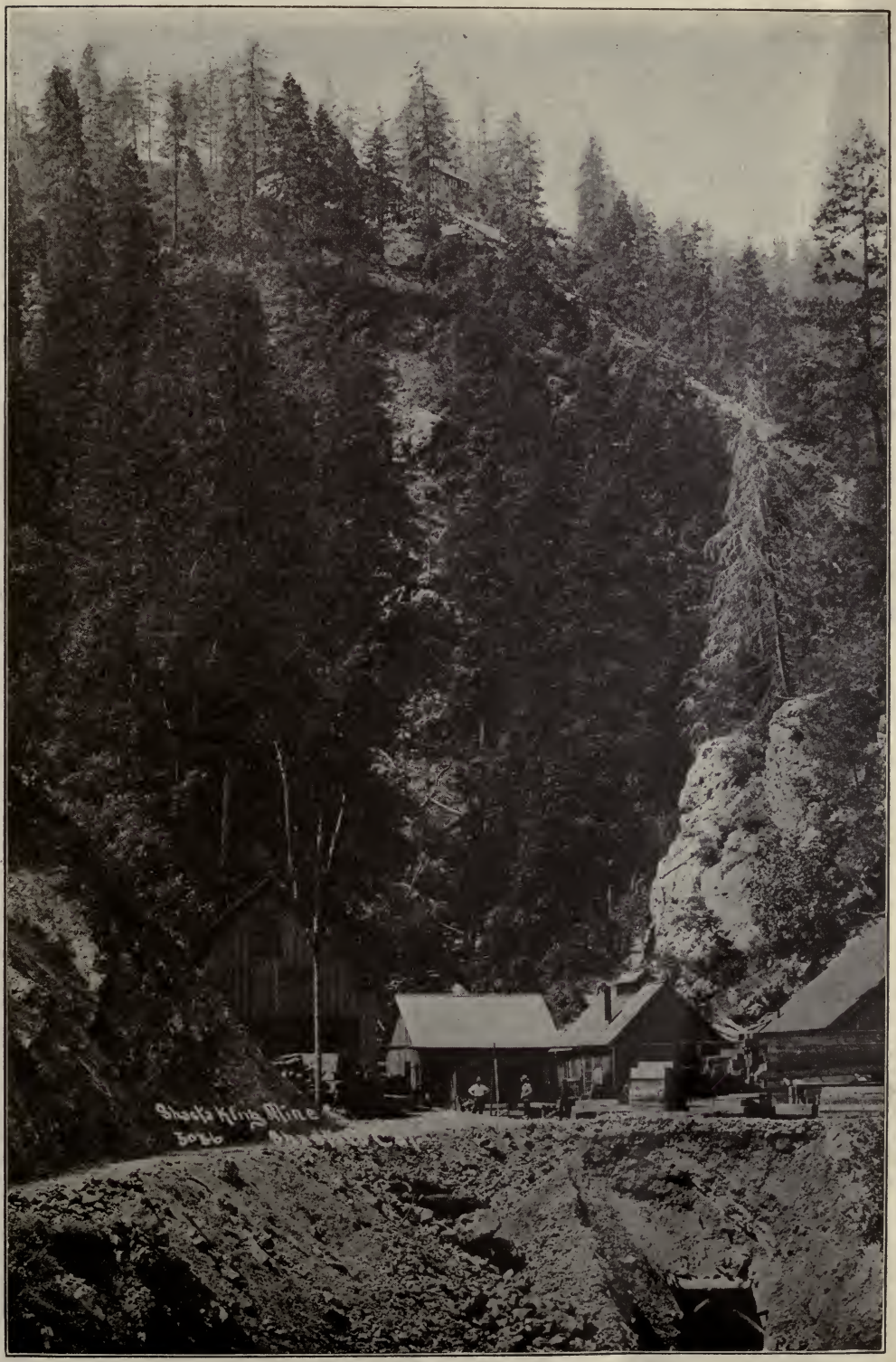
Bits of California Scenery

In Muir Park, Marin County, within twenty miles of San Francisco.

Mt. Shasta and Stewart's Lake

On the banks of Lake Merritt, Oakland, California.

Along the higher crest of the Sierras



A mine plant in the foothills of the Sierras

A rocky pass in the Sierras

Entrance to Emerald Bay, Lake Tahoe

In the high Sierras

"After the Early Rains"

Downieville, looking east from Cannon Point

Dipsea Beach and Duxbury Reef, from Mount Tamalpais

Samoan belles.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXII San Francisco, July, 1918 No. 1

Among the South Sea Islanders

By Richard E. Delaney, M. D.

THERE are few parts of the world where life is so interesting as in beautiful and quaint Samoa. That was the trip of my life.

The readers of this magazine are no doubt familiar with the name Samoa because of the literature of Robert Louis Stevenson, and because also it is where he spent the last days of his life. His remains lie buried there on the top of Mount Vaea, overlooking the town of Apia.

How well it has been said that Samoa is where life is different. Even when one begins to lose sight of California at sea for this strange land, a feeling of intense curiosity, mingled with loneliness of home, comes over him, as he wonders at the sights and customs that are ahead of him.

For the first few days at sea the places at the table in the saloons were not always filled at meal time. As each passenger began to get over seasickness, the decks were more and more occupied. Those of the second and third class, some immigrating to Australia, made a cosmopolitan gathering, about a dozen nationalities being represented. Most of the first class passengers were tourists on a vacation to Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands.

The steamer chairs were either occupied or various games taken up to pass away the time. When the eyes would be tired gazing at the horizon and the ocean, one would go to sleep in the shade of the deck awning, unless disturbed by a down-pour of tropical rain. Over such an immensity of space in mid-ocean, the sight of a ship or a sail is most welcomed.

Of course, the news by wireless would be ready on the tables every morning. Such a possibility at sea would have been laughed at only a few years ago. And the most interesting news by wireless, even at three thousand miles distance, was about Colonel Roosevelt, which means he is still very much alive, thanks to a kind Providence.

In the evening at dinner the men of the first class passengers were in full dress and the women in handsome evening gowns, all wearing tissue paper caps of various colors from their candy boxes. All this made a beautiful picture of wealth in the main saloon, while the variegated electric lights overhead and on the small tables added much effect to this brilliant scene. This picture became all the more interesting in contrast with that of the third class passengers who had no "bon-bons" on their tables nor decollete women to gaze upon while the ship ploughed the ocean waves.

An ocean voyage of several weeks'

duration is not without strange sights of human nature. As in the population of a city, so it is with that of a ship. There are human natures far more amorous than others, and so it was on this voyage. When the passengers had all gone below and the lights were out, a deck chair in particular would be occupied by a white dressed steward of splendid physique, and then a fair "damoselle" in short skirt and fair form would come along. During the day on deck she was conspicuous for her playfulness with ship officers, as she loved to use their chests for a punching bag or imitate an expert with the gloves. How loving this fair coquette was in the tender arms of this ship officer only the few passengers who had a chance to watch for themselves in the dark could fully imagine. When the ecstasy of kissing and hugging would tire itself she would jump up, play around him, then try it all over again. There was a church minister on board, and perhaps this was their honeymoon, for like all sensible people they retired after a while and went below. Some folks don't think there is a time and place for everything, but this goes to illustrate once more that "truth is stranger than fiction."

The swimming tank in the prow of the ship on the main deck in front of the captain's quarters and below the bridge, came in for a good deal of merriment and water splashing in the afternoon, and not a few of the women took part in their short bathing suits, for it is both fashionable and wise to be seen playing in sea water on a warm day.

An old sailor passenger, who had been 55 years at sea, was in that condition of mind between sense and nonsense when he could show off a great deal more than he knew. But it was the sport of the passengers to hear him lecture in Australian accents on deck on the science of seamanship, on astronomy, on navigation, philosophy, Christian Science and explain nautical terms, especially when the women were present. He had no end of seafaring yarns, and his fertile imagination would add effect to thrilling disasters.

How difficult it is to escape American graft in United States territory, and even 4,500 miles from home at that, I discovered the day after I landed at Pago Pago, which is an American possession. The Oceanic S. S. line, having no shelter on the government wharf for passengers' baggage except the customs house, a native policeman, a "half caste," very politely escorted me to the customs house, where I was permitted to place my baggage for safe keeping. When I came to take my baggage out next day the clerk of the customs, a half caste, who had learned the Yankee trick, wanted one dollar for storage. But while I had made no contract and there was no sign anywhere about a fee for 24 hours storage in United States property, the clerk was politely informed of the imposition, and he quickly relinquished all claims. This may serve to put other passengers for Samoa wise. The British authorities in Apia in that respect were much more polite. Apia, by the way, is under martial law.

After we had been eight days at sea without a sight of land, and not even a ship nor a sail since we had left Honolulu, the most welcome view in the dawn of a balmy tropical morn was the green island of Tutuilla. How interesting and different is the intense verdure of those islands even to the very mountain tops, compared to the shores of California or even of Honolulu, only those who see it can fully appreciate it. Wherever the cocoanut plantations are in patches of any size along the shore, the palm thatched Samoan house can faintly be seen embowered in foliage. And one wonders how so small a space available for cultivation can provide food for the natives.

To say that everybody found the weather warm in Pago Pago on that March day is to put it mildly, but more anon regarding the depressing climate of that country.

Among the sites of the Samoan Islands I would certainly mention the harbor of Pago Pago. I never saw anything look more like a pond, being one and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. On ship days when the Oceanic line calls there, it means a gathering of a thousand natives at the wharf. They come from all over the island to trade their tapa cloths, native curios and fruits with the passengers.

A pleasant surprise to the passengers is the excellent music which the Samoan band can produce while the ship is at the wharf. Most everybody of the village, including the U. S. marines and officers and the officers' wives, all in white, and the Governor, are there on those occasions.

To see a game of baseball between the natives in their lava lava and the U. S. Marine on a beautiful green campus, is a sight worth while. It is well they choose the evening hour, for I don't know what would happen if they were to do much running during the heat of the day. The campus, by the way, is the only bit of level ground in the village sufficient to play baseball.

The village of Pago Pago follows the shore of that harbor for a distance of two miles, forming a circle at the foot of steep mountains. Almost from the rear of the Catholic school and mission a mountain wall reaches a height of some 3,000 feet, and is so steep that one could only ascend it by pulling himself from tree to tree. One wonders how can people risk their lives at the foot of such a precipice. As a matter of fact, a few years ago the priest of the mission was awakened one night by a tremendous noise, and when he got up a landslide carrying several thousand tons of earth, rocks and tree in its wake had stopped within a few feet of the mission residence. The path is now grown green with grass and vegetation and is visible for miles. These picturesque steep mountains with such a rich, tropical verdure, are a constant curiosity to visitors. Here and there at the base and side of these mountains one will see patches of tarrow, yam, papaya and bananas, and some gardening of small vegetables, with no other irrigation but the downpour of tropical rain.

From early morn till late at night, while these mountains cast their shadows in the waters below, one will always see native outriggers and small canoes going back and forth loaded with laughing natives. Their beautiful songs, as they mark time while rowing can be heard from one side of the harbor to the other, the echoes of their laughter repeating itself in the stillness of the air. To make their work lighter by singing is an old Samoan custom. Among the sweetest church singers the writer ever met in any land are these Samoans. In the midst of these deep shadows in the water there is nothing so beautiful on a moonlight night as the silvery rays and reflection of the moon on the surface of the harbor. This would make a subject for a poet or an artist.

One evening I wanted to go across the bay instead of walking two miles around. About a dozen native boys, with only a breach cloth around them, were in an old canoe rowing near the shore where I stood. "Say, boys," said I. "will you please row me across?" "How much, how much?" was the reply in chorus. "One shilling," said I. "Two shillings, two shillings," was again the chorus. Finally consenting to one shilling they backed their canoe and I stepped in. Half way across the bay I was sorry for the bargain. The canoe was leaking badly. That did not matter to them, however, those little boys can swim and dive like fishes. There is no greater fun for them than to dive for coins. While they were rowing me across they had no end of fun at my expense. My American clothes in such a climate must have appeared just as ridiculous to them as their brown, naked bodies appeared handsome to me. They would row a spell, then laugh awhile. One must have heard their merry laughter from both sides of the harbor in that calm evening. Between their rowing spells they would

say: "You bluff, you bluff?" In an interrogation manner. They must have been deceived before, in the way of a bargain. That was all the English they apparently knew. "Oh, no; oh, no!" I assured them, and I showed them the shilling. The moment I stepped ashore from the stern of the boat I paid them their shilling. Then you should have heard them laugh. Their canoe was half full of water, but they rowed back across the harbor just the same, and what matter to them if the boat sank?

They will sometimes go out and swim a mile to meet the ship at sea, for the early bird catches the early worm. And while their legs are always in motion to keep afloat they will keep calling: "Dime, five cents; dime, five cents," until they see the sight of a coin or coins dropping. Without waiting until it reaches the water surface they all dive simultaneously. Sometimes they will go and dive from the topmost deck of the ship if they are permitted. As they do so, the last sight of their brown, lithesome bodies is a lot of legs and feet protruding upwards, then water bubbles for a moment. With the first appearance of the face again there is a rounding of the cheeks as they blow out and take in air. Then a shaking of the head to clear water out of their eyes and hair. They will then pass one hand over the face as a finishing touch while they hold the coin or coins between their teeth and cheek. But they are always able to shout: "Dime, five cents," as they pop out of the water.

So warm is the water of the ocean at Samoa at all times of the year that when people go bathing in the sea they do not do so to cool off, but merely for pleasure and exercise.

The ability of Samoans as swimmers can be estimated from the following strange experience. A native canoe was returning from Pago Pago one dark night on its way to Apia, distant sixty miles. Thirty big brown skinned Samoans were on board rowing, and were ten miles from shore; then the ocean waves became so tremendous the long canoe, some sixty feet long, broke in two and sank with everything of freight. The thirty Samoans started to swim, discarding their lava lava, and by daylight twenty-nine of them had reached the shore, only one having been drowned by exhaustion. Hairbreadth escapes of sea traveling in open canoes in Samoa would fill a volume. One day Bishop Broyer of Moa-Moa was returning to Apia in one of these long Samoan canoes. Two clergymen and a lot of native rowers were accompanying him. During the voyage one of the clergymen had heard some of the nails giving way and the planks breaking considerably as they were going over the waves. Hardly had the boat touched the shore at the very finish of the journey when it broke completely in two. On account of these accidents the law now forbids people traveling between Pago-Pago and Apia in an open boat.

While in Apia I was passing by a wharf, and one of these long, slender canoes was arriving. It was rowed by thirty big brown-skinned natives. They had come a distance of forty miles in less than four hours. There was a sick priest in his thin black cassock in the stern end of the boat. It was interesting to see what tender care two of the big chiefs were taking to support him as they walked toward the mission. For four hours they had rowed to the time of Samoan music. Every man of them was bareheaded in that hot sun. Their hair was dressed with a white coating of lime and water mixture which keeps the head cool. So the old philosophy of "keep a cool head" is observed in Samoa in more than a figurative way. From a distance this white coating of lime gives them a patriarch appearance. And this is a Samoan custom. Their bodies above the waist were also smeared with cocoanut oil, which gave them a shiny appearance in the sun.

The native houses were most interesting. They do not differ very much from those of the native Hawaiians in their primitive state. While the roof is made of palm leaves at least a foot

Interior homes.

in thickness, which cools the interior against the sun, the walls are wide open during the day, allowing free circulation of air on account of the climate. The walls are longer than wide, but the four corners are rounded. This gives the Samoan house a circle-like appearance. That of a chief is about forty feet in length. In case of a wind or rain storm at night the walls are provided with leaf mats in sections, which can be lowered or raised at will. The floors of all Samoan houses are of gravel. Not a nail is used in the making of a native house. Tieing material consists of cocoanut fibres.

The first afternoon I was at Pago Pago, I was taking a walk through the village and following the circle of the harbor. When some of the natives see a stranger walking the road by their houses, and they think it is his first visit, they will beckon to him to come in and sit on their mats on the floor. About a dozen young women were in one of those open wall houses, and they beckoned to me to come in. When I had seated myself on a mat they offered me a native orange and a drink of cava. Then they asked me in broken English if I would like to see a Samoan dance. Hardly had I said yes when their low neck waists without shirt vanished in a jiffy. The beautiful forms they displayed without any concern would make many a vain white woman envious.

And this is what plain, natural living and no tight lacing will do where life is different. Their color is of a handsome light brown and their teeth are like pearls. And these are the women who have good, soul-free, innocent laughter, like good American women.

Hardly any of them weighed less than 190 pounds, and they were of splendid proportion. When they had taken off their waists they put on a thin covering over their breasts. This was fastened tight behind with pins. Their necks and waists were encircled with flowers and green trailings. This dance differs entirely from the Siva Siva, which I will mention later. The contortions which they go through in this performance does not appeal to modesty, but it is an old Samoan custom of entertaining. I might say in passing, for I made particular inquiries of the missionaries, that the morals of these women, considering the influence of white sailors ashore, are exceedingly good.

At one time, if a shower of rain overtook them on their way home from town, and they were dressed to meet the European passengers of the steamship, the women would remove their waists and skirt in a jiffy, roll them up, and carry them under their arms, leaving only a fig leaf to cover them, but the law now compels them to keep on their dress in spite of the rain.

In most every village there is a native house provided for the meeting of women who desire to marry. And when a Samoan has decided to take a wife he goes there and does his courting in an open manner. When they have decided to marry, the groom in his lava lava goes off with his bride to his new Samoan house. If he is not yet a church member, and sometimes in spite of that fact, he will live with his wife until he knows she will bear him children, for the Samoan husbands are proud of having large families. Race suicide in Samoa is still unknown —much to their credit. But if she bears him no children, in spite of the fact he may be a member of the Anglican or Wesleyan church, he will go and live with another woman. In some cases, as I had a chance to observe for myself, a Samoan will put away his wife, even after she has raised him a large family. Then he will go and live with a young wife with the idea of having a larger family than his neighbor. But he will also support the first wife in true Mormon fashion. In view of polygamy having been a pagan custom among the early Samoans, the Mormon religion appeals to some of them, and so the Mormon church is an established institution in Samoa. The proof of a bride's virginity is made an occasion of a religious ceremony among the Samoans. The best friends of the bride meet at a native house,

The "siva-siva" dance given before the officers and men of a French man-of-war.

and the bride sits on the best new mat made for the occasion. With that honor in view as the result of family teaching for years, it is very seldom a young woman will allow herself to be taken advantage of in Samoa.

It is remarkable what little work the Samoans require to do in order to make a living. When you consider the little clothes that both men and women and children require, it is no wonder one will find them so often at home sleeping in the shade, or squatting in their houses. That is not because they are lazy, but their wants are few. Two days a week only are required of him to plant and cultivate his tarrow, yam, bananas and harvest his food. Bread fruit and pineapples grow wild. For feast days, which are numerous, of course, they always have some pigs on their small cocoanut plantation, which require no extra feeding.

The women do most of the fishing, and that my moonlight. Tons of cocoanut leaves are first gathered on the beach, and that is made into a big rope, leaf after leaf being tied together, until the coil is about three feet in diameter and over a thousand feet in length. An outrigger canoe will take one end of it and drag it out some distance until it has encircled the fishes towards the shore. As the sharp points of the cocoanut leaves touch the fish it drives them ahead. The women then wade out behind the long rope and keep pushing it towards the beach until they have landed the fish right in front of the rope. The catch is then divided by the chief, who sees that no one in the village will go hungry, for this is village community life in Samoa.

When the writer was visiting the mission at Moa Moa, the native sisters were preparing Samoan food to be used at some future time when that same fruit is not in season. This consists of bananas and breadfruit. Both fruits are peeled, then wrapped up each separately in a banana leaf, and the whole buried in the ground for a period of six months. By that time both fruits become soft by the natural process of decomposition and smell rancid. This food in Samoa is called mussie. When taken up to be used it is mixed with cocoanut milk and beaten into a thick batter. Wrapped up in banana leaves again it is placed on red hot stones and covered over with some more banana leaves to bake.

The origin of this dish is the scarcity of food in former times when famine was threatening. While bananas and bread fruit would go to waste and rot by being left unused in their season, this process of food burying saves this waste to the natives. The banana and bread fruit each yield two crops per year, namely in spring and autumn.

The education of the islands is divided between the Anglicans, the Catholics and Wesleyans, with a sprinkle of Mormons. The Anglican church in Apia has a good size boarding school for girls and another for boys. The London missionaries have trained capable native assistants to carry on the educational work. The salary for each London missionary in Samoa with servants and residence free is $2,500 per year. The Catholic fathers and Christian brothers and nuns adapt themselves to native food from the very beginning, so their living expenses, including clothing, do not exceed $250 per year each, which is their only salary. The London Protestant missionary went to Samoa in 1830, while the Marist fathers first landed there in 1845. The Catholics of the islands number 7,500, while the London Missionary Society has 8,658 church members. Although the Samoan Islanders, before the missionaries went there, practiced idolatry and many superstitions, as some of them do yet, they were never known to be cannibals. Their present population is about 38,000 people. Both the Protestants and Catholics each issue a church journal once a month in the native language.

The nuns' schools throughout the islands, for want of means, are made entirely self-supporting. Imagine a boarding school in the United States where the girls would have to spend three hours a day growing taro, yam

Natives fishing in an island river.

and bananas and papaya for their food, and earn their dress material by giving Siva Siva performances, recitations and songs, and accepting presents from the visitors. Many of the young women range in age from twenty to twenty-five years, and the majority remain until they are married.

The Siva Siva performance is most interesting. This myself and a missionary attended one evening in the Sisters' school in Pago Pago. The English nun was on the eve of giving the performance on the occasion of opening her new school building, and it was a rehearsal of that we attended. The Siva Siva is chiefly calesthenics of body, arm and head motion, while the performers are sitting standing and kneeling, keeping time to taoo music on a drum. The Governor of Tutuilla was to be present at the approaching entertainment of this school.

In spite of the good work of missionaries in Apia and elsewhere, the influence of moving pictures does not promote morals and civilization. Such a performance was given in Apia some time ago in which a lot of cowboys were seen shooting. Two young Samoans who had watched the show made up their minds to go next morning and imitate the cowboys. So they saddled horses and made for one of the cocoanut plantations. They killed the first white man they met, who was working on the plantation, and before a posse could be sent after them, they had shot two other men fatally. Their punishment was their own death, for they also had to be shot before they could be captured.

One strange sight in Samoa is the disease of elephantiasis. The arms or legs, and both, will sometimes grow several times their normal size. It is useless to operate on those parts of the body, as the disease will return. The disease also attacks some white people after a long residence in the island. The cause is not known, but the bite of an insect is suspected. When people afflicted with elephantiasis go to Australia or New Zealand the disease passes away, but will recur if the person comes back and lives in Samoa again.

The eye diseases among the natives are a curiosity. An old native treatment was to scrape the top of the eyeball with the sharp edge of a shell until the surface bled, a very painful treatment. In this way the surface of the eye would become organized into a fibrous tissue. Due to this wrong treatment one will find a large number of natives with one or both eyes blind. There is no end of trachoma and mixed infection in the eye diseases of that country.

The most interesting experience in all my travels was my visit to the tomb and home of Robert Louis Stevenson. I saw for myself how much love the natives must have had for this charming author. The path they had cut through a tropical jungle on the side of a mountain forest to go and bury his remains is so steep that one can climb it in some places only by pulling himself from tree to tree. To have made that path a distance of two miles to an altitude of 3,000 feet, and to have carried his remains up that precipice in such a climate, shows the great love the natives had for Tusitala, the writer of sweet tales.

As I stood by the side of that tomb, and looked at the beautiful poinciana and hibuseus flowers planted there purposely, and gazed at the broad Pacific at my feet, a feeling of intense loneliness came over me. The grave is not only a reminder of death but of those we love among the living and the dead. Just two years from the day I stood alone on Mount Vaea, the very man who had given me a chance to rise in medical knowledge in far-off Oakland, Cal., passed away to eternity. In such an hour of solitude we think of other friends gone by. Whoever will visit the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson, if he is alone, will have the same experience. When I was shown through the home and room where Tusitala had done so much of his writings, a feeling of veneration came over me also. Some of the keys of the old piano he used to play are as silent

today because of rust as the performer is now. So everything is passing away with time. His bedstead, his armchair, his black writing desk, his inkwell, his penholders, his bookshelves, and some of his books, all becoming dusty with years, are still there as a gentle reminder of the past. But the old typewriter his friend, H. J. Moore, still keeps in the attic of his store down town, as a precious heirloom.

Some day, as time passes away, and good literature lives, the home and grave of Robert Louis Stevenson will be sacred ground. A more beautiful site and more magnificent grounds for a home would be hard to find.

Who else but a genius of strange peculiarities could have written his own epitaph? It is so typical of his life, and so true of the resting place of his remains, that I will offer the verse here, which I copied from the tomb.

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

The letters are about two inches in height. The dates, 1850-1894, are also engraved beneath the epitaph.

How well he had thought also of some appropriate words in loving memory of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson after death, at least twenty years before her demise, for when she passed away in 1914, and the dust of her cremated remains were buried and cemented in the same tomb, the following words of that sweet writer were also engraved on that beautiful monument:

AOLELE

"Teacher, traveler, comrade wife,
A fellow friend true to life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The August Father gave to me."

There is also a long epitaph in the Samoan language engraved on one side of the monument. It would be interesting to read its translation into English. But this much I can prophesy in my imagination. It speaks of love that the author had for the Samoans; it speaks of the love the Samoans had for "Tusitala," which is the heading of the epitaph. It is by that name he went all over Samoa, which means "Writer of Sweet Tales." It also speaks of the many feasts he gave them, of the conferences he had with them, and how he inspired them to live right by words and example. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. As the Samoans owed so much to Tusitala for many deeds of kindness, it is easy to translate such an epitaph in imagination. Their desire for his happiness in the hereafter were not wanting in expressions. The average Samoan is nothing if he is not an orator of ceremonies. So the words of that epitaph must be of that nature.

To those who are familiar with the tomb of the late poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., I will say the monument of Robert Louis Stevenson is of that size and shape. And it must have cost some labor and love to climb all the material to the top of Mount Vaea, which is so expressive of the first line of his epitaph:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie."

One Saturday afternoon, Rev. Biswald of Apia, who I knew, was anxious to study Samoan life in their primitive way of living, invited me to accompany him to one of the branch missions some fifteen miles from Apia. At three o'clock p. m., two horses were saddled and made ready for us.

Most of the missionaries are at home in the saddle, as it is in that way they do much traveling. But he soon saw that I was new in the saddle. "Break your step, break your step," he would say to me. At last I understood, and I soon acquired the motion. We had gone but two miles, when the priest, in true military fashion, shouted: "Get ready for a gallop, That will make rid-

The village "taupau" in full regalia, with head-knife, the favorite weapon in Samoan warfare.

ing easier for you." Putting spurs to his horse he was off like a flash, and mine, which was fond of keeping with his, did not need any speeding to follow. It was a true John Gilpin ride. My hat was in one hand, perspiration pouring over me, so warm it was, and I held the front of the saddle with the other. I was terrified with fright.

As we were nearing one of the missions on the way, a tropical rain overtook us, and we ran into shelter in a native house. Our horses were attended to and our hostess began to prepare cava for our welcome. This is the national drink of Samoa.

Cava is made from a native root. A stranger or visitor entering a Samoan home in the country is presented with a piece of that root as a mark of welcome. The priest was also presented with the same ceremony, although he has visited there many times. This root is cut up into bits beforehand and dried in the sun. This then is pounded on a flat stone into a powder ready for use. When the drink is wanted some of this powdered root is placed in a large cava bowl made of wood for the purpose. Then water is mixed with this powder. In order to separate the coarse grain from the drink, a bundle of coarse root fibres is used to gather this powder from the water, and the whole is twisted together several times. This squeezes the juice out of the cava root into the water and separates the coarse grain from the drink. This ceremonious mixture being ready, the visitors and host of the household clap their hands several times. The guest master then calls the name of each visitor in turn, according to Samoan custom, as each is presented with a cocoanut cup of cava. It is a part of Samoan etiquette to drink the cupful without stopping. Samoa par excellence is a country of native ceremonies and hospitality. Nowhere are people more courteous and polite in their way than the Samoans.

The taste of cava is between that of wild ginger roots, and some say of dish water, but one soon gets used to it, and the missionaries use it every day as a cooling drink.

While we were enjoying cava and a

The "tulafale" (talking chief.)

rest, the native women of the village, who had had a cricket match that day, had gathered on the lawn in front and were playing the game of forfeit. The custom of the country is that the losers of the game must perform on the lawn and respond to the forfeits imposed on them by the winners. This time the forfeit consisted of a step dance on the grass to the accompaniment of native singing. There was much good natured merriment on both sides. Wringing wet with rain, the women's thin waists and short lava skirt stuck to their skin, and showing that taro root, yam, bread fruit and banana can produce good physical development in Samoan women. The weather now having cleared, our horses were saddled and made ready, and we were off again. Several small rivers had to be waded on the way, and some more fierce galloping resumed. When I will have such a ride again I don't know, but we reached the mission, fifteen miles from Apia, in due time.

The priest's arrival was heralded far and near by means of a wooden bell. This bell consists of a wooden trough about six feet long, three feet deep and three feet wide, made of a log. When a person dies in the village, or a missionary or a personage arrives, or to announce the hour of service, or to bring the people of the village together for any particular purpose, a man goes to work and beats this trough with two big sticks as one does a drum. It makes a doleful sound but one can hear it for two miles.

When we had seated our selves on the best mats of the house, and in places of honor marked by special posts around the open walls, cava was once more prepared and served in the true Samoan fashion. Then one of the chiefs, who had come to pay honor to the missionary, and who wore the usual lava lava with no upper garment, began to make the speech of welcome. Then the guest master or host, in the same style of dress, and squatting in the usual fashion on a mat of leaves on the gravel floor, began to make his address of ceremony to me. I was made to believe I was a great personage, and I was given to understand I represented a great nation. I did not understand a word of it, but all that was said with many jokes for the delectation of all visitors and chiefs present. And that is the Samoan custom. For supper the hospitable natives of the house had prepared good soup in European fashion, and the following bill of fare, which was equal to that of a good hotel, namely, one pound trouts baked in taro leaves on red hot stones, taro root, yam and bread fruit baked in the same fashion, one boiled chicken, whole, and last but not least, Samoan cabbage, which is taro tops cooked with cocoanut milk. They had even made tea, an article which they never use, while we had a cocoanut apiece to drink its sweet, cool milk from. The table cloth was immaculate and their best spread. Where could a lord be better treated in his castle? This, then, is Samoan hospitality to a missionary. About the same bill of fare was served us for breakfast at nine o'clock next morning. While we were enjoying our evening meal, the chiefs and the family took their supper of taro and bread fruit and fish on mats on the gravel floor.

Some steamship literature that would induce people to patronize their line of travel would have us believe "the climate of Samoa is warm, but not excessively so." The writer has lived for three years in the Philippine Islands, one year of which he spent in Manila. From his experience in both countries he can truthfully say that the climate of Samoa is not only warm but is excessively so for at least eight months of the year. On the other hand, the climate of the Philippine Islands is warm, but not excessively so, for at least nine months of the year. It is therefore much warmer in Samoa than in most parts of the Philippine Islands. The climate of the Oceanica in general and of the latitude of Samoa in particular is too serious on the lives of white people to be passed off lightly. Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived and died in Samoa,

wrote in glowing terms of the country and climate, but his place of residence, which is three miles from town, was at an altitude of some 1,500 feet above sea level, which makes a big difference in weather and temperature in that latitude. There are physiological periods in women under 40 years which men escape by nature's laws, and that accounts for the fact that the Oceanica in general and the Samoan Islands in particular are not a white man's country. The result of that depressing climate on white women, not native to the country, and on white men in general, is loss of energy, loss of weight, anorexia, anemia, and finally a susceptibility to tuberculosis.

The women nurses, of whom there are four in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Pago Pago, and the wives of the few American officers, all show the dreadful effect of climate on white women, even after only one year in the country. To one accustomed to the mild climate of the Pacific coast of Oregon or California, that of Samoa is intensely trying for the first few months. It is true that some white people have attained a ripe old age in Samoa, but human natures are not all strong alike to resist the heat of that climate.

One cause of many white people losing their health in that latitude is wearing more clothing than the natives do. If the Samoans have developed a splendid physique and far superior to that of the average European, it is largely due to their well-ventilated skin by wearing only the lava lava. Nowhere does human skin require more ventilation in the tropics than in Samoa, on account of that depressing climate of heat and rain. The old habit of custom, mixed with vanity of Europeans, can be seen in that latitude when they will sacrifice health for so-called propriety, even though they wear white and light-weight clothing. The very look of the Samoan's handsome brown skin above and below their lava lava appeals to common sense.

The writer is not stating this as a paid booster of some steamship companies, but as a non-partisan narrator of his visit and observations.

While copra exportation is the main source of commerce in Samoa, and the nation's chief means of earning a living, two things regarding this industry came to my knowledge while I was in Apia. A few years ago they undertook to import rubber plants from Java. The result was they also imported a beetle that is fast destroying the magnificent cocoanut trees all over the islands. Unless the British government on the islands of Upolu and Savaii, and the American authorities on the Island of Tutuilla, will combine and discover and import an insect that will destroy those beetles and not the cocoanut trees, the copra industry all over the islands is doomed. My other knowledge of the copra industry in Samoa that I obtained from the American Consul in Apia is to the effect that the British commander or governor of Apia issued an order forbidding the exportation of copra to the United States, in contempt of a signed agreement, between Germany, Great Britain and the United States, that each power would have an equal right of trading with those islands. Orders were also issued to the effect that all German business houses in Apia and elsewhere in Upolu and Savaii must be closed by May 10. These people had nothing to do with the war, but it is another case of the good having to suffer for the bad.

As the "Foot Note to History" by Robert Louis Stevenson was written in Apia, a few words of its teaching may be appropriate in conclusion. Dishonesty and pride in politics will find its own leveler sooner or later. According to Robert Louis Stevenson, who had made thorough investigation, and who wrote without the least prejudice, there was much dishonesty on the part of German, American and British representatives in Apia some 25 years ago, when they were trying to settle the trouble as to the rightful heir to the throne of Samoa. When the warships of the three powers rep-

resented in Apia were on the eve of engaging in battle over this small crown head, a tidal wave, and one of the most awful hurricanes known to the South Seas, as by an act of Providence, came along, sank all these warships to the bottom of the harbor, only one escaping, and caused a fearful loss of sailors' lives by drowning. So it does not pay to be proud, bigoted and prejudiced in authority, and to be dishonest and jealous in politics. The possession of wealth and power has been known to be the father and the trick of dishonesty and paganism. Sooner or later this wealth and power and pride, no matter of what nation, are the cause of individual and national downfall. This is the history of the world through the ages.

The Irish Guards

By Rudyard Kipling

(Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Princess Victoria, was present at the Empire matinee, organized by Lady Paget, in aid of the Irish Guards' War Fund. The chief novelty was the recital by Mr. Henry Ainley of the following poem, entitled "The Irish Guards," specially written for the occasion by Mr. Rudyard Kipling):

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honor at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards' Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

Old Days! The wild geese are flighting
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went,
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—
The English—left at Ghent.

(Continued on Page 26)

They're fighting on our side today,
But before they changed their clothes
The half of Europe knew our fame
As all of Ireland knows!

Old days! The wild geese are flying
Heads to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,
And when we forget, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water runs
As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns
Like salmon to the sea!

Old days! The wild geese are ranging
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish their hearts are unchanging,
And when they are changed, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the ring.
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe
When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

Ah, France! And did we stand by you,
When life was made splendid with gifts and rewards?
Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?

Old days! The wild geese are flighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's loving and fighting,
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

The Spy

By Charles A. Cogswell

WHEN men get together and believe that they are enjoying themselves the most, they are usually to be found telling tales of the one kind or the other, some men tell long stories, some short, some witty, some droll, and some just plain otherwise.

Our little party was a meeting of four old college acquaintances at a reunion of the class of 1913, after a separation of five years. One of us had become a doctor, one a lawyer, one a traveling salesman, and the fourth had, after trying several other things, finally become a teacher in the Colridge School for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing.

The Traveling Salesman had finished several short quick stories, to which the doctor and the lawyer had added several others, and it was suggested that the teacher tell a story or two.

After hesitating a moment or two as though thinking, "I wonder if you fellows would care to hear a story, one slightly different from the kind we have been telling, part of which came under my own observation, due to my knowledge of lip reading, and part of which I have picked up from other sources." Being assured that we wanted him to proceed, he contributed the following:

Scene One is—The Domino Room of the Hotel M., New York, Saturday, 8.30 p. m., two weeks ago.

Madam Coutrie sat at her favorite table in the corner furthest from the door. This was her vantage point; from here she could watch not only the dancers, but with equal facility could observe the comings, the doings and the departures of those who dined, those who wined, and those who, for the appearance of the thing, did their bit of both.

When Monsieur Lynn Deveaux arrived, he was late, just seven minutes, by Madam's minute wrist watch.

Raising her hand to his lips: "It is a thousand pardons I beg. My lateness, is it inexcusable? Only the most pressing business, not business of my own, for rather my buiness should fail a hundred times than I should keep Madam waiting, but it was the important advice which my nephew must have, and which I alone could supply, delayed me. I pray your indulgence, Mon Amie."

"Ah, Monsieur, surely, the helping of a relative or a friend, like Charity, covers a multitude of sin. Since it was not blue eyes, golden hair and girlish laughter that delayed Monsieur, Monsieur is forgiven. You see, I fear for you, my friend."

"Ma chere! A young voice, blue eyes, a golden curl! What are they, with Madam here? Who knows my heart as well as Madam?"

"Ah, indeed, Monsieur, when Madam is here. So? Madam's charms are not then yet faded? Well! But I suppose it is true I am not as young as when we first met in the little town of——"

"Sh! Madam forgets. In America there is a saying: 'Even the walls have ears!' Thirty-seven is not old, ma chere!"

"Forty-one, my friend, though I thank you for the compliment."

"Impossible!"

"No, not impossible. On the other hand quite true, too true. But it is not of my age that I would converse. Age

is a matter of cold, hard, facts, which neither you nor I can change. It is of another matter that I wish to talk. The rumor reaches me that you are seen, of late, paying marked attentions to one, Miss Braynell. Of course, Monsieur understands——"

"It is absurd. A mere child, barely eighteen, Mon Dieu let us change the subject."

"As Monsieur wishes." The subject was changed, but it was more than evident that Madam Coutrie was not pleased. She bit her lip, then giving her shoulders a slight shrug, carried the conversation over safer grounds.

Scene Two, same as scene one.

Two days had passed since Madam Coutrie and Monsieur Deveaux last dined together in the Domino Room of the Hotel M——, Monsieur had been there both the subsequent evenings, but Madam, partly because of other matters, and, possibly, partly out of pique towards Monsieur, had not been to their usual meeting place, the little table in the corner furthest from the door. But tonight she again appeared, and the head waiter hurried forward and escorted her to her customary seat.

As she seated herself, a gentleman arose from one of the nearby tables, and crossing the intervening space, placed his hand on the back of the chair opposite Madam. "May I have the honor of joining you?" he asked.

"My dear Mr. Dunston," she greeted him. "This is a pleasure, but I am waiting the arrival of your uncle, Monsieur Deveaux. Perhaps, though, when he arrives he will ask you to join us."

"Well, I don't know so much that he would," he replied. "But you see, Monsieur is giving a little dinner party up-stairs in his suite this evening, entertaining the charming Miss Braynell, so I figure that there is not much chance of his showing up here, though his party is not due to commence for more than an hour yet. It sure would be my tough luck if uncle should appear on the scene. He is a jealous old chap, sure enough. He would probably wring my neck for me. If Madam only would let me——"

"Now, now, friend Dunston, remember your promise, no more love making, you know. You may join me, though I am only eating a bite, as I must hurry, for I have many things to attend to this evening."

Scene Three—The Party.

Monsieur Deveaux's party was progressing nicely. The guests had arrived, Miss Braynell and her father, Mrs. Darby, a mutal friend of Monsieur and of the Braynells, and Monsieur's nephew, Mr. Dunston. Dinner had been announced, and the guests seated. Monsieur, lifting the cover from off the platter that had just been brought in, disclosed a plump, well-browned turkey; there was a sudden commotion in the outer room. Monsieur rose and hastened to the door. Opening it, he glanced into the next room, uttered an exclamation, passed through the doorway and closed the door behind him, but not before the guests had seen an infuriated woman struggling in the hands of Monsieur's Chinese valet.

The door had closed, the guests had hardly had time to exchange startled glances, Monsieur's voice rang out vibrating with sudden fear, "My God! Ah! Help!"

The guests rushed into the room. On the floor lay Monsieur, blood oozing from his side; near him, leaning against a chair as for support, stood Madam Coutrie. With one of her hands she was rubbing her neck, while in the other, partly hidden by the folds of her dress, she held a long, slim-bladed stiletto.

"He tried to choke me," she gasped. "I had to stab him—to save my life. He is dead? Oh, I know he is dead. Oh! Oh!"

The guests had all stopped stock still, just inside the door. Even Monsieur's little Chinese valet, with his back pressed tightly against the outer door, stood as though hypnotized, his eyes nearly round with the horror of it.

There was a groan. Monsieur opened his eyes. "Help me!" he called out. "I am wounded." Mr. Dunston sprang to his aid, opened his waistcoat, and attempted to stop the flow of blood.

"Arrest her," Monsieur called out. "Arrest her, she is a dangerous woman, a German spy. I can prove it," raising his voice above Madam's as she tried to check him, calling out to him to be quiet, to take it easy, that he was killing himself. "I can prove it." He fairly yelled the words. "On the chain around her neck she wears an amulet on one side of which you will find engraved certain hieroglyphics, on the other side is engraved her agency number, 418, followed by her series number, 12. I tell you, arrest her. Arrest her; you will find valuable government papers in her possession."

Here Monsieur, who was apparently suffering great pain, fainted.

Madam Coutrie, who all this time had veen very excited, calling out, "Be quiet. It is a lie. Oh, Monsieur, how can you?" and like terms, now grew quite cool and composed.

"I am sorry that this has happened," she said in a calm and even tone, addressing herself, not so much to the guests as to the house detective, who had entered just as Monsieur had fainted. "You see," she held out a badge for inspection, "I am a United States Secret Service Agent. What Monsieur has said to these people to the effect that I am a German spy is, of course, absurd. I do not deny that I have in my possession papers of great value to the United States government, papers that would do immeasurable harm if they came into the possession of Germany. They are in my possession merely because I, as an agent of the United States government, have been able to trace them down before they reached enemy hands. These papers were in Monsieur's safe, which you see stands open. His Chinese servant caught me taking them from the safe. Monsieur Deveaux, in trying to take them from me, nearly choked me to death. I was forced to stab him. He will, of course, be arrested upon his regaining consciousness. I will ask you to see to that. The amulet Monsieur spoke of is one which he himself gave to me in rememberance of our first meeting when I was in Germany several years ago on government business. The numbers represent the 4th month 18th day, 1912."

Turning and looking Mr. Dunston squarely in the eyes, she continued: "This gentleman here is Monsieur's nephew, also a German spy. Perhaps you had better put the handcuffs on him. Do not let him escape."

Albert Dunston had been kneeling beside his uncle, attempting to bring him back to consciousness. He now rose to his feet. Bringing his hand from behind his back, he covered Madam with a very business looking like revolver.

"Very neatly played, my dear Madam Coutrie. However, I am not as you thought—it might interest you to know—a German spy like yourself, pretending to the outside world to be a Frenchwoman while at the same time acting as a United States Secret Service agent, that you might find it possible to get inside information for the enemy. As a United States Government agent I have been on the trail of you and my uncle for several months, even long before I had the pleasure of meeting you. Your accusation of me is due to no other cause than my attempts to break up my uncle's fascination for you. Not only was he fascinated by you, but in addition he was a pacifist, and thought that in aiding you he would help bring peace. He was mistaken in his ideas, nevertheless, in his attempt to carry them out he has proven himself a traitor to his country. He has met his just deserts. He is dead. I arrest you in the name of the United States government. Kindly hand over the papers taken from my uncle's safe, your Secret Service badge, and indentification amulet. The government has use for them."

Madam glanced at the body of Monsieur, shrugged her shoulders, and handed over the papers, the amulet and the badge as requested.

Turning to the House Detective, Mr. Dunston handed him Madam's badge and his own, requesting him to note the similarity and minute differences. Glancing carefully but quickly through the papers he had received from Madam, Mr. Dunston placed them together with the amulet in an inside pocket. Taking the two badges back from the house detective, he cautioned, "Just a few minutes in which to get Madam away before you call the police. I don't want the contents of any of these papers to get into the newspapers. No, I guess we will not need handcuffs. Madam is not likely to make a disturbance, and the handcuffs would be rather conspicuous."

He started towards the door with Madam. Just as he reached it he turned to speak again. The door opened behind him.

Two of the items composing this story found their way into the early morning papers: one of the death of the wealthy Monsieur Deveaux, a guest of the Hotel M——; the other of the capture of two German spies passing under the names of Madam Coutrie and Mr. Albert Dunston. A wonderful institution is the modern newspaper.

A THRUSH BEFORE DAWN

Darkling, deliberate, what sings
  This wonderful one, alone, at peace?
What wilder things than song, what things
  Sweeter than youth, clearer than Greece,
Dearer than Italy, untold
Delight, and freshness centuries old?

And first first-loves, a multitude,
  The exaltation of their pain:
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
  And midnights of invisible rain:
And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

What Middle Ages passionate,
  O passionless voice! What distant bells
Lodged in the hills, what palace state
  Illyrian! For it speaks, it tells,
Without desire, without dismay,
Some morrow and some yesterday.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Along San Francisco's Front

By E. M. North Whitcomb

DID you ever take a walk around the city front, including the new wall, the Marina, and the southern part of town?

If you have not done so, you have missed a part of your life. But did you walk there when you were young, or when San Francisco was young? Did you then walk around the City Front when it was minus the "Sea Wall," minus the Marina, minus the southern part of the "Front," finding there only the Boat Clubs, the old Lime Kiln, the big hot water pipe from the brewery, where, after a swim in the bay, you could go and sit under the hot water drippings and get warm, or slide down some of the greasy, soapy "ways" that had been used for launching or hauling out schooners and scows that sailed the raging main of the Sacramento?

If you did, you remember (for no one who lived in San Francisco while history was a-making in the '50's and 60's could forget anything of that time) the great tug Goliath. She was the second tug boat built in the United States, and the oldest steam vessel on the Pacific Coast. What a history she had. Originally, a side wheeler, with a walking beam and built in New York for W. H. Webb in '48, she came round the Horn to San Francisco, where she was placed on the run to Sacramento in the Golden Days, when that river was clear and deep and wide and altogether lovely. Before placing her in the river trade she was lengthened and had her name changed to the Defender, but hydraulic mining debris soon put an end to river traffic and the blue water of the ocean became again her home, and it was while running to Panama under command of Capt. Haley the rescue of the passengers of the ill-fated Yankee Blade took place. Later the old Goliath, having resumed her name, was used as a tow boat in this harbor, but she was gradually superseded by faster and more modern built boats, so was laid up on the Mission flats till '64, when she took on a new lease of life, was refitted, sent to Puget Sound, where again her usefulness was demonstrated —but in '94 she was abandoned, as so many of the old time vessels were, and finally in '99 she was made a bonfire of on the beach at Seattle. She used to lay at Broadway Wharf, the oldest wharf in the city. It was built in '49, about 250 feet long, and Commercial street wharf, better known as Long Wharf, was run out at Montgomery street, about the same time, but in '50 the fire fiend wiped them all out, but not for long. San Francisco must have its boulevard, so they were almost immediately rebuilt, and extended a distance of almost 2,000 feet into the bay; truly deserving the names of Broadway and Long Wharf. Who in San Francisco in the '50's and early '60's but enjoyed the Sunday tour down Long Wharf. Remember how everybody went down to the Front to see the 4th of July regattas when the Angel Dolly or the Viking, or some other racer would carry the broom at the mast head.

Then to stand out at the end and look back at what was called "Harrison's Pier" or "Cunningham's wharf," or "Clark's Point." Then to wonder over how the city's business parts of town were being built on "spiles" or "piles," as they were more commonly called, and how the shore line was rapidly being shoved into the bay. Un-

der the houses, and through the long rows of piles, ebbed and flowed the tide, bringing much flotsam and jetsam from the bay, but the worm, or terrido, soon made havoc among the moving foundations, and it wasn't seldom that one heard of the sudden collapse into the briny ooze of wharf, house and contents, but this item in the morning paper was only made an occasion for another walk along shore just to see what preparations were being made for rebuilding.

Do you remember what a commotion there was when "Dad" came home and told that Captain Folsom proposed to fill in the water lot west of where now stands the Bank of California? It was the talk of the town, and it was something new to see in one's walk how that water lot could swallow a sand-hill—but it paid, and so the streets grew on piles and were later filled in and many a doomed vessel was left high and dry never to sail the salt seas again. The sand poured around them, actually burying them from sight. On the one Sunday one saw the Old Ship converted into a house with a flourishing business, and one might, while sitting on the taffrail on the side facing the bay, go fishing, and on the following Sunday there would be a street on that side, and the ship would be high and dry, except for the tide water.

There was the old ship Niantic. She carried about 450 tons—she had been hauled out on a water lot on what is now the northwest corner of Clay and Sansome streets. After lying there a few weeks she was utilized as a store ship, and all her sailing gear was taken off, and spiles were driven on each side to steady her, then the sand was poured in. It wasn't long before her story was told, and it was a sight to walk around there and see how high her sides were above the street. On the next Sunday there were windows cut and doors placed, and the ship Niantic had been changed to the Hotel Niantic, and for many years this hotel was the home of many well known citizens.

Then there was the old Apollo and the brig Euphemia. Sure—the Euphemia was used as a prison in '49, and was anchored at the corner of Jackson and Battery streets, where Captain Minturn's office and the California Navigation Company's office used to be. The Apollo was anchored near the Euphemia, and was used as an ore ship. Why, yes, old Captain Bichard used to have charge, and his family lived aboard for some years. Later, when Battery street (named after the famous Battery in New York) was piled and capped, the old ship was closed in and became a sailor boarding house, and called the Apollo Saloon.

It was a most interesting object seen from the street, as the side of the hulk rose considerably above the level of the street, and for many a day it was the source of great wonder to the rising generation (for we were there), who could not imagine how a ship could be found amid such surroundings. Do you remember how the fire laddies held possession of the ship Thomas Bennett near the corner of Sacramento and Sansome streets, using it for a gathering place for the Baltimore, New Orleans and Savannah boys until the Monumental No. 6 Engine House was built? Didn't they have high jinks there? Tell you what. Then the Bennett fell into the trough of the sand hills, instead of the sea, met her fate and was covered from sight by the clean, shiny sand. Now, these "Early walks and talks" were most interesting, because everybody knew everybody else, and was willing to stop and talk over the great strides the city was making. Just think, from the time when Governor Figueroa offered Mr. Leese the choice of two locations for business purposes, some time in 1836—one being at the mouth of Mission Creek, and the other at the entrance of the bay, near the Presidio. But Mr. Leese, with the far-sightedness of the Gringo, wouldn't take anything but what was on the Water Front, even in that early day.

After considerable legal delay the first wooden house in San Francisco

was built, about 250 yards from the beach and on the lot now known as the southwest corner of Clay and Grant avenue, formerly Dupont street. The house was finished in time for a 4th of July celebration in 1836. They had a joyous "Fourth," as everybody came to enjoy the new houses; before that, Captain Richardson and Mr. Leese had been tent holders. Thirty years after that, San Francisco had 250,000 inhabitants.

What glorious Fourths we used to have in the early 50's and 60's! How the firemen and the militia, the boys and the girls, the men and the women, all turned out, and the children rode on the "machines,"and shouted, sang and waved flags whenever they could get them. Perhaps you remember when the American barque, "Don Quixote" (the same vessel that brought Captain Leese's supplies up from Monterey) came into harbor, and how she was greeted? After the Captain came on shore, how everybody talked old times, when two American and one Mexican vessel provided all the colored bunting used at that memorable Fourth of July of 1836, when the American and Mexican flags floated amicably together, the first time the American flag had been displayed at Yerba Buena. In our walk round town we will not forget the old Broadway jail, now considerably removed from the water front, near which so much of the city's history has been transacted, and to the old timer it brings to mind the Front again.

Somewhere about July 31, 1846, the ship Brooklyn arrived with a large number of Mormon emigrants; among them Mr. Samuel Brannan, after whom Brannan street is named. Very soon after landing, there came trouble, and Mr. Brannan had his share of it, deservedly or not. Mr. Brannan was president of the Mormon Association, and had been accused of mismanaging the funds. The matter was brought into court and he demanded a jury trial —the first ever heard of in California —by which Mr. Brannan was successfully cleared of any such base action. There was the old steamer California in the stream. Her first advent into San Francisco Bay was on February 28, 1849; there were but few people at the Presidio, but those few were startled at the sound of the steam whistle, one of the first ever heard on this coast. She was welcomed by a salute from the five vessels of war under Commodore Apelsby Catesby Jones, whose flapship was the three-decker of 74 guns, the Ohio, then the greatest fighting machine belonging to the United States, so it was said.

San Francisco then consisted of thirty-two houses, scattered from Brown's Hotel, on the southwest corner of Clay and Kearny, to Juan's, situated on the block north of Union Square. Juana Baronie was the washwoman who gave the name to "Washwoman's Beach," or Bay, where the streams of water issuing from a spring near the site of the public school, on the corner of Washington and Mason, flowed down past her house to the bay. She was a half-Indian woman and built the first house in that location, just outside the Alcalde's limits. Then as you turned down Stockton near Francisco, there was the old Hospital and City and County Jail. Of course it wasn't a '49er, but in '59 the School Department exchanged a lot on Greenwich street for the Hospital site, where a building was put up which served its purpose well until the one on the Potrero was built, when the old building was bolted and barred and turned into a County Jail. Dad and I used to like to walk around it when going to the old Fisherman's Wharf, but it had fallen into decay, and like a ship that passed in the night, it has gone.

At Merchant and Montgomery streets we take a look at the oldest brick house in this locality. Some time in May, 1850, a big scow came up to Montgomery street loaded with bricks from across the bay—Corte Madera. They came to the order of Captain Henry F. Naglee, who was the owner of the lot. The house was

four months in building. In this house much of the history of our well-beloved city has been enacted. Here Judge Ogden Hoffman (the first Federal Judge to preside in California) ordered his commission as Judge of the U. S. District for the Northern District of California to be spread upon the court minutes. This old time parchment bore the signature of President Millard Fillmore, and was attested by Daniel Webster, secretary of the United States. David D. Douglas was the first U. S. Marshal, and Geo. Penn Johnston was his deputy. In 1851 the first U. S. Grand Jury was impaneled in this building, and after serving two days brought in twenty indictments against Captain "Bob" Waterman, familiarly known on the water front as "Bully" Waterman of the ship "Challenge;" and his cruel mate, Douglas. Douglas tried to escape to Monterey so that he might ship aboard a brig lying there, and so escape the justice that awaited him, but Colonel Jack Hays, sheriff of San Francisco, assisted by a number of sailors, captured him as he was concealed on a farm wagon.

He was brought back to the city to stand trial in the old building. Both captain and mate were acquitted on the murder charge, but were heavily fined on the other indictments. This building was also noted as the office home of A. P. Crittenden, who was shot and killed by Mrs. Laura D. Fair on board the ferry boat El Capitan, in November, 1874.

Dr. Toland, U. S. Attorney S. W. Inge, Judge A. Glassell, and many others of our grand old pioneers, made their home in this building for years. It was situated but a short distance from the water front, and Captain Naglee often told that it cost him $140 per thousand to lay the bricks, and the carpenters, masons, etc., received from $15 to $20 per day for their labor, according to their skill.

But not alone in houses and ships, San Francisco was rich in "characters." There were Emperor Norton, and the two dogs, Bummer and Lazarus. Eh! but they were pitiful as well as interesting. There was Uncle Freddy Coombs, more commonly known as George Washington, owing to his dress and general make-up. But there were so many. Have you been round Black Point? Oh, you mean the Military Reservation. It is called Point San Jose or Fort Mason now. Do you know that old house owned by Leonidas Haskell, who kept the tea store? On Lombard, near Franklin, it stood, and that is the place where the well beloved Senator Broderick passed out of life as the result of a duel.

The house has been used by the commandant for his quarters, and can scarcely be recognized by the old timers. Now come down by Chestnut and Stockton again. Why, where's the old Toland Medical College? It is torn down and rebuilt as "A Home for Inebriates." What a funny story that site brings to mind. The building was originally called "Pfeiffer's Folly," or "Castle." Pfeiffer, you must know, was a sort of an inventor, a seeker after the philosopher's stone. He traveled across the plains, and finally reached Sacramento—New Helvetia it was called then—and he made friends with General John A. Sutter, and bought from some of the natives a hen and a rooster, paying $50 for the pair. Chickens and eggs were worth their weight in gold those days, so, being blessed with a thrifty wife, he went into the poultry business. The venture throve, and much of the gold dust that was dug round his diggings came into his hands. In '53 he left Sacramento, and built this building in San Francisco, which he declared to be fire proof, and, owing to its peculiar architecture, was long known as Pfeiffer's Castle. Then he built a big flour mill (having invented a new milling process) on Francisco street, but owing to its errors of construction, it failed, and was sold at auction, and turned into tenement houses. He went into many speculations, but was very unfortunate—three of his children died in one day. So much trouble crowded on the old man that his mind became

clouded, and for many years he was known as "Crazy Pfeiffer." He finally found rest in Lone Mountain (the last home of so many of the splendid men who made this city), leaving behind him very little of the yellow metal he had accumulated during his life.

But you're tired. Let us sit down in "Pele Johnson's Coffee House," near "Ellen Moon's" old place and enjoy a cup of real coffee, and perhaps in your next walk you'll meet with some of the old characters whom I have mentioned. Wasn't it easy to talk? Next morning, yes early, the summons went forth, the beloved city that was; all we had loved, was doomed. It became a retrospection, enveloped in a veil of ashes and smoke that clouded the heavens that had smiled upon St. Francis. Was it all a dream? Nay, it is a Memory.

LAVENDER

Gray walls that lichen stains,
That take the sun and the rains,
    Old, stately and wise;
Clipt yews, old lawns flag-bordered,
In ancient ways yet ordered;
    South walk where the loud bee plies
    Daylong till summer flies;—
Here grows Lavender, here breathes England.

Gay cottage gardens, glad,
Comely, unkempt and mad,
    Jumbled, jolly and quaint;
Nooks where some old man dozes;
Currants and beans and roses
    Mingling without restraint;
    A wicket that long lacks paint;—
Here grows Lavender, here breathes England.

Sprawling for elbow-room,
Spearing straight spikes of bloom,
    Clean, wayward and tough;
Sweet and tall and slender,
True, enduring and tender,
    Buoyant and bold and bluff,
    Simplest, sanest of stuff;—
Thus grows Lavender, thence breathes England.

Five Years on a Homestead

By Mrs. J. C. Osborn

IT WAS the old, old story of the city man struggling against sickness, lack of employment, high cost of living, with the mass of heterogeneous humanity about us—all struggling for a mere existence; from within that insistent voice saying: "Be your own boss; get back to the land," that decided my husband and myself to take up a North Dakota homestead.

We had two children then, a little lad one year and a half old, the other a delicate baby girl of but six months of age.

Our homestead was located in Ward County, on that high plateau known as the Great Divide, from which the Mouse river circles back to the north into Canada, and the Missouri flows on its southern course.

It seemed such an easy avenue of escape, the gift of a hundred and sixty acres of land so alluring. When conditions become intolerable, we will grasp at any means of escape; as the drowning man grasps at a straw. The lure of gold has called men through the sand and fire of the deserts, far into the frozen north, amongst savage African tribes; the bones of prospectors have left a clearly seen trail across the plains of our own fair land; and always it has been man who was eager to go in quest of the shining metal, and always it has been woman who followed him, not for the metal, but to be near him; the man she loves, to shield him, to nurse him and keep him from harm. What nonsense this prattle of the wife being "the clinging vine," of man wishing to protect woman. If either will admit the truth, it is the maternal instinct of woman that is forever solicitous for man, trying to shield him, not only from the elements, sickness or death, but also the effects of his own debaucheries.

My husband preceded me to the homestead. He went on before with two carloads of live stock and farming implements to make ready for my later arrival. My father accompanied him. I will explain in as few words as possible that it was my father's "pet scheme" to have us go, and it was greatly through his influence we decided to go. He had hoped to get some choice land for himself, and although he was then a man of seventy, was nothing loath to make easy money if afforded a chance.

Never will I forget the day I bade my friends and relatives and native State adieu at Minneapolis, and embarked for the first time on an emigrant train.

The train was crowded to its fullest capacity with women and children, with a few men. There were the usual number of Russians immigrating into Canada, eating sunflower seeds, and munching peanuts. And ah! the number of babies and small children on that train, being carried into the cold northland far from towns, drugs, doctors and nurses; but what matter, if only their fathers got land, which in time meant gold.

One woman had five little ones with her, the oldest perhaps six years, the youngest an infant, at the most not over four weeks old. Second to the baby, a little lad of about two years, was very sick, and to soothe his fretful crying, his mother gave him frequent drinks of alkali water, the only kind to be had.

My own little ones were nervous and fretful, especially at their usual bed time. I got them both to sleep, and

went to sleep myself in the early evening. The baby was across my lap, my little man on the seat beside me, with his little head propped against my knee, and I laid my head on the window casing. The noise and jolting of the train made me so exhausted that I slept in that position so soundly a woman shook me to tell me my baby was crying. Whenever I see an emigrant train it reminds me of the story of the woman with the many children who was asked if they were all her children, or a picnic, to which she replied: "They are all my children, and no picnic!"

Thus we arrived at Velva, the star city on the Mouse, at about two-thirty in the morning. There is always a touch of sadness to me in the name Velva, just why I do not know. Perhaps because we entered it so full of hopes and left it in despair. My husband met me there, and after a couple of hours sleep, we started for the homestead, on the old farm wagon. It had on it the double box, the under part contained our range, and three or four full-blood Poland-China hogs; over them were boards, on which were tied tables, chairs, satchels and numerous other articles, all that could be piled on, and tied there, and certainly all two horses could haul.

I had not expected to find cold weather in April, and was thinly clad. Little Clarence sat between husband and I on the seat, and after we had jolted over many weary miles, went to sleep. The baby wailed dismally from the cold wind that blew across the snow drifts that were scattered all along the way. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the homestead. Imagine what it was like. One hundred and sixty acres of bleak prairie, not a furrow plowed, our two cows staked out, with no shelter of any kind; no habitation of any kind but an eight by ten shack, boards with tar paper over them.

As my father was with us it was necessary to have two beds, and as there was not room enough for the two beds on the floor, a spring with mattress covering was nailed onto two by fours above the other bed, and a couple of feet from the roof, the eaves even with the bed on the back side. The range and a small dry goods box completed the furniture of the room, and we had scarcely room to walk between. My father sat upon the bed to eat his meals, while husband and I sat on the box, and the babies sat on the floor or bed, whichever place we could find room for them. That shack was our only house from April to November of that year.

The April winds blew sand and sometimes snow through the cracks. My old father suffered from the cold, and would build up hot fires at night, and then it would be anything but cold to us next the roof. Sometimes strange horses came around to tear open the tent we had set up, which contained our furniture and several sacks of bran that was so alluring to the prairie horse that seldom saw any; and the words my husband used when he was compelled to climb down from the second-story bed to chase these midnight marauders were not polite, to say the least.

While husband and father were busy hauling the remainder of our machinery, household goods, etc., from Velva to the homestead, making pasture fence, building a stable, digging a well, and turning over prairie sod under the breaking plow, I was not without my experiences. The weather remained cold until June with ice an inch thick in the month of May. Still I had to do my washing right out in the open, for there were no laundries there. My sewing machine stood in the tent, and every heavy wind filled it with sand that took time and care to clean out whenever I wanted to use it, and my sewing was all done there in the wind and cold. I had never seen lignite coal before, and did not know how to use it, and as it was our only fuel, I was never certain as to how and when I would have the meals ready. When at last I found it needed a stove with a powerful draft and plenty of time to become ignited, I had no more trouble, only to cool off

the little shack before it became necessary to cook the next meal.

When I was alone with my children one bright morning I saw the largest hog I had ever seen advancing toward my baby that was playing by the door. I will never forget his fierce look and long tusks. Perhaps it had strayed from some ranch when a pig, and making his own way on the prairie had not improved his looks any. I rushed towards him to frighten him away; the dog saw me, and also rushed towards him; the hog turned and jumped over a four-foot fence into our own pig sty with one bound; commenced to chase the hogs around. I went in there, too, trying to keep the wild hog from hurting ours. Although I whipped him over the nose with all my strength, I could make no impression upon his tough hide, and in a few minutes he had killed our valuable Poland-China boar. My father captured the wild hog, penned it up, fed it, and finally slaughtered it. What was lacking in flavor was made up in the bulk of the meat.

I had been there a month before I even saw a woman. It was Christmas before any woman entered my house for a neighborly call, but the bachelors, of which there were a half dozen, or more, on surrounding claims, came quite often to have me bake their bread, and sometimes take my place at the dry goods box for a supper. They were the only people I saw all that first summer, to tell me aught of the outside world. Once a month, perhaps, I would ride into Ruso, the nearest little town, to the general merchandise store, and invariably men were all I would see there.

The spring was so dry people began to think there would be no crops. The fourth of July was a very hot day, followed by a severe electrical storm, the first rain of the season. Our roof leaked like a sieve; the floor was flooded with water. My father, luckily, was away claim hunting, so husband and I each found one little nook to stand in that was comparatively dry. There we remained, each holding a baby, clad in only our night clothes, until the storm was over. In about two hours the worst had passed over. We went to the tent, found a few dry blankets, rolled into them until morning. The next day I spent drying clothes. I had taken a good mattress outside to dry in the sun, and not knowing that the lignite ashes hold fire for hours and even days, I carried a pan of ashes past; a light wind blew some sparks onto the mattress, which soon went up in smoke.

No life is all hardship, and one picture is ever fresh in my memory, causing smiles and perhaps a tear back of the smiles. My little Clarence, who was so fat and clumsy he could hardly walk on the dry prairie grass, was continually followed by a rascally little colt, that would pull off his little red cap with her teeth, seemingly just to hear him cry. Little Clarence is half grown now, and the little colt grew up, raised more of her kind and died.

Husband got fourteen acres plowed that first year, and into flax crop. When threshed there was fifty-seven bushels of flax to provide seed grain for the next year, the maintenance of the family of four, purchase feed for the four horses, and the wear and tear on machinery, etc. My father furnished feed for the horses, however, and loaned us forty dollars for the family. I sometimes wonder just how we lived. I only know we did, without actual want for food, and like the Hebrews of old, must have had manna sent from Heaven, though in a different way—a few vegetables from the garden, wild game, milk and butter from the cows, and eggs from the chickens.

In November, after the first snow, husband moved the little shack, enlarged it two feet on one side, and built another good-sized room onto it, so I was then the proud possessor of a two room house; and I certainly deserved it, for I had helped to hold the rafters in place while husband nailed them, just as I took my part in pulling out the dirt when he dug the well, or

went with him in building the pasture fences. There was no one he could hire to help him, and he had no money to hire them if there had been. Each one was busy improving his own property.

The winter had been a mild one, for Dakota—no heavy snows and little severe cold or wind. The last day of March several of the bachelor boys came out from the coal mine, where they were staying, to the homestead next to ours, with wagons, to haul back some hay. The evening was beautiful and warm, with promise of spring in the air. The next morning the ground was covered with snow, two or three feet deep in places, and the air so bitterly cold as to make one pull the bed covering closer, and wish there were a janitor to turn on the heat before one must get out and into clothes. The bachelor boys came over to "get a loaf of bread" from me, and incidentally sat around my little shack all day. Although it was larger than the year before, our dwelling could still be called nothing but a "shack."

It was only rough boards, papered outside, and then layers of prairie sod laid up against it to keep out the snow. Such as it was, however, it afforded shelter to many a traveler, besides our own family. The boys just mentioned and others who came into the neighborhood for hay, would stay with us until the weather cleared, and they could go back with horses and get a sleigh, and those who were out of bread and did not know how to bake, the stranger off the trail, "lost," and those who came to save hay, and other property from prairie fires, would all come to our little home, assured of a welcome.

It was about that time when we had our first experience with prairie fires. The fire swept for miles all around us —east, south and west, leaving us by a wide berth, but during the night the wind turned to the north, and we were awakened by a loud knock at the door, our bachelor neighbor, whom I shall call Billy, calling us to get up, for the fire was sweeping down upon us.

Well, it did look very near and nothing between it and all we owned on earth. I helped husband to get out the horses on the breaking plow; I held the lantern while he tore up the sod into a "fire break." Many a time we laughed over it afterwards; the horses excited, snorting, plunging, hard to manage; the plow with a new "lay" that would run too deep, and me half-dressed, holding the lantern. Anyway, the men whipped out the fire before it had reached a half mile of our place, though the darkness was so deceiving we thought the fire would be upon us any minute.

The seed time of the second year was over, and summer had come. Summer on the prairie! I once heard a man say that life was worth living, just to see a prairie sunset in June, and I quite agree with him. The beautiful sunset glow would linger in the west till near midnight, and then the eastern glow would proclaim the coming day: so that even at midnight it was twilight; or on darker nights, when a mist would obscure the light, the aurora borealis would light up the whole sky in beautiful, moving, colored lights. The evening and early morning there was one continual sound of birds calling. The prairie chicken, wild ducks, snipes, mud hens and the shike-poke among the most common.

In among all these beauties, my life at that time was one of unrest and alarm, for I knew that I was soon to pass through the valley of Danger, and with no physicians within at least eighteen miles, no nurses or servant girls at all, myself little more than a girl, with two small children—small wonder I was filled with dread apprehension. I tried to keep my mind occupied with manual duties. I planted a large garden,and transplanted several hundred cabbage plants. The very next day an ice storm covered them all, and when it melted away, only a few of my cabbages were living, and of those a stray cow eat several in the fall, before garnering time. Then I devoted my time to chickens and turkeys. The turkeys would go out every

night, and I would carry the little ones in my apron to keep the coyotes from getting them. I succeeded in raising a dozen beautiful bronze birds, but the first blizzard of the fall froze ten of them to death. The lack of experience, of knowledge of climatic changes —and more than all lack of money— were the cause of so many failures.

One bright Sunday morning and my husband's birthday, he got up early, real early, to hitch up the old gray pacer, Sam, and speed away to the nearest neighbors and back again with her with him.

My story of our prairie life would not be complete without a description of this woman. She was a large, handsome woman, of about fifty years of age. Her husband was an officer of a Minnesota railroad, her grown daughters accomplished young ladies. She left her beautiful home in the city to hold down a claim not only for the investment, but for the enjoyment of country life. Her great peculiarity was her love for animals. She would talk and cry with her chickens, cows, horse or dog, and treated them like humans. She was the kindest of kind to those who pleased her, but woe to those who displeased her. I can see her yet, sailing (that is the most expressive word I can use), simply sailing across the prarie in quest of cattle which had gone astray. Though such a large woman, she was so quick of motion that she at one time jumped out of her buggy, slapped the face of little English Joe, right on the streets of the main town, and was back in the buggy and gone before he, or any one else, could scarcely know what had happened. On this particular Sunday her mission was one of peace, her object one of mercy, for in less than an hour after her coming she laid my little baby girl all washed and dressed into my arms, and was giving the other two children their breakfast. A few days later I read on a card sent to me: "I hear you have another daughter. Congratulations, or is it regrets?" I looked across the sweep of green hills. The sun was going down. Everything was so beautiful, so peaceful. The cows were coming home to calves in the barn; the wild ducks were making the hills echo and re-echo with sounds of joy, for little shells were opening, and there were many new bills to feed. "Quack, quack, quack! Pom, pom-pooooo." No scolding of coffee cold or meals too late, or care of babies and too many shoes to buy. "Quack, quack, quack! Pom, pom-pooooo!" Only peace and joy, great joy, and praise to their Maker, with never a worry about to-morrow, next week or next year. Trust, perfect trust, in the all-good life-giving power. Congratulations or regrets? If we humans would only take to heart these lessons from our feathered friends! About this time I heard of another little prairie maid whose coming had cost the mother's life. The husband had been away, but returned in the evening. She was so over-joyed to see him, and seemed to be feeling so well! She asked her husband to take a walk with her. He said she was like some butterfly, gaily fluttering from flower to flower. Her laughter broke the peaceful evening air. Sometimes she would sing little snatches of song—and the next day she was gone! They sent for a doctor, but before he could come thirty-five miles, she had looked upon her little babe, smiled, closed her eyes —and was no more. Her husband had won that great object of his life, a hundred and sixty acres of government land, but the price he paid was a prairie grave, where the sun beats down in summer and dries up the wild flowers that grow over her head; the winter snow drifts high over it, and the wintry wind howls around, and is her only requiem. While the father and husband has left what he had won as almost worthless, to take his motherless children back to civilization to be cared for. While thinking of these things, I wrote back to my friends, "It is 'Congratulations.'" When I consider all this dear, faithful little girl has been to me since, I've never changed my mind.

When we came to harvest our flax

this, the second year, we were again disappointed, for there was only one hundred and thirty-two bushels from thirty-six acres of plowed land. When we settled all bills, we had about ten dollars. With another full year before us until we could expect another crop or income of any kind. We had learned to live economically, and things that were absolutely necessary we could get without cash, so long as we had the homestead for security. In fact, before we had been there five years, we could have bought almost anything, from a pair of shoes to an automobile with a simple note. Those notes, however, were to bear interest at the rate of nine to twelve per cent.

We had had a hard time to get our little grain threshed. The machine moved in by our stacks of flax, when the rain began to fall, which changed to sleet and snow. I had prepared quite a large quantity of food, and the threshing men staid around, sheltered from the storm until they had eaten it nearly all. Then they went away for a week. Then they gave me only a few hours' warning. The weather had cleared, and they were ready to thresh. What would my lady readers do, I wonder, if they were in my place, with three small children, no help, ten or a dozen men, hard worked and hungry, coming for supper, and the nearest town five miles away. There were chickens to kill and clean, vegetables to gather and prepare, but worst of all, bread to bake. Oh, it was work for me—and then more work!

And when it was over we still had some potatoes, carrots and beets in the garden. They had been frosted some, and were in danger of being frozen solid, so I helped my husband to gather them. I remember how I knelt on the frozen ground, and knocked the clods of frozen earth from around the carrots, while the little ones were alone in the house, and every little while I would leave my work and run to the house to see if they were all right. Oh, how cold it was! I would shake and turn blue with cold. Those first days of frosty weather in the fall seemed the coldest of the year.

We had just finished, and I began to think I'd have a little time to devote to housework and sewing, when I heard a knock on the door. On opening it, imagine my surprise and pleasure on seeing by brother, wife and baby, whom I had not seen for several years, and whom I supposed hundreds of miles away, in Canada, standing at the door.

They stayed with us for two weeks, and when they went they asked me to go with them as far as Balfour, to visit a cousin of mine, so I went for a two days' visit. It was like the oasis one finds in crossing the deserts. They seem all the greener, these oases, by contrast with the desert sand.

There was a stop of the train at a little town called Kief, and by the way the Russians were all about, dressed in long fur coats and high Cossack hats of fur, with long, flowing beards and long hair, chewing sunflower seeds and peanuts, and rattling out the Russian without pause or effort, one could well believe the town a part or miniature of old Kief. If only some one would invent a machine to put their jaw-power, while talking, to good use, it would run my sewing machine for the rest of my life.

To be continued.

In the Mist

By Boyd Cable

WHEN the Lieutenant turned out of his dug-out in the very small hours, he found with satisfaction that a thin gray mist was hanging low over the ground.

"Can't see much," he said half an hour later, peering out from the front trench. "But so much the better. Means they won't be so likely to see us. So long, old man. Come along, Studd."

The other officer watched the two crawl out and vanish into the misty darkness. At intervals a flare light leaped upward from one side or the other, but it revealed nothing of the ground showed only a dim white radiance in the mist and vanished. Rifles crackled spasmodically up and down the unseen line, and very occasionally a gun boomed a smothered report and a shell swooshed over. But, on the whole, the night was quiet, or might be called so by comparison with other nights, and the quietness lent color to the belief that the Hun was quietly evacuating his badly battered front line. It was to discover what truth was in the report that the Lieutenant had crawled out with one man to get as near as possible to the enemy trench —or still better, into or over it.

Fifty yards out the two ran into one of their own listening posts, and the Lieutenant halted a moment and held a whispered talk with the N. C. O. there. It was all quiet in front, he was told, no sound of movement and only a rifle shot or a light thrown at long intervals.

"Might mean anything, or nothing," thought the Lieutenant. "Either a trench full of Boche taking a chance to sleep, or a trench empty except for a caretaker to shoot or chuck up an odd light."

He whispered as much to his companion and both moved carefully on. The ground was riddled with shell holes and was soaking wet, and very soon the two were saturated and caked with sticky mud. Skirting the holes and twisting about between them was confusing to any sense of direction, but the two had been well picked for this special work and held fairly straight on their way. No light had shown for a good many minutes, and the Lieutenant fancied that the mist was thickening. He halted and waited a minute, straining his eyes into the mist and his ears to catch any sound. There was nothing apparently to see or hear, and he rose to his knees and moved carefully forward again. As he did so, a flare leaped upward with a long hiss and a burst of light glowed out. It faintly illumined the ground and the black shadows of shell holes about them—the Lieutenant with a jump at his heart stilled and stiffened —not six feet away and straight in front, the figure of a man in a long gray coat, his head craned forward and resting on his arms crossed in front of him and twisted in an attitude of listening. Studd, crawling at the Lieutenant's heels, saw at the same moment, as was told by his hand gripped and pressing a warning on the Lieutenant's leg. The light died out, and with infinite caution the Lieutenant slid back level with Studd, and, motioning him to follow, lay flat and hitched himself a foot at a time towards the right to circle round the recumbent German. The man had not been facing full on to them, but lay stretched and looking toward their

left, and by a careful circling right the Lieutenant calculated he would clear and creep behind him. A big shell crater lay in their path, and after a moment's hesitation the Lieutenant slid very quietly down into it. Some morsels of loose earth crumbled under him, rolled down and fell with tiny splashings into the pool at the bottom. To the Lieutenant, the noise was most disconcertingly loud and alarming, and cursing himself for a fool not to have thought of the water and the certainty of his loosening earth to fall into it, he crouched motionless, listening for any sound that would tell of the listening German's alarm. Another light rose, filling the mist with soft white radiance and outlining the edge of the crater above him. It outlined also the dark shape of a figure halted apparently in the very act of crawling down into the crater from the opposite side. The Lieutenant's first flashing thought was that the German watcher had heard him and was moving to investigate; his second and quick-following was of another German holding still until the light fell. But a third idea came so instantly on the other two that before the soaring flare dropped, he had time to move sharply, bringing the man's outline more clearly against the light. That look and the shape, beside but clear of the body, of a bent leg, crooked knee upward, confirmed his last suspicion. Studd slid over soundless as a diving otter and down beside him, and the Lieutenant whispered: "See those two on the edge?"

"Both dead, sir," said Studd, and the Lieutenant nodded and heaved a little sigh of relief. "And I think that first was a dead 'un, too."

"Yes," whispered the Lieutenant. "Looked natural and listening hard. Remember now, though, he was bareheaded. Dead all right. Come on."

They crept out past the two dead men and, abating no fraction of their caution, moved noiselessly forward again. They passed many more dead in the next score of yards, dead, twisted and contorted to every possible and impossible attitude of unmistakable death and uncannily lifelike postures, and came at last to scattered fragments and loose hanging strands of barbed-wire entanglements. Here, according to previous arrangement, Studd—ex-poacher of civilian days and expert scout of the battalion—moved ahead and led the way. Broken strands of wire he lifted, with gingerly delicate touch, and laid aside. Fixed ones he raised, rolled silently under and held up for the Lieutenant to pass. Taut ones he grasped in one hand, slid the jaws of his wire nippers over and cut silently between his left-hand fingers, so that the fingers still gripped the severed ends, released the ends carefully, one hand to each, and squirmed through the gap.

There was very little uncut wire, but the stealthy movements took time, and half an hour had passed from first wire to last and to the moment when the Lieutenant, in imitation of the figure before him, flattened his body close to the muddy ground and lay still and listening. For five long minutes they lay, and then Studd twisted his head and shoulders back. "Nobody," he whispered. "Just wait here a minute, sir." He slipped back past the Lieutenant and almost immediately returned to his side. "I've cut the loose wires away," he said. "Mark this spot and try'n hit it if we have to bolt quick. See—look for this," and he lifted a bayoneted rifle lying beside them, and stabbed the bayonet down into the ground with the rifle butt standing up above the edge of the broken parapet.

"Cross the trench," whispered the Lieutenant, "and along behind it. Safer there. Any sentry looking out forward?"

Studd vanished over the parapet and the Lieutenant squirmed after him. The trench was wide and broken-walled back and front, and both clambered up the other side and began to move along the far edge. In some places the trench narrowed and deepened, in others it widened and shallowed in tumbled shell-craters, in others again was almost obliterated in

heaped and broken earth. The mist had closed down and thickened to a whity-gray blanket and the two moved more freely, standing on their feet and moving stooped and ready to drop at a sound. They moved for a considerable distance without seeing a single German.

Studd halted suddenly on the edge of a trench which ran into the one they were following.

"Communication trench," said the Lieutenant softly. "Doesn't seem to be a soul in their front line."

"No, sir," said Studd, but there was a puzzled note in his voice.

"Is this their front line we've been moving along?" said the Lieutenant with sudden suspicion. "Those lights look farther off than they ought."

The dim lights certainly seemed to be far out on their left and a little behind them. A couple of rifles cracked faintly, and they heard a bullet sigh and whimper overhead. Closer and with sharper reports half a dozen rifles rap-rapped in answer—but the reports were still well out to their left and behind them.

"Those are German rifles behind us. We've left the front line," said the Lieutenant with sudden conviction. "Struck slanting back. Been following a communication trench. Damn!"

Studd without answering dropped suddenly to earth, and without hesitation the Lieutenant dropped beside him and flattened down. A long silence and the question trembling on his lips was broken by a hasty movement from Studd. "Quick, sir—back," he said, and hurriedly wriggled back and into a shallow hole, the Lieutenant close after him.

There was no need of the question now. Plainly both could hear the squelch of feet, the rustle of clothes, the squeak and click of leather and equipment. Slowly, one by one, a line of men filed past their hiding place, looming gray and shadowy through the mist, stumbling and slipping so close by that to the Lieutenant it seemed that only one downward glance from one passing figure was needed to discover them. Tumultuous thoughts raced. What should he do if they were discovered? Pass one quick word to Studd to lie still, and jump and run, trusting to draw pursuit after himself and give Studd a chance to escape and report? Or call Studd to run with him, and both chance a bolt back the way they came? The thick mist might help them, but the alarm would spread quickly to the front trench. Or should he snatch his revolver—he wished he hadn't put it back in his holster—blaze off all his rounds, yell and make a row, rousing the German trench to fire and disclose the strength holding it? Could he risk movement enough to get his revolver clear? And all the time he was counting the figures that stumbled past—five—six—seven—eight. Thirty-four he counted, and then, just as he was going to move, another lagging two. After that and a long pause he held hurried consultation with Studd.

"They're moving up the way we came down," he said. "We're right off the front line. Must get back. Daren't keep too close to this trench though. D'you think we can strike across and find the front line about where we crossed?"

"Think so, sir," answered Studd. "Must work a bit left-handed."

"Come on then. Keep close together," and they moved off.

In three minutes the Lieutenant stopped with a smothered curse at the jar of wire caught against his shins.

"'Ware wire," he said, and both stopped and felt at it. "Nippers," he said. "We must cut through." He pulled his own nippers out and they started to cut a path. "Tang," his nippers swinging free of a cut wire struck against another, and on the sound came a sharp word out of the mist ahead of them and apparently at their very feet, a guttural question in unmistakable German. Horrified, the Lieutenant stood stiff, frozen for a moment, turned sharp and fumbled a way back, his heart thumping and his nerves tingling in anticipation of another challenge or a sudden shot. But

there was no further sound, and presently he and Studd were clear of the wire and hurrying as silently as they could away from the danger.

They stopped presently, and the Lieutenant crouched and peered about him. "Now where are we?" he said, and then, as he caught the sound of suppressed chuckling from Studd crouched beside him, "What's the joke? I don't see anything specially funny about this job."

"I was thinkin' of that Germ back there, sir," said Studd, and giggled again. "About another two steps and we'd have fell fair on top of 'im. Bit of a surprise like for 'im, sir."

The Lieutenant grinned a little himself. "Yes," he said, "but no more surprise than I got when he sang out. Now what d'you think is our direction?"

Studd looked round him, and pointed promptly. The Lieutenant disagreed and thought the course lay nearly at right angles to Studd's selection. He had his compass with him and examined it carefully. "This bit of their front line ran roughly north and south," he said. "If we move west it must fetch us back on it. We must have twisted a bit coming out of that wire—but there's west," and he pointed again.

"I can't figure it by compass, sir," said Studd, "but here's the way I reckon we came." He scratched lines on the ground between them with the point of his wire nippers. "Here's our line, and here's theirs—running this way."

"Yes, north," said the Lieutenant.

"But then it bends in towards ours —like this—and ours bends back."

"Jove, so it does," admitted the Lieutenant, thinking back to the trench map he had studied so carefully before leaving. "And we moved north behind their trench, so might be round the corner; and a line west would just carry us along behind their front line."

Studd was still busy with his scratchings. "Here's where we came along and turned off the communication trench. That would bring them lights where we saw them—about here. Then we met them Germs and struck off this way, and ran into that wire, an' ran back—here. So I figure we got to go that way," and he pointed again.

"That's about it," agreed the Lieutenant. "But as that's toward the wire and our friend who sang out, we'll hold left a bit to try and dodge him."

He stood and looked about him. The mist was wreathing and eddying slowly about them and shut out everything except a tiny patch of wet ground about their feet. There was a distinct whiteness now about the mist, and a faint glow in the whiteness that told of daylight coming, and the Lieutenant moved hurriedly. "If it comes day and the mist lifts, we're done in," he said, and moved in the chosen direction. They reached wire again, but watching for it this time avoided striking into it and turned, skirting it towards their left. But the wire bent back and was forcing them left again, or circling back, and the Lieutenant halted in despair. "We'll have to cut through again and chance it," he said. "We can't risk hanging about any longer."

"I'll just search along a few yards, sir, and see if there's an opening," said Studd.

"Both go," said the Lieutenant. "Better keep together."

Within a dozen yards both stopped abruptly, and again sank to the ground, the Lieutenant cursing angrily under his breath. Both had caught the sound of voices, and from their lower position could see against the light a line of standing men, apparently right across their path. A spatter of rifle fire sounded from somewhere out in the mist, and a few bullets whispered high overhead. Then came the distant thud, thud, thud of half a dozen guns firing. One shell wailed distantly over —another passed closer with a savage rush, a third burst twenty yards away with a glaring flash that penetrated even the thick fog. The two had a quick glimpse of a line of Germans in long coats ducking their "coal scuttle" helmets and throwing themselves to

the ground. They were not more than thirty feet away, and there were at least a score of them. When their eyes recovered from the flash of the shell, the two could see not more than half a dozen figures standing, could hear talking and laughing remarks, and presently heard scuffling sounds and saw figure after figure emerge from the ground.

"Trench there," whispered Studd, leaning in to the Lieutenant's ear. "They jumped down."

"Yes," breathed the Lieutenant. He was fingering cautiously at the wire beside him. It was staked out, and as far as he could discover there was something like two feet clearance between the ground and the bottom stand. It was a chance, and the position was growing so desperate that any chance was worth taking. He touched Studd's elbow and began to wriggle under the wires. Six feet in they found another line stretched too low to crawl under and could see and feel that the patch of low wire extended some feet. "More coming," whispered Studd, and the Lieutenant heard again that sound of squelching steps and moving men. They could still see the gray shadowy figures of the first lot standing in the same place, and now out of the mist emerged another shadowy group moving down the line and past it. There was a good deal of low-toned calling and talking between the two lots, and the Lieutenant, seizing the chance to work under cover of the noise, began rapidly to nip his way through the wire. It was only because of their low position they could see the Germans against the lighter mist, and he was confident, or at least hoped, that from the reversed position it was unlikely they would be seen. The second party passed out of sight, and now the two could see a stir amongst the first lot, saw them hoist and heave bags and parcels to their shoulders and backs, and begin to move slowly in the opposite direction to that taken by the party passing them.

"Ration party or ammunition carriers," said Studd softly.

"And moving to the front line," said the Lieutenant quickly. In an instant he had a plan made. "We must follow them. They'll guide us to the line. We keep close as we can—not lose touch and not be seen. Quick, get through here." He started to nip rapidly through the wires. The party had moved, and the outline of the last man was blurring and fading into the mist.

The Lieutenant rose and began to stride over the low wires. A last barrier rose waist high. With an exclamation of anger he fell to work with the nippers again, Studd assisting him. The men had vanished. The Lieutenant thrust through the wires. His coat caught and he wrenched it free, pushed again and caught again. This time the stout fabric of the trench coat held. There was no second to waste. The Lieutenant flung loose the waist-belt, tore himself out of the sleeves and broke clear, leaving the coat hung in the wires. "Freer for running if we have to bolt at the end," he said; and hurried after the vanished line, with Studd at his heels. They caught up with it quickly—almost too quickly, because the Lieutenant almost overran one laggard who had halted and was stooped or kneeling doing something to his bundle on the ground. The Lieutenant just in time saw him rise and swing the bundle to his shoulder and hurry after the others. Behind him came the two, close enough to keep his dim outline in sight, stooping low and ready to drop flat if need be, moving as silently as possible, checking and waiting crouched down if they found themselves coming too close on their leader. So they kept him in sight until he caught the others up, followed them again so long that a horrible doubt began to fill the Lieutentnt's mind, a fear that they were being led back instead of forward. He would have looked at his compass, but at that moment the dim gray figures before him vanished abruptly one by one.

He halted, listening, and Studd at his elbow whispered, "Down into a trench, sir." Both sank to their knees

and crawled carefully forward, and in a minute came to the trench and the spot where the man had vanished. "Coming near the front line, I expect," said the Lieutenant, and on the word came the crack of a rifle from the mist ahead. The Lieutenant heaved a sigh of relief. "Keep down," he said. "Work along this trench edge. Sure to lead to the front line."

A new hope flooded him. There was still the front trench to cross, but the ease with which they had first come over it made him now, turning the prospect over in his mind as he crawled, consider that difficulty with a light heart. His own trench and his friends began to seem very near. Crossing the neutral ground, which at other times would have loomed as a dangerous adventure, was nothing after this hair-raising performance of blundering about inside the German lines. He moved with certainty and confidence, although yet with the greatest caution. Twice they came to a belt of wire running down to the edges of the trench they followed. The Lieutenant, after a brief pause to look and listen, slid down into the trench, passed the wire, climbed out again, always with Studd close behind him. Once they lay flat on the very edge of the trench and watched a German pass along beneath them so close they could have put a hand on his helmet. Once more they crouched in a shell hole while a dozen men floundered along the trench. And so they came at last to the front line. Foot by foot they wriggled close up to it. The Lieutenant at first saw no sign of a German, but Studd beside him gripped his arm with a warning pressure, and the Lieutenant lay motionless. Suddenly, what he had taken to be part of the outline of the parapet beyond the trench moved and raised, and he saw the outline of a steel-helmeted head and a pair of broad shoulders. The man turned his head and spoke, and with a shock the Lieutenant heard a murmur of voices in the trench, saw figures stir and move in the mist. Studd wriggled noiselessly closer, and, with his lips touching the Lieutenant's ear, whispered: "I know where we are. Remember this bit we're on. We crossed to the left of here."

They backed away from the trench a little and worked carefully along it to their left, and presently Studd whispered: "About here, I think." They edged closer in, staring across for sight of the silhouette of the rifle butt above the parapet. The mist had grown thicker again, and the parapet showed no more than a faint gray bulk against the lighter gray. The trench appeared to be full of men—"standing to" the Lieutenant supposed they were—and they moved at the most appalling risk, their lives hanging on their silence and stealth, perhaps on the chance of some man climbing back out of the trench. The Lieutenant was shivering with excitement, his nerves jumping at every movement or sound of a voice from the trench beside them.

Studd grasped his elbow again and pointed to the broken edge of trench where they lay, and the Lieutenant, thinking he recognized the spot they had climbed out on their first crossing, stared hard across to the parapet in search of the rifle butt. He saw it at last. But what lay between it and them? Were there Germans crouching in the trench bottom? But they must risk that, risk everything in a dash across and over the parapet. A puff of wind stirred and set the mist eddying and lifting a moment. They dare wait no longer. If the wind came the mist would go, and with it would go the chance of crossing No Man's land. He whispered a moment to Studd, sat up, twisted his legs round to the edge of the trench, slid his trench dagger from its sheath and settled his fingers to a firm grip on the handle, took a deep breath, and slid over feet foremost into the trench. In two quick strides he was across it and scrambling up the parapet. The trench here was badly broken down and a muddy pool lay in the bottom. Studd caught a foot in something and splashed heavily, and a voice from a yard or two on their left called sharply. The Lieutenant slithering over the parapet heard and

cringed from the shot he felt must come. But a voice to their right answered; the Lieutenant slid down, saw Studd scrambled over after, heard the voices calling and answering and men splashing in the trench behind them. He rose to his feet and ran, Studd following close. From the parapet behind came the spitting bang of a rifle, and the bullet whipped past most uncomfortably close. It would have been safer perhaps to have dropped to shelter in a shell hole and crawled on after a reasonable wait, but the Lieutenant had had enough of crawling and shell holes for one night, and was in a most single-minded hurry to get away as far and as fast as he could from Germans' neighborhood. He and Studd ran on, and no more shots followed them. The mist was thinning rapidly, and they found their own outposts in the act of withdrawal to the trench. The Lieutenant hurried past them, zigzagged through their own wire, and with a gasp of relief jumped down into the trench. He sat there a few minutes to recover his breath, and then started along the line to find Headquarters and make his report.

On his way he met the officer who had watched them leave the trench and was greeted with a laugh. "Hullo, old cock. Some mud! You look as if you had been crawling a bit. See any Boche?"

"Crawling!" said the Lieutenant. "Any Boche! I've been doing nothing but crawl for a hundred years—except when I was squirming on my face. And I've been falling over Boche, treading on Boche, bumping into Boche, listening to Boche remarks—oh, ever since I can remember," and he laughed, just a trifle hysterically.

"Did you get over their line then? If so, you're just back in time. Mist has clean gone in the last few minutes." A sudden thought struck the Lieutenant. He peered long and carefully over the parapet. The last wisps of mist were shredding away and the jumble of torn ground and trenches and wire in the German lines was plainly visible. "Look," said the Lieutenant. "Three or four hundred yards behind their line—hanging on some wire. That's my coat."

LOVE'S PENALTY

Mind bids us forget; and so
We straightway vow to cast aside all thought
Of one we love—and loving, are unhappy made;
But heart of such forgetting will have naught.

We seek new friends; and mirrored in each face
Of those whom we would ask to take a part
In dulling memory's edge, we see the one we love;
For in things of love, mind's subject to the heart.

We may solace seek in giddy whirl of pleasure—
In solitude, mayhap, or change of clime,
But the heartache and the bitter longing lingers;
Lessened only by the soothing hand of time.

Mind bids us forget; and we endeavor
To escape the constant longing and the thought
Of one we love—and loving, are tormented;
But heart of such forgetting will have naught.

W. W. Laidley.

When Rea Played Cupid

(As Told by Herself)

By Lucy Miller

I TINKUN' mebbe, please, I like for you to mek it me a wais', if you bees so good. I buy it these cloth for mek it." With these words Rea unfolded before my startled gaze a most gorgeous piece of gingham in enormous checks of turkey-red plaid. She loves to revel in intense blues, never seen on sea or land, and reds that outscream an anarchist flag on a mid-summer day procession. Along with the cloth, she had brought a waist pattern of the year of '63 and a spool of magenta silk thread for the stitching.

Gathering up the necessary dress-making tools, we went out to butcher the goods into a waist, under a big, spreading old oak-tree. As I cut, fitted and basted, Rea sat regaling me with an account of how she once earned a life-long dressmaking service and five dollars in the bargain.

"I bees up in the mountains workin' in a hotel where lots of peoples from the city comes when days are mucho calienta (very hot.) I am peelin' potatoes an' washin' dishes an' clean it up some rooms. They bees a young Irish garrul, she tink she bees doin' some cookin' there. She's good garrul all right, but she doan know much about cook. When she make it the bread is black and sowie (sour), and cow mens all time kickin' an' say to boss: 'For why doan you get some one who cook it good? If you doan we leave queek.' So boss he talk it to garrul one day. He say: 'See here, you mek it more sowie bread, my boys say he go. You got learn to mek it good bread or you go.' Garrul she cry an' cry: 'Oh, please, boss, you not send me away. I show you I kin cook good cookin'.' 'All right, I try you poco more.' Girl she come crying to me: 'Oh, Rea, how you mek it good sponge for mek bread? I like for to know.' I know one senora what mek fine bread, so I tell garrul she go talk it wit' her, then mebbe she is learn to mek the good bread. By'm by garrul come back from seein' the senora an' she bees laffin' an' hap' wit' her a bowl of nice light sponge for set bread. Nex' day bread all same, heavy, sowie, bad bread. Garrul she cry some more to me: 'O, Rea, I doan like for cook; I want for it get maurry wit' some nice, reech mans. You know some mans on beeg ranch what like for maurry to nice, good garrul? I bees lookin' out the window this mornin'. I see pass me by one mans. He bery fine lookin' hombre. He wear it beeg moustache, hee's sombrero ess half silfer, and hee's spurs an' bridle it bees all work in silfer an' hee's horse it is muy bonita. I know he mus' be reech mans. You know who it is, Rea?' I is tell it her that bees Sandy Hart; he is livin' wit' brodder on beeg stock ranch. I fout so mebbe he doan want for get maurry. He is go for maurry wit' garrul, but garrul she is die, an' he doan like it no more garruls. 'Oh, Rea, you go speak it wit' heem. You say I'm bein' nice garrul an' I like for to get maurry wit' heem.'

"So I go say to Sandy: 'You like it for maurry good garrul?'

" 'What's matter wit' you, Rea, you gone loco?' I tell heem queek, 'No! I

doan want it for maurry wit' you. Garrul in hotel she see you an' is ask it me to tell you she is like for maurry an' go lif' on ranch wit' you.' 'Ha, ha, rats; what do I know 'bout garrul? Mebbe she bees some bad womans an' mek it some fool me. You go back tell her I doan want it for get maurry.' An' he laf an' laf an' mek much ashame me.

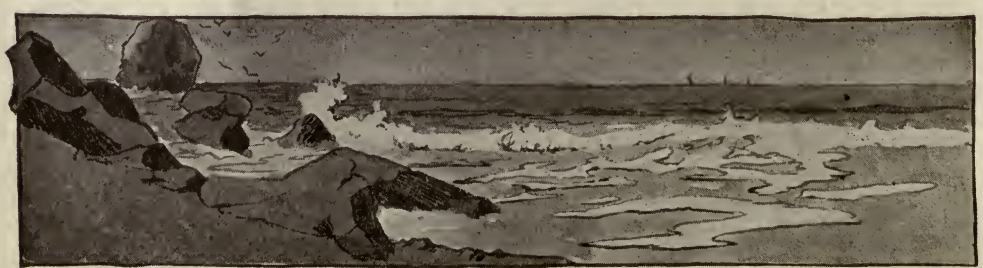
"Nex' day garrul she is see Rich, Sandy's brodder; he bees passin'. He bees mucho viegas, mebbe ten year ol'er as Sandy. Garrul come runnin', 'Oh, Rea, won't you go tell it for me, I want for to maurry wit' heem?' I tell it to her, I doan like for to talk that away to mens, for I bees ashame, me. Mebbe I'm dark skin, but I doan have to ask for no mens for maurry wit' me.

"'Then you tek littie paper for note to ranchero I write it for heem?' All right, I tek paper note for heem, but won't say nottin'. 'Rea, if you do that for me, an' I maurry it heem, I gibe you five dollar an' sew it for you some clothes all time, long as you lif'. I is go to ranchero an' hold 'em tight, so, paper note in my han' for give to Rich. Two mens comin' to door an' say: 'Come in, Rea.' I doan know how I do for give paper note to Rich so Sandy he no see it me.

"By'm by I been lookin' out of window an' say to Sandy, 'How beeg your peegs is growin'!' He is turn look outdoors an' say: 'Yes, we bees feedin' 'em heavy.' Then, queek, I put note paper in Rich's han'. He is cover it queek, so, an' Sandy he doan see. Sandy, he is say to me: 'Come out an' look at peegs how beeg they bees. Rich, he is stay back for read what I hap gipe to heem. When I am for go, hee's comin' to me down by gate. 'You tell it her I'm 'fraid for to go see; mebbe she bees sit up late talkin', an' sleep heavy in mornin' an' lose places.' I tell it he, 'He doan know if he want for come see you; mebbe you lose job.' 'Oh, no; I get up early jus' same.' So he is go for to see it her muchos times, an' Sandy, he laf, 'Ha, ha!' all time when he see hee's brodder go to hotel for see garrul. 'Oh, Rea, mebbe you go fetch me sisty-in-law after all. Ha, ha!'

"One day she say: 'Rea, do you know how for get priest? I'm tinkin' mebbe we lak it for pries' for maurrie to us. You tell heem to come?' So pries' come an' maurrie, an' they go livin' on ranchero an' she bees a beeg lady now, wit' mucho seelk dress, an' dimond an' fine beeg automobile, an' she is goin' cross the beeg water, what you call the place?' 'Ireland?' 'Si, that's it, Irrlan', but she forget to gif it me the five dollar, an' she bees too fine lady for mek it me some dresses now.

"Las' time I go there, they mek it me stay for dinner. While we was eatin', Sandy he is say it to me, soff an' beggin' like, 'Rea, won't you go to hotel an' see if you can fin' some nice garrul for me? Tell it her I want for to get maurrie. You tell her I'm bein' nice mans. I ain't no bad kin' o' mans.' He is mek it me feelin' so 'shamed an' I keep lookin' down at my plate, so, an' nobody never speak one word. Me, I'm 'fraid for look up at Rich an' her, I feel so sourry. But Sandy, he jus' set back an' laf an' laf "Haw, haw, haw.' But no matter; she's beeg lady now an' doan have for to pay 'tention to nobody no more. An' me, I guess I never see that five dollar she is promise it to me, for she bees queek forget who's bein' good to her when she bees a poor garrul, like me."



Madame Curie and Radium

By R. J. Strutt

TWENTY or thirty years ago it was the fashion to lay down that certain branches of learning or research were within the province and aptitude of women, while others were not. Women, it was said, may succeed in literature, in art, or in historical study; but economics, mathematics, the natural sciences are not within their scope.

It must probably be conceded that there was some substratum of reason in this classification. It certainly cannot be denied that more instances can be produced of the successful women novelists, poets, painters, than of successful women students of the sciences. It is not easy to determine the cause of this. Some would say that the opportunity has been denied to women of a fair start in the natural sciences. No one can now expect to become a discoverer who is not at any rate fairly acquainted with the achievements of those in whose footsteps he or she must follow. But is this really the obstacle? It appears pretty clearly from the history of many of the great discoverers that they were drawn by irresistible attraction to the pursuits they followed and careless of any worldly obstacles. In many cases it does not appear that they received any encouragement from outside sources; on the other hand, there can be no doubt that within the last few decades scientific work of the first importance has been accomplished by women; and this must surely be connected with the fact that during the period mentioned scientific teaching and stimulus has for the first time become easily and generally accessible to them.

Beyond doubt, Madame Curie stands foremost among the new race of scientific women, and for this reason an account of her career, such as we have now the opportunity of reading, cannot fail to be welcome. Mrs. Cunningham has had the advantage of obtaining authentic particulars of Madame Curie's life from the best source that can be imagined—Madame Curie herself. We learn of her parentage, her early surroundings, her student life in Paris, and the circumstances of her marriage. On the purely scientific side the book is less satisfactory, and it may be doubted whether any very clear conception of Madame Curie's discoveries, and their scientific bearing, could be gained from it. It will perhaps be useful to attempt some recapitulation of them.

Passing over her earlier investigations on magnetism, we come to the epoch of 1893, forever memorable for Becquerel's discovery of spontaneous emission by the rare metal uranium of rays capable of affecting a photographic plate—the discovery of radioactivity. Madame Curie was one of the first to cultivate the new field of research. She found that another rare metal, thorium, possessed similar properties. But the important clue which led subsequently to such sensational developments was that pitch-blende, the naturally occurring crude oxide of uranium, was found to be several times more active than the amount of uranium contained in it would have led one to anticipate. This fundamental contribution to the subject was made by Mme. Curie alone. The next step was made by M. and Mme. Curie. By submitting pitchblende to chemical analysis—that is, by separating it into various metallic constituents (for many metals besides uranium are con-

tained in this ore)—it was found that a strongly radioactive substance chemically similar to the metal bismuth was present. This was called polonium, in honor of Mme. Curie's native country. A further investigation, carried out by M. and Mme. Curie, with M. Bemont, showed that another radioactive substance chemically similar to barium was present in pitchblende. To this the name radium was given, long before it had been isolated in a pure state.

The next step was to separate this active substance in a pure state from the barium with which it was mixed, and this part of the work, due in the main to Madame Curie, was, in the writer's opinion, by far the most formidable. The steps taken are fairly intelligible to any one with an elementary knowledge of chemistry, but to conclude from this that they were easy to carry out would indeed be wide of the mark. As well suppose a student who had watched attentively the details of a bold and novel surgical operation could plan out and execute it like a great master of the surgical art.

The cost of the difficulty is the extremely small proportion in which radium exists in pitchblende. The quantity is something like one part in three million: thus the problem of extracting it is very different indeed from that of an ordinary chemical or metallurgical extraction when the product desired forms a large fraction of the whole quantity of material worked upon.

In the early stages the difficulty for an experimenter consisted in the large bulk of material to be handled. It is obviously useless to start with anything short of a very large amount when the ultimate product forms so small a fraction of it. Very many tons of pitchblende would be required to yield an ounce of radium. Complex and repeated chemical operations have to be performed on this large bulk of material, and it is gradually reduced in amount. Practically it is impossible to carry out these early stages of the work in a laboratory. The vessels and other appliances are not on a sufficientiy large scale to get through the work with a reasonable expenditure of labor and time. Madame Curie had therefore to go to a chemical factory to get this part of the work done; and it may be conjectured that the difficulty of getting work like this, of a difficult and tentative kind, organized in an establishment not under her own management demanded no small expenditure of nervous force. Finally, however, the radium was in great part extracted along with the chemically kindred metal barium. The bulk of material to be handled was now reduced to an easily manageable amount and, so far, matters were easier, as Madame Curie could work with her own hands, and thus control the exact procedure far more easily. But further formidable difficulties remained to be dealt with, the radium was still only a very small fraction of the whole quantity of material, and, what was worse, the material with which it was mixed—barium—was extremely difficult to separate from it. Radium and barium are so like one another in their chemical behavior that it is extremely difficult to find any process which will act selectively on one, leaving the other untouched. In fact, the search for a process which will completely accomplish this has failed, even up to the present moment. It is necessary to be content with the kind of process called a fractional crystallization, which separated the material into a part richer and a part poorer in radium. Each of these parts must be treated again in the same way, and so on almost interminably. To avoid indefinite multiplication of the samples, it becomes necessary to devise a systematic scheme by which the worst part of the better is mixed with the better part of the worst. To go further into this would take us too far, but enough has been said to show how formidable was the task of separating pure radium. It is true that the process has now been improved in detail, so as to make it considerably less laborious. But in estimating the diffi-

culty and labor of Madame Curie's work, we must consider, not how it might have been done, but how it was done.

The results are widely known. The wonderful properties of radium have become a byword. These, indeed, are not different in kind from those possessed by uranium, according to Becquerel's original discovery; but they are so incomparably more powerful as to open up a new chapter of scientific research, of which M. and Mme. Curie were pioneers.

The essential interest of radioactive bodies (as we now know) is that they are undergoing a spontaneous transmutation, and that we are able to actually see in operation the process of which the alchemists sought in vain to catch a glimpse. It is true that this has not yet brought untold wealth to Madame Curie or any one else; but the insight we have gained into the structure of atoms, and the behavior of electricity in rapid motion, has given a rich intellectual reward to those capable of appreciating it in this generation. And it cannot be doubted that a practical reward not less great will be reaped by our descendants, even though it is not possible yet to indicate precisely how this will come about.

TO THOSE AT HOME

What does it matter if prices are steep,
And you're spending so much that there's little to keep?
If your hat is passe, and your shoes have been patched,
And the toes have been stubbed and the heels have been scratched?
What does it matter if flour's hard to buy?
There's bread made of bran and alfalfa and rye.
The soldiers have need of the best we can give,
Don't kick on the change in the way you must live.
Oh, shame on the one who would grumble and grunt
When life is far harder for those at the front.

What does it matter if plans are upset?
If vacations are dreams and the dream's all you get?
If you can't take your outing then cancel your trip,
And rejoice that you're not on a war-fated ship.
What does it matter if work's on the double?
Your work is the least of the world's mighty trouble.
To live in indiff'rence is selfishness right,
And Uncle Sam pleads that you join in the fight.
You're staying at home, and you're missing the blunt
Of the blow that must fall on the boys at the front.

What does it matter?—these trivial things—
Compare them with war and the horror it brings.
He who's at home to his flag is not true
Unless he will do all the things he can do;
Will sacrifice much to buy thrift stamps and bonds,
Thinking less of his eats and the things that he dons.
Then throw back your shoulders and toss up your head,
And don't be a shirk, be a fighter instead.
You're staying at home, but hark! there's a call,
And the call is for *help* to win freedom for all.

ELLA FLATT KELLER.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

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Chapter XI.

The Clandestine Wedding at Valparaiso.

YSABELLA paced the deck with Captain Fitch, inhaling the invigorating air until the roses bloomed in her cheeks and the sparkle returned to her eyes. The captain taught her to speak English. He read and translated into Spanish the writings of the Anthology Club, published in Boston, which he had sent from his library in the Venture.

"Isabella, Queen of Spain, by her noble and self-sacrificing action, forged a link between her country and America. And, Ysabella mia, may form a link between the Spaniards and the Americans," prophesied the captain, during his hour of teaching his fiancee.

The eyes of the girl widened reflectively as she dreamily remarked: "Perhaps we, too, shall help to make history, even as did Queen Isabella, although we are not sailing in the caravels of Columbus."

"Thou art the queen of my heart, an invisible kingdom, but none the less powerful. Affection is the mainspring of action in life in behalf of the beloved, even if it is not recorded in history," declared Captain Fitch.

To be happy! How many world-weary pilgrims have sought in vain for that divine goal of many a life's journey! Too often they found ashes in their golden apples and bitterness in their cup of joy. It is not given to every one to taste the intoxication of perfect happiness. To Captain Fitch and Ysabella, life was young and happiness was theirs.

"The genius of Washington Irving created Rip Van Winkle, who awakened after a slumber of twenty years in the Katskill Mountains by curious dwarfs. They were playing a game of ninepins that sounded like distant thunder," continued the instructor.

"Did he?" asked Ysabella, her eyes shining.

"It is a folk-lore story, but Irving made it seem so real that I felt sorry for Rip when he returned to his village. No one, not even his scolding wife, remembered him," explained the expounder.

Ysabella laughed. "What else?"

"Irving was lord of the Hudson River by the magic of his pen. Every winding channel and airy glen he peopled with his fancy. I will tell you of the 'Headless Horseman' and 'Handsome Katrina' some day.

"There was Fennimore Cooper, who wrote stories of the Indians entitled 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" continued the instructor.

"Are there any Indians in your country?" questioned the Spanish student.

"The Indians have gone farther west now. Their lands have been taken up by settlers."

"I wonder that you became a sea captain!" exclaimed Ysabella.

"The call of the ocean was in my blood, I suppose. Then it was necessary in order to find you," replied Captain Fitch.

"You went sailing and sailing around the world to find your other half," exclaimed Ysabella, laughing.

"And I found her!"

"And I came with you! That is the strangest part of it," continued the Spanish student.

"Not so strange when we learn to know Fate's mysteries."

"You have marked out enough study to last through all the voyage," she declared.

"Is not this a pleasant floating college?"

"The best in the world."

"I want to show you my father's and mother's likenesses," continued Captain Fitch, taking them from his pocket.

"Your madre has a kind, motherly face," declared Ysabella, examining the picture. "I shall love her. Will she love me?"

"My mother could not fail to love you."

"You resemble your padre," remarked Ysabella discriminatingly.

Onward the Vulture ploughed her way through the swells of the Pacific under tropic skies while the lovers studied the stars, yet no study was so interesting to them as searching each other's eyes.

"Will you call at Lima, Captain Barry?" inquired Fitch, seeking the information that dove-tailed into his plans.

"I think not," replied the shipmaster. "It is my particular business to see you two people married. And I will not risk Lima. Russian and English vessels, sailing up and down the coast, carry news quickly. Valparaiso will be a safe place to land. It is beyond the regular line of coast traffic," replied Barry.

"All right! We can trust you to take us out of a difficult place. I will send a despatch at Lima to Mr. Hatch, directing him to meet us at Valparaiso."

"I will attend to that matter for you. I do not wish my passengers to be discussed in Lima," declared Barry.

"Thanks!" returned Fitch. "I see that we are in safe hands."

Down the long coast of South America the Vulture kept her course until Captain Barry announced at dinner that the Vulture would anchor in the Bay of Valparaiso the next day.

"What will you wear for a wedding gown, carisima? You left yours in San Diego," inquired the prospective bridegroom.

"No, your lordship—trust a girl for keeping her wedding tunic," responded the bride-elect.

"But how——"

"I sewed a tuck in my white silk gown, and wore it under by blue cloth gown with my pearls. Did you imagine that I would leave them on shore?"

"Bright nina! You deserve to have them."

"If you people do not get married this time it will not be my fault," declared Captain Barry, laughingly.

Ysabella went on deck with Mrs. Barry the next morning and clapped her hands with delight. "Mountains!" she exclaimed. "They are like the Sierras at San Diego."

"Yes, dear," returned Mrs. Barry, "and my husband says we shall anchor in a couple of hours. There is the city of Valparaiso perched on the hillside; it is a two-story town, one story being on the hills and the other on the narrow strip of shore below."

"How picturesque!"

The Vulture wound her way within the sheltering curves of the hills into the wide and deep harbor. Here ships from all nations rode serenely at their anchors. Lighters were busy loading and small vessels were busy loading and unloading larger craft on the calm, blue waters. Stone warehouses stood at the ends of the wharves. A dark range of mountains followed the crescent outline of the bay and mountain spurs jutted from range to bay with sides and summits crowded with dwellings. These were reached by stone stairways cut in the cliffs. In

places the hills receded, leaving space for the business streets.

Along one of these business streets Senorita Ysabella Carrillo and Captain Fitch walked with Captain and Mrs. Barry. They reached the cathedral and entered. Mass was being celebrated, and the voyagers joined with the worshippers.

After mass the women of Valparaiso left the church with their stools and prayer books, their mantillas wound tightly around their heads and shoulders.

Curate Orrega stood at the altar and the wedding party went forward. Captain Fitch explained his presence and introduced his party to the priest. "I wish to marry Senorita Ysabella Carrillo," informed Fitch briefly. "My friends, Captain and Mrs. Barry, will be the witnesses. Will you perform the ceremony now?"

"Certainly, my son," replied the priest.

"We have just landed from our ship. Could we have the use of the vestry, Reverend Padre?" inquired Ysabella.

"Certainly, Senorita. Enter that door by the side of the altar," he directed by a wave of his hand.

Ysabella disappeared with her companion through the door. In the vestry she removed her rebozo and blue cloth dress, and stood revealed in smiling beauty clothed in heavy white silk bordered with Spanish lace flounces.

"I should be glad if I had my white satin shoes," mused the bride-elect. "Leather boots are not quite in keeping with my white tunic."

"I brought mine for you. They may be too large," replied Mrs. Barry thoughtfully.

"What a dear, good friend you are! Yes, I can wear them."

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue,"

quoted Mrs. Barry, laughingly.

"Where is the blue?" asked Ysabella.

"Here is a turquoise ornament for your hair," replied Mrs. Barry, unclasping a little plush box.

"Exquisite!"

"This is a wedding gift from my husband and myself. Let me fasten it for you." And Mrs. Barry pinned the gem set in a star-shaped frame of brilliants on the white bandeau that confined Ysabella's glossy black hair just above her white forehead. "There," she said, kissing her. "You look like a queen."

"And you are my fairy godmother," murmured Ysabella gratefully, returning the caress.

Mrs. Barry removed her dark traveling cloak and shook out the folds of her blue silk gown. "Come, dear," she suggested, "the bridegroom is waiting." They entered the church, where Captain Fitch advanced to meet Ysabella and led her to the altar. His eagle eyes rested with admiration and tenderness on the young girl beside him.

She was a picture for Murillo or Velasquez. Her proud bearing and exquisite grace were enhanced by the brilliancy of her dark eyes, that spoke the deep happiness of her soul. The lights of the massive chandelier over her head brought out the spirituality shining from her beautiful face.

Father Orrega, arrayed in a white brocade chasuble embroidered with silver thread, began the marriage service. Captain Richard Barry gave away the bride. The marriage covenant was spoken. Senorita Ysabella Carrillo was now Dona Ysabella Carrillo de Fitch. A wedding march sounded in the organ loft, played by a detained chorister. The contracting couple and the witnesses signed their names in the Parish Register.

"I congratulate you," offered Captain Barry, taking Captain Fitch cordially by the hand. "However, I feel like congratulating Mrs. Barry and myself on bringing you safely to this happy conclusion."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," responded the bridegroom, gratefully.

"Dear girl," offered Mrs. Barry, "I hope you will have the happiness that you deserve. And no doubt you will have it, now that your troubles are over."

"We shall always remember you in our prayers. Shall we not, Enrique?" responded the bride.

"Captain and Mrs. Barry are our friends forever. I would be only too glad to return any favor in my power," replied Captain Fitch, earnestly.

Father Orrega advanced with a document in his hand. "Sign this certificate, my children. I wish you a happy life in each other's companionship under the vows of the holy church."

Captain Fitch took the marriage certificate so desperately obtained, and after it was signed by the priest and the witnesses, he placed the document carefully in a waterproof case. This he deposited securely in the inner pocket of his coat; then the voyagers resumed their cloaks and took leave of Father Orrega with his blessing.

Leaving the cathedral, the wedding party went into a Spanish cafe, where Captain Fitch ordered a wedding dinner.

"By the way, your brig arrived this morning," announced Barry to Fitch. "Did you see her?"

"No. That is good luck. Ysabella's turquoise wedding star has brought luck for us. We will surprise Mr. Hatch by going on board tonight," replied the bridegroom.

With joyful hearts and smiling faces the wedding party walked down the street. A Spanish Chilean gave Fitch and Barry a haughty stare, but his features relaxed into a smile as he noted the beautiful Spanish girl with them.

"A wedding," he muttered. "The races are becoming unfortunately mixed. Why will a pure-bred Spanish girl persist in marrying a foreigner?"

The Vulture's boat took Captain Fitch and his bride to the Venture's side, where Captain Barry and wife bade "Goodby" to the bride and groom, and were rowed to the Vulture.

"I will send your sea-chest over tomorrow," said Captain Barry.

The bride and groom waved their hands to their friends and turned to greet the mate of the Venture, who warmly welcomed the master.

"Mr. Hatch, let me present you to my wife," said Captain Fitch. "We have a passenger for Boston."

Ysabella smiled sweetly.

"'All is well that ends well,'" quoted the mate, smilingly.

"Is everything all right on board the Venture?" queried the master.

"O. K."

"The Venture looks shipshape," remarked Captain Fitch.

"The sailors have scrubbed, polished and put the brig in her best trim in honor of this occasion," informed the mate.

"Thanks," returned the master.

"The boys are all lined up in the forecastle, with fresh white suits on, ready to make their best bow to your wife, sir," announced the mate.

"Call them on deck," directed the master.

The mate beckoned to the boatswain who whistled up the sailors, and they lunged on the upper deck in true sailor fashion; their strong hands hanging amidships; their tanned countenances animated with pleased expectancy. "A lady on board will be a 'sight for sair e'en,'" remarked the boatswain.

Ysabella smiled on the sailors.

"My eyes, Jack! She is a beauty. I don't blame the captain for runnin' away with her," said Sam Smith, the steward, as the sailors descended to the forecastle. "I would do the same, if I had a vessel to carry her off in."

"You!" returned the boatswain contemptuously. "Do you think she would go with you?"

"Take a day off; visit Valparaiso and send on provisions and water," directed Fitch to Mr. Hatch. "My wife will mind the ship. She is first mate now."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Mr. Hatch. "You took the long voyage for good reason."

"The best in the world," replied the

master heartily. "Come below, cara mia, and look at your new home". The bride and groom went down the companionway. "At last! My bride!" and Captain Fitch took Ysabella in his arms.

"My husband."

" 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' " quoted the bridegroom with a tender kiss. "Mine forever."

Ysabella clung to her husband tremblingly. "I was afraid the church door would open and some one would rush in shouting: 'Stop, this ceremony must not proceed!' " she whispered.

"No one has the right now, idola mia. We belong to each other."

On the following evening Captain Fitch and bride stood on deck enjoying the beautiful harbor view. A brilliant moon lent to the city of Valparaiso an enchanted aspect; where lights gleamed amid the foliage of the tree-tops, slopes and beach. On the bay the lights rose and fell with the motion of the dark waters hundreds of feet deep.

"Tomorrow we sail for home, cara mia," informed the captain.

" 'Home, sweet home,' " quoted Ysabella, remembering her English lessons. "I begin to think my home is on the ocean waves. It might have been worse," added the bride shudderingly, as she gave a fleeting thought to the frowning governor of the Californias. " Ours was no ceremonious wedding," she continued, thinking of her sister Dolores' wedding. "We were not attended by a large and distinguished company, arrayed in all the magnificence of the highest society in the Province of California. No triumphal journey was ours, through my own country, feted by the aristocracy of the land and the wealth of the Missions."

"No," assented Captain Fitch. "We have elected our own course. And we will follow it gladly, silently, without clang of bells or acclamations of friends. We shall sail together on the high seas under the blue canopy of God's sanctuary lighted by the vast candelabra of the midnight stars."

The next morning the Venture stood out of the Bay of Valparaiso into the broad Pacific. She turned her prow southward, carrying the run-away married lovers.

Chapter XII.

The Anger of Parents and Governor.

"Where is Ysabella?" asked Dona Ignacia Carrillo of her daughter, Benicia, as the girl entered her home after vespers.

"Ysabella! Is she not here?" asked the puzzled girl. "She walked out of chapel with cousin Pio. I walked with Estefana and expected to find Ysabella here."

"Pio walked with her, no doubt," agreed Dona Ignacia, "yet you should not have left her." Benicia was too well trained in obedience to argue with her mother.

Don Joaquin Carrillo entered the sala and looked around questioningly. "Did Ysabella return from the church with you, Benicia?"

"Cousin Pio walked with Ysabella and I walked with Estefana," replied the daughter.

"Ysabella should be here. I will go and meet her," said her father, uneasily. He walked slowly—a retired soldier, he lived at his ease. He reached Pico House, peering forward in the darkness of the evening and entered. "Where is Pio?" he inquired of Dona Eustaquia, looking sharply around the sala.

"Pio has not returned from vespers. Doubtless he is playing a game of monte with Lieutenant Carrillo," replied Dona Eustaquia.

"I will walk to the Presidio," informed Don Joaquin, heaving a sigh at the prospect of climbing the hill. "Buenos noches, Dona Eustaquia," he saluted.

"Buenas noches," returned the senora. "Why is he so anxious about Pio?"

Don Joaquin climbed Presidio Hill with misgivings in his heart. He did not utter them to Dona Eustaquia. He

was too proud to make his daughter the subject of invidious remark to any one outside his own family. He went to the lieutenant's quarters and entered.

Don Pio Pico sat at a table with Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo playing a game of cards.

Don Joaquin could contain his anxiety no longer. "Where is Ysabella?"

Don Pio looked up innocently. The lieutenant glanced at his relative with an expression of startled surprise.

"Did you expect to find Ysabella here, uncle?" inquired Pio Pico.

"Benicia told me that you walked with Ysabella after vespers," explained Don Joaquin, anxiety overcoming observation of his nephew's flippant speech.

"I stopped to tie my botas, and—when I looked around, Ysabella had disappeared," parried Don Pio Pico.

"Disappeared!" and Don Joaquin started up in astonishment.

"I heard a sound of hoofbeats on the road leading to the bay. La Mancha caught up his Dulcinea and rode off with her," suggested Pico, deciding to enlighten his uncle without betraying himself.

"What do you mean, Pio?"

"I know not," answered the young man. I sometimes mistrust my brain is clouded with unrequited affection."

"Clouded with too much wine and monte, young man!" roared Don Joaquin furiously. "Captain Fitch sailed around Point Loma this afternoon. I saw the brig."

"Did you mix up the Americano with the noble knight, La Mancha?" questioned the young Spaniard.

"No!" declared Don Joaquin. "Americanos! I am tired of them. Come and help me to find Ysabella, or the governor will have you put in the stocks!" shouted the elder man, beside himself with wrath.

"I fear not the governor; but I will help you to find my cousin—if possible," and the young man shrugged his shoulders. Then, donning his sombrero, he reluctantly followed his uncle from the Presidio.

Lieutenant Carrillo paced the floor absorbed in thought regarding this unlooked for situation in the disappearance of his niece.

Down the hill stormed Don Joaquin, uttering Spanish oaths with amazing rapidity and vehemence, driven out of all patience by his nephew's trifling persiflage.

"Let us return to your home," suggested Pico. "Perhaps Ysabella was delayed. And she is already at home." The perturbed old gentleman caught at the hope and retraced his steps to Carrillo House.

"Is Ysabella at home?" asked her father, entering the house close behind his nephew.

Dona Ignacia lifted her black brows and looked at her husband incredulously. "Why, I thought you would bring her back with you," and the startled mother arose.

"I did not find her," replied the father wearily, dropping into a mission chair and mopping his perspiring brow.

"Not find her! Holy Virgin! Where can she be? Pio Pico, where is my daughter? You saw her last."

"I stopped to tie my botas, as I told uncle," explained Don Pio, "and when I looked around, Ysabella had disappeared. I thought she ran home and went to the Presidio to play a game of monte with Lieutenant Carrillo."

"Diablo! Find her!" muttered Don Joaquin heavily.

"She has gone!" shrieked the mother with sudden conviction. "Ysabella has run away," she gasped, placing her hand on her laboring heart. "How did she get to the harbor?"

"There are plenty of horses in the corral, if she was determined to go," answered Pico.

"Pio Pico, go after her; go quickly," commanded Dona Ignacia.

"It is too late, aunt," replied her nephew. "If she went with Captain Fitch, a swift gallop and a stiff breeze have taken her beyond my reach."

"Mother of God! My daughter ran off unmarried, the saints forbid!" exclaimed Dona Ignacia wildly.

"What is the matter, madre?" inquired Benicia entering.

"Matter, child!" shrieked the mother. "Leave the room, before I cut off your hair in disgrace. You allowed Ysabella to run away with the Americano. Why were you not more watchful?"

Benicia fled. Well she knew the anger of her mother in case of disobedience; but the disgrace of an elopement without the marriage sacrament was more than she could endure with calmness.

"Oh," shuddered Benicia, "why did she do it? How could I prevent it, if she meant to go? I know Ysabella's determination. Nothing would stop her. She was too much in love with Captain Fitch. Ugh!"

"I might as well go home," suggested Pio Pico.

"Yes, go! You are all a pack of helpless idiots," replied the infuriated mother. "If Ysabella were here now. she would feel my wrath; if she is nineteen years old. Red welts on her shameless shoulders would be not too bad a punishment for such disgrace!" and Dona Ignacia went to the wall and shook out the coils of a horsehair riata threateningly.

Pio Pico shuddered and left the house abruptly. "Cielo!" he muttered. "I am glad Ysabella is on the ship."

CHAPTER XIII.

Two Years Later

Governor Echandia Orders the Arrest of Captain Fitch.

At early dawn a rosy light began to steal over the summits of the Sierras, then slowly crept down the sides of the mountains. Soon the Presidio and pueblo were bathed in the glow of the morning. A thin blue haze ascended from the canyons. Curling fog wraiths melted into the soft blue sky, and the air was laden with the sweet odors of sage and chaparral.

The light played on the blue waters of the bay and glanced on the white sails of the Venture as she rounded Point Loma.

"Home again!" exclaimed Ysabella, as she stood on deck by her husband's side watching with eager eyes her native shore.

"I trust your home welcome will be bright and warm," remarked Captain Fitch.

"I cannot think otherwise."

A cannon shot sounded from the Venture's side. This was the signal to send horses to the shore. An anchor was dropped, the boat lowered and the master with his family descended the rope ladder and seated themselves. Two sailors pulled to the sandy shore. Captain Fitch stepped out with his child on his arm and assisted his wife to land.

In a short time a vaquero appeared riding from the pueblo leading two saddled horses. The master assisted his wife to one horse, and mounting the other animal, they rode to town.

At the plaza Ysabella pulled up her horse and looked eagerly around her. "This dear old pueblo seems just the same as when we left it!" she exclaimed. "Yet the low, wide adobe houses of San Diego, save Don Juan Bandini's villa, appear somewhat different from the tall, imposing mansions of Boston."

"Yes, cara mia," replied Fitch. "San Diego, the Plymouth of the West, has plenty of space to grow."

"Just think, Enrique!" exclaimed Ysabella again, "there, under that pepper tree, was where Cousin Pio Pico's horse stood waiting for me to make my wild dash for happiness."

"That was a wild dash," replied the captain. "I trembled both for you and me. The lion's claws then were far-reaching and terrible!"

"This is our special Thanksgiving Day," declared Ysabella. "Let us give thanks for being delivered from the claws of the king of beasts."

"We certainly will give thanks to God on this, our special Thanksgiving Day," replied Fitch.

"There is another reason for my being specially thankful."

"What is it?"

"I am so very thankful that I avoid-

ed going with the lion to Mexico when his term of office expired in California," laughed Ysabella.

"That is another important reason for a special thanksgiving day. I will draw up a set of resolutions for our special day of thanksgiving. Meantime you ride over to your home," he advised. "I will stop at the Customs House and announce the arrival of my cargo for inspection."

"Come as soon as you can to us." She took her child from his father's arms and rode to Casa de Carrillo.

"Buenos dias, Pablo!" she called, happily, to an Indian attendant carrying a water bucket.

Pablo dropped his bucket in astonishment and grasped the bridle reins of her horse. "Senorita Ysabelle!" he exclaimed in a delighted tone of voice. "I am glad!"

Ysabella smilingly alighted from her horse and entered her childhood home. The family had left the breakfast table. "Madre mia," breathed Ysabella, softly; "are you glad to see me?"

"Madre de Dios!" exclaimed the startled senora. "Ysabella, where did you come from?" asked Dona Ignacia, stiffening in every fibre of her body.

"I came from my husband's ship," replied Ysabella, her face paling.

"Holy Virgin! Your husband!" exclaimed the senora fiercely. "How do I know that you have a husband? You left your home secretly, disobediently. You dared not ask permission of your parents when you went."

"El Diablo! What have you there?" demanded Don Joaquin sternly.

"My son," replied Ysabella, proudly.

"Did you receive the marriage sacrament before he was born?" asked the father. "Has he been baptized in the holy church?" he catechized in a commanding tone.

Ysabella sank into a chair, overpowered by the coldness of her reception. Little Henry cooed in a soft, baby voice, and threw up his plump arms to his mother. Ysabella clasped him tenderly to her breast and rose from the chair.

"Padre and madre, you misjudge me. I was forced to leave home without your permission, or make a hated marriage with a man whom I disliked. I chose the only alternative. Enrique has our marriage certificate which he will show to you. I will return to our ship," she declared, pride of race lending haughtiness to her manner as she moved toward the door.

"I know nothing of your marriage certificate," declared Don Joaquin.

"Go!" commanded the mother, sternly, "before I use my riata on your disobedient shoulders," and Dona Ignacia reached for a horsehair whip.

"Or I report you to the alcalde, who will order you to sweep the streets of San Diego as a mark of your disgrace," threatened the father.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Ysabella, fleeing from the house. "My boy! My little Enrique. They shall not punish you." She walked quickly down the street, blinded by the storm of her emotions.

Captain Fitch, riding swiftly along the street toward Casa de Carrillo, pulled up his horse suddenly. "What is the trouble, Ysabella?" he asked in alarm.

"Oh, Enrique! Take me to the Venture."

"What! Are your people angry with you?"

"Padre and madre are more than angry. They threaten disgrace," replied the daughter.

"Disgrace? Impossible! They dare not disgrace you. I have the proof of our marriage!" exclaimed the husband. Captain Fitch dismounted and assisted his wife to the saddle, gave her the child, mounted behind her and turned his horse toward the harbor. "A floating home is not a bad one, is it, carisima?"

"The best I know, excepting Mother Fitch's home," responded Ysabella, with rising pride.

"Do you wish you had remained with her?" pursued the husband.

"Yes, and no. I wish to live always at your side, Enrique," replied the wife.

The shipmaster tenderly pressed his wife's arm. "Not every man is blessed with such a devoted wife," he confided.

They boarded the Venture and waited for the inspector of cargoes to finish his business; then the master paid his dues and ordered the anchor hoisted.

"The collector informed me that Governor Echandia is still in San Diego, dear," announced Captain Fitch to his wife.

"Oh, Enrique! Let us go away at once," begged Ysabella.

"We will go; but I think he will not dare to trouble us at the other ports"

"I hope not."

"I must make another profit of forty thousand dollars on this voyage. Mr. Welles expects it. We have done nothing criminal. The governor should not molest us. I expected he would be at Monterey, handing over his official job to his successor long before this time.

Ysabella said nothing to discourage her husband; but she felt her heart sink.

"We will sail to San Pedro immediately," directed the master to Mr. Hatch. The surprised mate ordered the sails unfurled, and the Venture turned her bow around Point Loma toward the north.

"By all that is holy, Captain Fitch shall be reported!" exclaimed Don Joaquin, and, placing his sombrero firmly on his head, he started for the Presidio.

Governor Echandia sat in his office as Don Joaquin entered and greeted the official. "I have heard from the Venture," he announced abruptly.

"Where is she?" asked the Governor, briefly.

"She is in the harbor," replied the don. "Ysabella came to us this morning with a young child."

"El diablo!" muttered the governor. "The Americano has assurance to come here again. I will make San Diego an uncomfortable place for him to visit."

"They have gone," reported Don Joaquin.

"I will send an order for the arrest of Captain Fitch to every port in California for violating the law," declared the governor, vindictively.

"It is well. Disobedience to law and order should be punished," asserted Don Joaquin, as he walked out.

Governor Echandia seized a quill and rapidly wrote an order to arrest Captain Fitch and separate him from Dona Ysabella. "Write copies of this order and send to every port in California," commanded the Governor to Secretary Zamorano.

To be continued.

An Episode in the Pioneer Life of San Francisco.

THE changes by land and sea wrought by the hand of man in the physical features of the site of San Francisco have been truly amazing, but the most striking and the most complete are those which have taken place on and beyond the shore line of the city front along the bay. On land hills have been lowered and removed, or set back from the waters' edge, hollows and depressions have been filled in and leveled, streams have been turned from their courses or obliterated with the minor inlets into which they flowed, but along the city front from historic Telegraph Hill to the bold outline of Cerro del Rincon, or Rincon Hill, the original shore line has entirely disappeared, and beyond it dry land has arisen where formerly the waters of the bay ebbed and flowed with the great tides of the ocean.

Those tremendous topographical changes were not entirely optional with the early settlers. The choice of the site was not fortuitous: it was deliberate and made with good and sufficient reason, but the place thus selected had its drawbacks, and they were not a few nor inconsiderable. Many persons may have thought that there were other places around the bay quite as suitable, or even more suitable, for the town than where it was put, but the spot was chosen because ships found the part of the bay directly in front of it the most accessible, convenient and sheltered place to anchor in order to land their passengers and to discharge their freight. Don Juan Robinson who, like Thomas O. Larkin and William D. M. Howard, was one of the very early Americans to settle in Yerba Buena or San Francisco, and who is mentioned in an amusing, though not in a very dignified way in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," used to say in later life that as he was the local representative and agent of the Pacific Mail when the company first began to send its steamers to San Francisco he could have despatched the ships to any point around the bay that he thought best, and the town would have grown up in that immediate neighborhood. But he wisely never attempted to send them anywhere but to the sheltered cove between Telegraph Hill and Rincon Hill near the Golden Gate, and it is safe to say that, if the attempt to send them elsewhere had been made the company would have lost no time in signifying its unwillingness to add anything to the length of the voyage of its ships or to the expense of their discharge. And even if the countermanding orders of the company had been somewhat delayed the protesting voice of the passengers on the ships would have been instant, vigorous and effective. They had taken passage for San Francisco, and not for some point on the Bay of San Francisco, and any one who recalls the really fierce eagerness of the early comers to get ashore and be off to the mines will have no difficulty in believing that if any attempt had been made to travel them around the bay instead of making the nearest and most convenient landing there would have been turmoil on board ship.

The situation of San Francisco in the Coast Range by the Golden Gate, where it breaks through and unites the broad Pacific with the great inland bay is picturesque and beautiful, but it did not offer at the outset much level ground for the business districts of a great metropolitan city. On all sides were hills and hill tops admirably

adapted for residences, but not well suited or convenient for business purposes. The only level space was between Telegraph and Rincon Hills on the north and south, and the shore line of the bay and California street hill on the east and west. There was another reasonably level space between Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill extending out to North Beach, but it was somewhat remote, according to the ideas of those days, and some gentle climbing had to be done to reach it. The level space available for business was increased later, though still at an early period, by the grading and opening of Market street and the opening up of the rather limited stretches of level ground to the north of that great thoroughfare, and the more extensive ones to the south and southeast of it. San Francisco was thus given all the level space it needed, but the pioneers had to make it for themselves with the assistance of the steam paddy. It could not be expected that nature would provide it among the crests of a mountain range. Geologists have sometimes told us that the islands of the Aegean sea between Greece and Asia Minor are mountains up to their knees in water, that at some remote geological era the solid crust of the earth of what was a great mountainous region like the Switzerland of our day subsided and sunk down below the level of the sea, and that the waters submerged the region and surrounded the mountains, leaving of them above water only what is now the islands. In the same way, there is geological evidence for the belief that the Coast Range of California countless eons ago, sunk down in the region of the Golden Gate together with the adjacent lower ground to the east, the waters of the ocean came in through the gap in the mountains which we now know as the Golden Gate, covered the low-lying sunken ground and made the bay of San Francisco, leaving only uncovered here and there an island, like Angel, Alcatraz and Yerba Buena Islands, to show where the land had been.

One of the first, if not the first, great problem that the pioneers had to meet was how to make the harbor convenient as well as secure for the shipping coming to the port. Vessels after passing through the Golden Gate turned south past Telegraph Hill, and found secure and sheltered anchorage off the town front, but they were obliged to anchor at some distance from the shore, as the mud flats along the shore line of the cove between Telegraph Hill and Rincon Hill extended out and made the water too shallow for the nearer approach of sea going craft. The disposition to extend the area available for business and the desire to provide accommodations for the shipping in the harbor led to prompt encroachments on the flats, and the two projects became closely associated. The difficulties in the way of those enterprises were not altogether physical, though the physical difficulties were great. Material was scarce and labor was even scarcer, and they were both dear. There was little capital or accumulated wealth in the community, and even later, during the first ten or twelve years of the city's life, a man worth fifty thousand dollars had few peers as a moneyed man in San Francisco. The amount of coined money or of any kind of legal currency was extremely limited, although after the discovery of gold by Marshall, gold dust was used as currency, and at a great public meeting held in San Francisco on the 9th of September, 1848, local authority was given for its use in a resolution to the effect that it should pass as currency, and it was determined at the same time that sixteen dollars an ounce was a fair value for the gold dust, and that it should be taken at that rate in all business transactions until the United States government could establish a mint in San Francisco, which, even at that early date, was urgently solicited. But the difficulties arising from the scarcity of material, of labor and of capital were not the only ones, the main difficulty in the way of wharf building was to secure a title which would give the builder a reasonable

assurance that he would be able to retain possession of his wharf after he had built it. Under the colonization laws of Spain and Mexico, the alcalde of a properly constituted pueblo had authority to sell town lots under certain conditions to actual settlers within the surveyed limits of the pueblo, and the alcaldes of the pueblo of San Francisco exercised that power, but they had no right to sell lots beyond the shore line, and the alcaldes of San Francisco were specifically prohibited by the Mexican governor, Figueroa, from selling town lots within two hundred varas, about a hundred and eighty-five yards, from the bay shore. But General Kearney, the American military governor of California, revoked the order of Figueroa, and in 1847 gave authority to the corporate officials of San Francisco to sell the beach and water lots on the east side of the town between the points known as the Rincon and Fort Montgomery in the manner and on the conditions prescribed in the decree. The sale of beach and water lots under General Kearney's decree of conveyance to the corporate body of San Francisco took place the 20th of July, 1848, and was the most important occurrence in the history of the town down to that time. The notice of the sale published by Edwin Bryant, who was alcalde at that time, when there was nothing in the outward appearance of San Francisco to mark it as the future seat of a great metropolis, contains these memorable and prophetic words: "The site of the town of San Francisco is known to all navigators and mercantile men acquainted with the subject, to be the most commanding commercial position on the entire Eastern coast of the Pacific Ocean, and the town itself is, no doubt, destined to become the commercial emporium of the Western side of the American continent." Bryant's memory in San Francisco is perpetuated by the street which bears his name, but few people probably in the city today know the street was named after the prophetic seer of the city's greatness.

The sale of the beach and water lots was followed by increased activity in the effort to provide accommodations for the shipping in the harbor. Quite extensive warehouses for those times were built on some of the lots, and construction was begun on two wharves in 1848, though not much progress was made until the following year. But by October, 1850, there were twelve wharves along the water front. One of them was built by an association, but the others were built by individuals, who were willing to take the risk of an insecure title for the sake of large immediate returns. Marye had acquired title to the lots at the foot of Sacramento street, and exercising the right of the owner of land bordering on navigable waters to provide accommodation for shipping, he built the Sacramento street wharf from his property, eight hundred feet out into the bay. The piles and the lumber for the wharf were brought from the Columbia river, and Marye laid in a larger supply than he needed, for when the wharf was finished he had some lumber and material left over, and he loaded it all on a schooner and sent it up to Stockton, where, on Mormon Slough, he built the first wharf of that city.

After he had built the Sacramento street wharf, he sold a half interest in it to Dr. Charles M. Hitchcock, of the Medical Department of the United States army, who had resigned from the service to settle permanently in San Francisco. The Sacramento street wharf proved a very profitable piece of property, the monthly returns reaching thirty-six hundred dollars, and in the autumn of 1852 Marye and Hitchcock and the owners of the Clay street wharf, the next on the north, petitioned the Common Council of the city to dedicate the space between the two wharves to the public use as a free public dock for ships. On the 4th of November, 1852, the Common Council did pass an ordinance to the effect that the space of land and water between Clay and Sacramento streets and Davis street and deep water

should be, and thereby was so dedicated, but the ordinance also contained a proviso that nothing therein should prevent, or impair in any way, the power of the Common Council to annul the grant or dedication made by it. That left the situation much as it was before.

The city's title to all the spaces between the wharves on the water front including the City Slip property between the Clay and Sacramento streets wharves, was established by the act of the State Legislature, approved March 26, 1851, and not much more than a year after the passage of the ordinance of November 4, 1852; the Common Council passed another ordinance on the 5th of December, 1853, providing for the sale of the City Slip property dedicated by the earlier ordinance to public use, and that ordinance of December 5, 1853, vied with the Peter Smith sales as the most fruitful source of litigation in San Francisco's history.

The validity of the ordinance authorizing the sale was questioned at the time of its passage because, it was said, it did not receive the requisite number of votes in the Board of Assistant Aldermen, and Marye was disposed to bring suit to enjoin the sale on that ground. But his partner, Dr. Hitchcock, did not think it worth while to spend money in litigation which at best could only mean the postponement of the sale.

Marye pointed out that the income from the wharf would more than pay the expenses of litigation, but no suit was brought, and after the ordinance had received the approval of the Mayor, C. K. Garrison, the sale took place. It was conducted by Selover & Sinton, the leading real estate auctioneers of that time, and was a great success, the lots selling readily and bringing high prices. The sale, of course, sealed the doom of the wharf property on both sides of the slip, as the purchasers began at once to fill in their lots, or in most instances to pile them, for building. All the first houses built out into the bay over the flats were of wood, and it is a curious fact that in the space thus built over between the original shore line and the deep water on the bay, the tides ebbed and flowed under most of the streets and houses until the sea wall was built by the Harbor Commissioners in the '80's, from a point south of Market street to North Beach along the line of the city front as finally and permanently established by the State Legislature.

Some time after the sale of the City Slip property, the purchasers became dissatisfied with their purchases. They found that they could not get an income from the property they had acquired commensurate with the prices they had paid, and they were well pleased when in the early months of 1855 they were advised by John B. Felton, who was then at the beginning of the illustrious career which made him afterwards one of the greatest lawyers of California and of the entire country, that the sales could be annulled and the money paid to the city recovered back. Felton raised the point which Marye had wanted to make the ground of his injunction suit, and the litigation instituted by him on behalf of the purchasers was successful in a long line of decisions which did not always seem to be consistent with one another, but which were unanimous in holding that the vote of the Board of Assistant Aldermen was not sufficient to support the ordinance authorizing the sale.

If Marye had brought his injunction suit he would have saved the city a good deal of money, but he would not have saved his wharf property, for the lots thrown back on the hands of the city, owing to the irregularity of the ordinance of sale were, by a subsequent ordinance regularly passed, ordered sold again with other property, and at that later sale, Marye became the largest purchaser, and William Sharon, who was afterwards so successful on the Comstock, and who through his success in Nevada became so prominent in San Francisco, was the second largest.

The Bonnie Doon Ranch

By Mrs. R. A. Ellis

Helen V. Crawford, Lebanon, Oregon, owner of the Bonnie Doon orchards.

THE earnings of a teacher went into the Bonnie Doon ranch. Nothing out of the ordinary in this, you say. Well, but the earnings of a "school-marm." Nor anything unusual in that, you retort, since the Bonnie Doon orchards are on the Pacific Slope, which is pre-eminently the land of Woman's opportunity.

Miss Helen V. Crawford, the Walnut Lady of the Santiam, voices her own appreciation of Oregon more convincingly than another can phrase it for her. When urged to consent to an interview, for the reason that she has become widely known as a horticulturist, not only through the length and breadth of the Willamette Valley, but throughout the entire State, she answered, protestingly:

"Oh, but the credit does not really belong to me. I freely grant it to my good father and mother, who left their Southern homes, Virginia and Kentucky, in the early years of their married life, coming to this region in 1852. So the good fortune came to me, their eleventh and last child, to be born in wonderful Oregon."

"You are a Western enthusiast?" the interrogator ventured.

"Can you look on all this beauty and prosperity, yet wonder at my enthusiasm?" she countered. "Can you not understand why I so love my home and the work of it—why I am thus thankful to have been born in this land of opportunity, where God has done so much, and where women have great freedom in every line of endeavor? I assure you I am no marvel and no exception in our glorious West. Thousands of women are doing such work, and feel about as I do about it. And still there is room for countless others."

"Still," she was interrupted, "you must not be surprised, Miss Crawford, if some people insist on giving you not only 'credit,' but admiration for Bonnie Doon and its success."

The pleasant Scotch face crinkled into a sudden irresistible smile.

"Hoot, mon!" she laughed. "If it's credit you insist on, I'll never refuse it for the good judgment I exhibited in my choice of a location for my orchard. Because, you see, I was 'only a school-marm,' and the ilk is supposed to be crochety and impractical to a degree. Yet see, I selected the best soil in the most productive valley in the finest State in the world. With such a start, how could a woman fail?"

Little more than half a dozen years ago Miss Crawford was head of the department of elocution in the Oregon Agricultural College, a position which

she had most acceptably filled for over a decade.

But Helen Crawford loved the "good green earth and its growing things," even as her forebears had loved them; and for some reason, perhaps also ancestral, she yearned especially towards horticulture.

So she saved her earnings, and in between teaching, she took a student course in the college's department of Horticulture.

Finally, when the time was ripe, she bought thirty acres of land near Lebanon, on the Santiam river, a part of the wide-extended and splendidly fertile Willamette Valley. A substantially built hop-house went with the land, and this the new ranch-woman promptly converted into a comfortable and attractive home, thus speedily and at moderate cost being able to set up house-keeping.

And in this new life has she realized her dreams and ideals? None who visit the mistress of Bonnie Doon, as she named the place in honor of old Scotia and her grandsires, can for an instant doubt that here is a dream fulfilled.

"It was in 1909," Miss Crawford narrates, "that I began my orchards, planting sixteen acres to English walnuts, of the Franquette variety, grafted trees. Walnuts are my hobby, you must know, my pet ambition and chief aim."

She broke off, smiling archly, then asked:

"You are familiar with our slogan at this season:

> " 'The whole world knows
> The Oregon rose!'

"Well, it is my ambition to make the whole world know also the Oregon walnut."

"But you have become rather famed for peaches, Miss Crawford?" the visitor interrupted.

"Yes," she said. "So far I have advertised peaches. Bonnie Doon was rather exploited last year because I had to have special-sized boxes for my big, delicious, bloomy-cheeked fruit. But, you should understand, I planted my 14 acres of peaches—with some pears and apples—only to support my walnuts and myself during the years until the Franquettes should come into bearing. Three years ago the peach yield was 500 bushels, the next season 1,000. This year the promise is splendid. With a market at my door—for, you see, I am in the environs of Lebanon—and the average price $1.25 per bushel, the profit from the peach orchards shows up finely. I have several varieties, all ripening at different times, which simplifies the labor as well as the market problem."

"Yet with profits like that," the interviewer questioned, "you are still wedded to walnuts?"

"Yes!" was the unhesitating reply. "It is walnuts that I shall specialize in, walnuts that I would advise others to grow in Oregon. Peaches do very well, make good fillers, and temporary support. But they require especial care and attention, are short lived, and have many uncertainties, vagaries. So has the peach market. The walnut market is steady, will always be strong, as the United States has to import nuts. Oregon walnuts bring top of market prices ranging from 12½ cents for ordinary grades to 35 cents for fancy. Then, the low cost of care of the orchard after it is established, at four or five years, the low cost of harvesting and drying, as compared with other fruit, also the low proportionate cost of transportation."

"But there is a long waiting for harvests to begin?" the questioner demurred.

"My Franquettes were bearing freely at six years," she rejoined with pride. "I sent some very fine specimens to the Panama Exposition. And behold my promise of a superb commercial crop next season. It will take but a little while now for them to reach the mark of 30 pounds per tree, a production which will be doubled at 13 or 14 years. This is the most conservative estimate. Let me add that no inconsiderable part of the pleasure I feel in contemplating my beautiful

The "Larkspur" cabin, Hood River, Oregon, home of Mrs. MacRae, who a few years ago bought "Larkspur" in the rough for $750 in installments. The property could not be touched for $25,000 now.

orchard is in the reflection that, long after I pass from this earth, my walnut grove will be a blessing to mankind. For walnut trees live and bear bounteous harvests when one, two and even three centuries old."

As the Bonnie Doon lady gazed dreamily out towards her groves, lifting her eyes, later, to those "purple peaks of Paradise" engirdling the valley, the visitor arose to bow himself away.

"You may take my greetings to the people beyond our valley," said Miss Crawford, in her cordial way; "and, again, my message to those in the far East is: Here lies the land of equal opportunity for men and women, a place where people may dwell in peace and security, and enjoy heaven on earth."

Larkspur Ranch

In Hood River Valley, Oregon

LARKSPUR Ranch stands for the constructive achievement of a woman. Mrs. Marion MacRea, mistress and owner of this fine apple ranch in one of the most beautiful valleys in the West, came out to Oregon seven years ago on a visit to friends.

"I was at once captured," she tells us, "not merely by the scenic beauties of the region, but by the wonderful industrial possibilities. I was not looking

for a home—but I knew at once that I had found one."

For capital, Mrs. MacRae says that she had at the time just about the price of an Easter bonnet. This she paid down as the first installment on the thirty acres she selected in Hood River valley, and went valiantly to work to meet succeeding payments, prepare her land, and start her apple orchards.

She now has one of the show places of this whole region, and recently refused a millionaire's big offer for Larkspur.

The ranchhouse is extremely picturesque and is still of logs, but the orchards which are now in commercial bearing, are "shining and polished as a jewelry shop," and the apples are all of rare and unexcelled varieties.

Independent women farmers of the United States are steadily increasing in numbers, and the failures among them are not frequent. You find thousands of them in the West—Hood River Valley being especially favored by them, and horticulture the chosen form of agricultural work.

It is an auspicious sign of the times.

WHITE MAGIC

Blind folks see the fairies,
Oh, better far than we,
Who miss the shining of their wings
Because our eyes are filled with things
We do not wish to see.
They need not seek enchantment
From solemn printed books,
For all about them as they go
The fairies flutter to and fro
With smiling, friendly looks.

Deaf folks hear the fairies
However soft their song;
'Tis we who lose the honey sound
Amid the clamor all around
That beats the whole day long.
But they with gentle faces
Sit quietly apart;
What room have they for sorrowing
While fairy minstrels sit and sing
Close to their listening heart?

R. F.

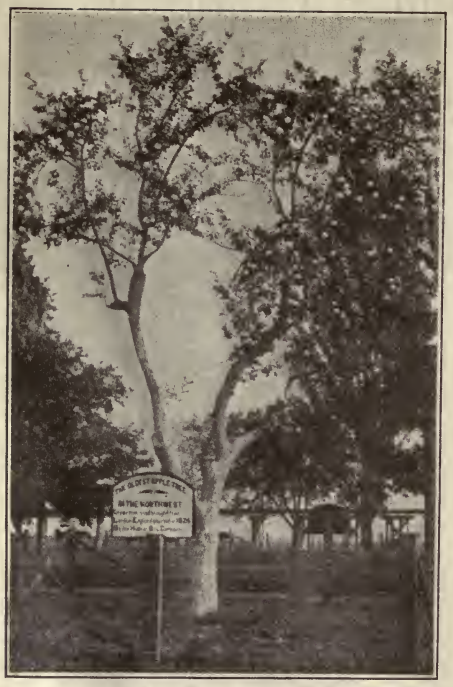
Early Trails of British Columbia

By Fred Lockley

THE GREAT Medicine Trail of the Whites," as the Indians called the Oregon Trail, started at Independence, Missouri, and ended at Fort Vancouver. For years the Oregon Trail, or The Old Emigrant Road, as it was often termed, ended at the Dalles, the rest of the journey to Fort Vancouver being made by raft or boat down the Columbia River. Later the Oregon Trail was somewhat shortened by the Barlow Cutoff across the Cascades, but at best the Oregon Trail that followed the route of the Astor party of 1811 from Independence to Vancouver was 2,000 miles of toilsome travel beset at times with danger and hardship. How eagerly the toil-worn travelers looked forward to getting to Fort Vancouver; for from there they could scatter and find claims in the Willamette Valley. At Fort Vancouver they would secure supplies and help. From that far-gone day in the winter of 1824, when Dr. McLoughlin selected the site of Vancouver, right up to to-day, Vancouver has loomed large in history.

Parliament had granted a license to the Hudson Bay Company that ran for 2 years from the 21st of December, 1821. On May 30, 1838, Parliament granted an extension of the license, so that it would run for an additional 21 years, which gave this company authority to operate in the Oregon country until May 30, 1859. Dr. McLoughlin resigned as Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company in 1845, and removed from Fort Vancouver to his claim at Willamette Falls, now Oregon City. After long discussion as to the ownership of the Northwest, the Oregon treaty was proclaimed on Aug. 5,

Headquarters, army post, Vancouver, Washington.



Oldest apple tree in the Northwest, Vancouver, Washington. Planted in 1826 by Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of Hudson Bay Company, still bearing apples.

1846. This gave the Hudson Bay Company one year to leave American territory. In 1846 the United States War Department issued General Orders 49, which established the Tenth Military District, "to consist of Oregon and so much of the Mexican provinces of the two Californias as has been or may be subject to the arms or the authority of the United States Military Headquarters in the field." Thus for the first time Oregon was officially recognized by the military authorities of the United States.

The first order which authorized the establishment of a military post in Oregon was issued by the War Department on January 29, 1848, and was signed by W. L. Macy, Secretary of War. It was in response to the appeals of the Oregon settlers for help to suppress the Indians who were on the warpath at the time of the Cayuse war, when Doctor and Mrs. Whitman and their party were murdered at Wilatpu Mission near the present city of Walla Walla. By an order of this same date, January 29, 1848, a reserve ten miles square was set aside at Vancouver for military purposes. The order read as follows: "The command ing officers of the Military Stations established on the route to Oregon will make a reserve of ten square miles around the same, and cause it to be surveyed and divided off into portions of which the boundaries will be clearly marked by natural or other objects and indicated by numbers on a map to be prepared for future reference. With a view of diminishing as far as possible the expense of maintaining mounted troops at these stations, the commanding officers will arrange to allow citizens of the United States to settle on said military reserves for the purpose of cultivating and raising crops, granting to each the lease of a lot or lots assigned to him for a term of years not exceeding five, and taking care to admit no settler of disorderly habits. These reserves are to be considered under the restrictions of military law, and leases are to be given under such restrictions and reservations as will insure to the United States the objects contemplated in granting the same."

Major J. S. Hathaway, in command of Co. L and M, First Artillery, was ordered to proceed to the Oregon country. They left their Eastern station aboard the U. S. propeller "Massachusetts" and came around the Horn, arriving at Astoria in May, 1849. Co. M was stationed at Astoria and Co. L went up the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, arriving on May 13, 1849. The troops pitched camp on the flat just outside the Hudson Bay quarters, and the men were at once set to work building quarters.

By direction of the Chief Quartermaster of the Pacific Division, Captain Rufus Ingalls went to Oregon to establish military posts. Shortly after his arrival in May, 1849, aboard the "Anita," came the "Walpole," having on board two years' supplies for the troops, arrived. Ships were regular

Officers' Club, army post, Vancouver, Washington.

mints in 1849, for men would pay almost any price for a ticket to San Francisco to go to the newly discovered gold diggings, so in place of proceeding to Vancouver to unload the military stores, the "Walpole" discharged them at Astoria, and they had to be brought up to Vancouver in small boats. Almost every man that was not bedridden had gone to California, so no civilians were available to build quarters. Before the discovery of gold carpenters could be hired for a dollar per day, but now they wanted one dollar per hour, for they knew they could get that much or more at their trade in San Francisco. Civilian employees not being procurable, Major Hathaway paid his artillerymen a dollar a day in addition to their army pay to cut and haul logs from the nearby woods, while others were employed at the same wages to raft lumber down the Columbia from the Hudson Bay sawmill six miles above.

In September, General Persifer F. Smith, in command of the Pacific Division, accompanied by H. D. Vinton, Chief Quartermaster, arrived in Oregon to select additional military posts. They were supposed to select a military reservation somewhere in Southern Oregon, but the idea was abandoned, for it was impossible to put on a strong enough guard to prevent the men from deserting to go to the California gold mines. They could make more in a day there than they were paid in a month in the army, so the idea of establishing a post in Southern Oregon was given up. Colonel William W. Loring, with a regiment of Mounted Riflemen, had come overland marching from Fort Leavenworth and establishing posts at Fort Larimie and Fort Hall, at both of which points two companies of the regiment of Mounted Riflemen were stationed. Upon arrival in Oregon the remaining companies were stationed at Oregon City in rented quarters. The owners of the houses in which the troops were quartered charged extremely high prices for rent, as they thought Uncle Sam was rich enough to pay it. Gen. Smith after sizing up the situation, directed Major Hathaway to leave the quarters he had built at Fort Vancouver and

take Co. L to Astoria to rejoin Co. M of the First Artillery. He directed Col. Loring to take his regiment of Mounted Riflemen to Fort Vancouver, dividing his command, and leaving some at Fort Vancouver while others were to be sent to the Dalles to get out timbers for a fort there.

The regiment of Mounted Riflemen, when it left Fort Leavenworth, was 600 strong, but death and desertion had weakened it. Four companies having been left at Forts Larimie and Fort Hall, its strength did not exceed 300 enlisted men. When the Mounted Regiment heard they were to be sent to the Dalles to get out timbers to build a fort and other buildings, about half the men deserted. When the roll was called it was found that 120 men were absent without leave. The enlisted men held a meeting, and from their own numbers they selected officers and marched southward in military formation. So strict was their discipline that no one suspected that they were deserters. They told the settlers that they were a government expedition, and wherever they stopped they secured necessary supplies and told those furnishing the supplies to make out their bill and send it to the War Department, and it would be paid. General Lane, who had but recently arrived as Governor of Oregon Territory, and Col. Loring employed what civilians they could secure as packers, and with a body of soldiers started in pursuit. They overtook one body of 70 in the Umpqua Valley.

Some years ago I interviewed Lt. Cyrenius Mulkey at Roseburg. He was one of the men sent in pursuit of the deserters, and told a most interesting story of the pursuit and capture. One body of 50 men had pressed on more rapidly than the 70 who were captured. General Lane, with part of the escort, took the captured men back to Oregon City, while Col. Loring hurried on in pursuit of the others, following them to the summit of the Siskiyous. The snow was so deep and the storms so severe he had to abandon the pursuit after capturing seven more of the 50 who were still fleeing southward. Some of this number, abandoning the trail to avoid capture, were lost and perished in the snow, while others succeeded in getting to the California gold fields. The Mounted Riflemen were sent to Vancouver, and put to work constructing additional log barracks.

In May, 1850, Major S. S. Tucker was ordered to the Dalles, directed to establish a supply depot and to declare a military reservation 10 miles square. He began the erection of a building a mile back from the river. Col. Loring was directed by the War Department to reserve for an arsenal the land near Milwaukee. Part of the land in the proposed reserve was owned by Meek and Luelling, and on this land they had raised the first apples to be shipped to California from nursery stock brought across the plains in prairie schooners.

The settlers were becoming more than dissatisfied at the size of the reservations being reserved by the military authorities. Ten miles square had been reserved at the Dalles, four miles square had been set aside at Vancouver, a reservation had been made at Astoria, and now the soldiers were trying to gobble up more land at Milwaukee. The settlers rose in revolt and notified Congress to take away all United States troops. They had fought their battles in the past without the help of the soldiers and they could in the future. They preferred the Indians to the troops, for if the Indians displeased the settlers they could kill them, if necessary, while there was no open season on Federal troops.

On account of the feeling of hostility of the settlers toward Colonel Loring and his Mounted Riflemen the latter were ordered to New Orleans, and the plans to take land near Milwaukee for an arsenal were given up. The size of the military reservations was reduced, that at Fort Vancouver being reduced to one square mile. Col. Loring's command was succeeded by the First Dragoons under command of Major Kearn.

Krupps and Kruppism

By Henry C. Strube

POSTERITY will, we believe, have plenty of evidence which will place the responsibility for the Great War mainly upon two men —Wilhelm II and Gustave von Bohlen und Halbach, who assumed the name of Krupp on his marriage to Bertha, eldest daughter of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, in 1902. The Kaiser is more than suspected of having business interests in the Krupp firm. War has been the one objective of the concern for a long term of years; and there is plenty of evidence that Krupps encouraged a belicost policy in all parts of the earth in which they could make their influence felt—and they were many. It is known, too, beyond all doubt, that loans to foreign countries were conditioned by German financiers on a "drawback" in the shape of a large order for Krupp guns and shells. On the memorial unveiled by the Kaiser at Essen on the celebration of its centenary are inscribed the names of fifty-two countries which have been customers.

On the eve of the Great War Krupps, with their enormous commitments, having completed or almost completed the program of the German Navy, were threatened with being, so to speak, out of work. The two Balkan wars had surfeited quite a group of customers, and the world at large was wearied of strife and longed for peace. Cannot we figure to ourselves, with some shadow of truth behind the conceit, Krupp and the Kaiser, partners both in a business which flourished upon the destruction of mankind, coming to the conclusion that the day had dawned and the hour had struck when Essen required, in order that it should pile up blood money beyond computation, and win for them both countless wealth, that the world should run red with blood? At any rate, whether the conceit rests upon actual truth or only upon intelligent conjecture, this is exactly what they have done, and "every man," as the adage goes, "is supposed to intend the consequence of his own acts."

The story of Krupps is one of the great romances of business. In its origins the firm was inoffensive enough. Friedrich Krupp, the founder, seems to have been a harmless and praiseworthy engineer, capable and industrious. Beginning with one small forge in 1810, he built up a business in great poverty, and always struggling against difficulties. He made some reputation by his steel dies, which were used at the Dusseldorf Mint, but he left behind him at his death little but debts and the formula for making crucible steel! It is not clear whether he found the formula himself or whether it was the invention of others. There was a lawsuit about it which lasted for seven years, and Krupp must be given the credit, as he won the day. He tried to get the help of the German government in conducting further experiments, but this was refused, and he died, as we have said, in poverty in 1826, in a humble cottage, which still stands at Essen, near the palace in which now holds sway Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the husband of his great-granddaughter, Bertha.

Alfred, Friedrich's eldest son (who was only a boy of fourteen at his father's death), carried on the business in his mother's name, mainly with family help, and by his personal industry, in spite of repeated refusals from the German government to facili-

tate his experiments and plans, he won through. There are abundant and readily accessible records of the technical details of the developments whereby he inaugurated cast wheel centers and cast ingots which weighed at first one hundred and fifty pounds or so, and then four hundred pounds, but by 1851 had reached a couple of tons, figures which seem small enough when we know that the firm today, which stands second only to the Creusot Works, is capable of turning out an ingot weighing some ninety tons, but were looked upon as astounding at the time. For years his business was harmless enough. He developed, for instance, the manufacture of machine tools of all sorts, down to roll-sets for the jewelry trade and cast-steel ingots in bulk, and so on. It was, initially, more from the force of circumstances than of deliberate choice—as the country was already developing that military madness and moral atrophy which Frederick the Great had practiced and left as a legacy to his descendants—that Krupp should become the Cannon King. The secret of crucible steel was inevitably destined to revolutionize ordnance, and it was from Krupp's first three-pounder, built in 1847, that the mighty monsters of today date their origin. With their forty-two centimeter howitzers, the first great surprise of the war, Krupps reached their zenith.

The Krupp exhibit at the Great Exhibition of 1851 of a solid flawless ingot of cast steel, two tons in weight, staggered London, and, indeed, the world, although the biggest gun shown by the firm was only a six-pounder after all, and, looked at by modern eyes, does not seem to have amounted to anything worth bragging about. The honor and glory of this triumph was the turning point in the fortunes of the firm. Alfred now, at last, got orders for ingots from the Prussian government, out of which six-pounders were forged at the Spandau Works, the beginning of the German field artillery. This was followed by orders from the Khedive of Egypt for still bigger guns, twelve-pounders and twenty-four pounders, and the "die was cast" in a double sense. From this time Krupps never looked back, and the nations entered into an orgy of rivalry in armaments. The Age of Steel had begun! Belgium and Russia followed the example of Egypt, and ordered field guns and heavy guns. Other firms developed on similar lines, and Italy gave an order for fresh artillery, including a one-hundred ton gun (which was built by Armstrongs); while everybody remembers the eighty-ton "Woolwich Infant" manufactured by the same firm. So big steel ordnance arrived, and iron and bronze guns became only curios.

The Franco-Prussian War proved a capital advertisement for the Krupp pattern, and from that time the firm has made practically the whole of the German artillery. Time had brought its revenges, and now Alfred Krupp had things all his own way. He got concessions all over Germany, and increased his works at a most prodigious rate. In rapid succession the firm acquired collieries, iron mines, smelting works and blast furnaces all over the country; while its workshops were by no means limited to Essen, embracing foundries and engineering works at Sayn and Duisburg, and, later, steel works at Annen and armor plate works at Magdeburg and Rheinhausen. There is a popular idea that if Essen could be bombed from the air today, Krupps would be out of work, but this is a complete hallucination. It would, of course, cripple the output, but the activities of the concern would only be hampered for a time. They are far too astute to put all their eggs into one basket, although we can well believe that the bare idea of their mammoth munition sheds and towns, which cover an area of more than five hundred acres, being bombed from the air never entered their heads.

The association of the business with the German Emperor dates really from the friendship between Alfred and William I, who was mightily enamored with the mammoth steam hammers, built, greatly in advance of the times,

by Alfred, with his unerring foresight, and then far ahead of anything known in any other country. The personal associations of the firm with the War Lord became, however, much more intimate when a bosom friendship sprang up between Kaiser Wilhelm II and Alfred's son, Friedrich Alfred, and from this time, as we have said, the firm, at any rate, had its path smoothed by friends at court.

Born in 1854, Friedrich was five years older than William II, but there is no doubt whatever that the two men became close friends. It was due to the Kaiser's influence that Krupps were enabled to become the owners of the great Germania shipyard at Kiel (of which for some years they had only been lessees) and so were able to take the lead in every department of construction for the German navy. There is no shadow of doubt that the whole naval program of Germany was cut and dried between Krupp and the Kaiser long before the latter's naval dreams became realities. It was "canny," no doubt, for the precious pair to get ready in advance for "sharing the swag" in their first attack upon the wealth of the Empire, and so provide against that very rainy day when the bubble of "Weltmacht" shall be burst once and for all. Anyway, the extensions of the Germania yard were made on a prodigious scale, and at an outlay which nothing but a forecast based on certainty could have justified. Its area was increased nearly fourfold until it extended over some seventy acres, and "ways" and "slips" were prepared at enormous cost owing to the immense excavations required, amounting to many million tons. The firm was soon in a position to undertake the construction of the heaviest Dreadnaughts from stem to stern, armor plates being provided from Essen or Magdeburg, and guns, munitions and shells forthcoming with marvelous exactitude to schedule.

Krupps, too, were quite ready to take on shipbuilding orders for other countries. All was grist that came to their mill, and they built ironclads and submarines of sorts for all and sundry. Mr. McKenna electrified the House of Commons in 1909 by declaring that he had precise information that Krupps were prepared to supply all parts of eight iron-clads a year; and unless the drain upon their resources for armament and munitionment has paralyzed their activities in that "cemented plate" which so long held the field, their capacity must have ominously increased in the nine years which have elapsed since this estimate was made.

The growth of German naval construction is no secret, and need not be detailed. Some of the dates are, however, interesting, since they tally curiously with the developments of the Krupp concern. When the Germania yard was leased in 1896 two millions were added to the naval vote. Most people have probably now forgotten all about the arrest of the "Bundesrath" on a charge of carrying contraband in the South African war. This was, however, the excuse which enabled the German Emperor to procure the consent of the Reichstag in 1900 to the extended Naval Defense Act, which provided for the outlay of seventy-four million pounds on naval construction and twenty million pounds on dockyards. Krupps, as a matter of course, skimmed the cream of this gigantic enterprise, and, buying the Germania yard outright, embarked upon those gigantic extensions which we have already mentioned. Five years later the firm had little difficulty in obtaining a loan of two and a half million pounds from the Reichstag for the enlargement of the Essen Works.

Friedrich Krupp died suddenly in 1902, and the Kaiser became the guardian of his daughter, Bertha, and at once floated the business as a company, with a capital of nine million pounds or so, associating himself, of course through nominees, with the business as well as with the family. It is no secret that he "arranged" Bertha's marriage in 1906 to Baron Gustav. It was rather a jump from the German diplomatic service in China, America and Italy to be the head of this mighty

concern; but the Kaiser's estimate of the man has certainly been borne out by results, and although we must remember that Imperial influence no doubt proved as efficacious as business capacity in advancing his fortunes, the head of Krupps has established a record for ruthless capacity.

The competitors of Krupps had on more than one occasion ground for complaining of the excellent information the firm was able to obtain of any rival tenders and estimates; for Krupps made the most of their peculiar position, and on more than one occasion infringed the rules which govern the international commercial code, which is very rigid in enforcing fair play, and does not brook anything which comes within the limits of sharp practice.

Herr Liebknecht, who is now paying the penalty for his courage in crossing the path of the real masters of Germany, made a very considerable pother in the Reichstag in 1912-13, when he proved that by bribing officers and officials Krupps had obtained access to official secrets. Two directors of the firm and a few others served as scapegoats, who bore the sins of those who sat in the seats of the mighty. They were tried, convicted, not putting up any defense worth talking about, and got off with a very light punishment. Liebknecht, who has shown such amazing independence in the Reichstag during the war, came in for the payment of the real penalty in prison and in the firing line. In Germany it is risky work fighting "the machine."

Krupps' policy is the exact counterpart of that of the other masters of Germany. Their activities have been world-wide. Spain boasts one mine at Bilbao, in the Basque Provinces, which is of real importance. Realizing this, Krupps acquired an interest, if not the actual control. The whole story of their interest abroad has yet to be told. Since the beginning of the war we have had revelations and to spare of their "underground" work in the metal world. Nickel is, as everybody knows, an essential alloy of steel in gun making and armor plate, and the Societe des Mines Nickeliferes, although ostensibly French, and, therefore, enjoying extraordinary privileges in New Caledonia, where there are famous nickel mines, has turned out to be entirely a Krupp concern. It was, too, Krupps who got a monopoly in tungsten, which is indispensable for hardening armor plate, and essential to the production of "Krupps' cemented." The monazite sands of Travancore, too, from which thorium, uranium and other rare metals are extracted, had also passed by actual concession into Krupp ownership. As the story goes, the sand was shipped to Germany at four pounds a ton, while so much as was passed on to British manufacturers was invoiced at thirty-six pounds! Much of the base metal industry of Australia, too, as we all know, had got into German hands, the London middlemen being merely go-betweens. Even after the declaration of war the British government found itself actually buying lead, zinc, copper and manganese from German firms which had been astutely camouflaged. It is small wonder that the Australian government found a short way of dealing with these maneuvers, annulling contracts and canceling enemy owned trade marks with right royal promptitude and thoroughness. It may have been late as a precaution, but it was effectual. It is, however, fervently to be hoped that not all the flabby sentimentality of Socialists and Pacifists will put their "German friends" in possession again. We have a big battle to fight before we can wrest all the laurels from German metallurgists, headed as they are by Krupps.

The firm is now winning characteristic laurels in a new field of activity. It is bearing a hand in the machinations whereby Germany is seeking to undermine the integrity of every country in the world outside of the alliance of the Central Empires. It has established a gigantic advertising bureau which is aiming at the subjugation of the whole Swiss press, in exactly the same way as it "influenced" the Italian press, and has essayed to capture

the French press. Krupps, of course, as newspaper proprietors, are old hands at the publicity game. It is, indeed, not to be wondered at that they should so far have proved themselves more than a match for all the Allies put together in this campaign of chicanery.

Obvious parallels present themselves between the rise of Germany and that of Krupps. The destinies of the country and the firm are interwoven, and, if Germany falls, Krupps and Kruppism fall with it.

Two Symbolic Books

THE PURPOSE of this article is both to help the average Christian and to wake him up to the situation as it appears from the viewpoint of Almighty God. For centuries two books of the Bible have been known to be highly symbolic, but they have no practical message for Christians because their hidden meaning could not be clearly discerned. Now, however, during the greatest crisis of the world, the most perplexing and distressing crisis for Christians ever known, when the people everywhere are wondering, searching, praying, agonizing to know the significance of these times, the books of Revelation and Ezekiel have at last given up their message. It is the message of the day!

Centuries ago God caused the Apostle John, and before him the Hebrew prophet Ezekiel, to write down things which they saw and heard. But they knew not what they wrote; for not unto themselves but unto us did the prophets minister these things. (1 Peter 1:10-12; 1 Corinthians 10:11; Romans 15:4.) Ezekiel and John have, as it were, now stepped, the one out of the Old Testament and the other out of the New, each with what is seen to be a message of startling significance for the Christian world, and which is outlined in this article. But their messages can be understood only with a knowledge of the symbolic or hidden words, as clarified in our last month's article.

The Book of Revelation.

So inscrutable has been the secret meaning of the Revelation of St. John the Divine that many brilliant minds have given it up as never to be understood. Others have attempted to decipher the book; but none could succeed until God's due time should come. While this book is a prophecy of the Gospel age, yet it is not, as many have imagined, a continuous story from beginning to end. Rather, the Revelation is a series of complete sketches of the Gospel age (and of the age to come), each from a different viewpoint. It is intended for the entire body of professing Christians of all churches and denominations. It contains a dual message, as follows: One of praise, commendation and comfort for the true footstep followers of Christ; and another of warning, reproof and fierce denunciation for those who profess Christianity, but who fail to walk in Christ's steps and even, in some instances, follow a course of evil.

The viewpoints of the Revelation are:

1. The Author of the Revelation.—Chapter 1.

2. The Gospel age messages to the Church, to both her true and false contingents, as they are scattered over the

seven periods, each period having its own divinely ordained messenger.—Chapters 2 and 3.

3. The divine Author of Revelation, his qualities and his glory.—Chapter 4.

4. The Gospel and Millennial ages from the viewpoint of the Lamb and his work.—Chapter 5.

5. The Gospel age viewed as the complete unsealing and execution of the divine plan (Chapter 6), including at its close the demarkation of the little flock and the great company.—Chapter 7.

6. As one of the final features of the unsealing of the divine purposes, we are given an understanding of the rise of Protestantism, of the trumpet messages, of the way God regards the great Protestant denominations developed during the Reformation and since then, and of their founders, including first the Lutherans, the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians and the Baptists.—Chapter 8.

7. The first two of the three great woes upon the Papacy, in the shape of the rise and work of Methodism and the other active evangelizing sects of Protestantism.—Chapter 9.

8. The preparatory work for the third woe upon the Papacy, in the return of Christ in power and glory with present truth, to be expressed in seven books, which should make plain to all the mystery of God.—Chapter 10.

9. A review of the place and the power and work of the Bible throughout the dark ages, the French Revolution and the final years of the Gospel age, as an important part of the woes upon the Papacy.—Chapter 11:1-5.

10. The third and final woe upon ecclesiasticism, in the message of the seventh great messenger of the Protestant Reformation and the character of his message and the accompanying world events.—Chapter 11:14-19.

11. Gospel age history depicted as the warfare against the true Church by pagan Rome and by the governments of Christendom.—Chapter 12.

12. The warfare against the true Church by two evil world powers; first, the Papacy endowed with temporal power and pictured as an indescribably ferocious wild beast; and finally by apostate Protestantism pictured as a similar wild beast.—Chapter 13.

13. Important features of the closing scenes of the Gospel age, including (a) The 144,000 with the Lamb (Chapter 14:1-5); (b) The glad tidings of the Millennium (Chapter 14:6, 7); (c) The pronouncing of the sentence upon Christendom (Chapter 14:8-20); (d) The outpouring of the present truth upon Christendom—what ecclesiasticism regards as seven plagues, contained in seven epochal books (Chapters 15:16); (e) The identification, description and destruction of mystic Babylon as Papal and Protestant ecclesiasticism, and the world-wide rejoicing over the fall of this Gospel age counterfeit of Christ's Kingdom.—Chapters 17, 18 and 19:1-3.

14. Features of the Millennial reign of Christ: (a) Rejoicing over the inauguration of God's Kingdom; (b) The final, decisive and victorious warfare by the Word of God against all opposing forces of evil at the close of the Gospel age and the beginning of the Millennial age (Chapter 19:4-21); (c) The Millennial age binding of the devil, the thousand year trial period of the resurrected dead, the final loosing of the devil, and the annihilation of him and of all his followers and sympathizers (Chapter 20:1-15); (d) The new and righteous civilization to come after the time of trouble, the divine government upon earth (Chapter 21); (e) The universal preaching of the unadulterated truth through one world-wide Church (Chapter 22: 1-5); (f) The announcement that now, since these things are at last revealed, they shall have immediate fulfillment.

The Book of Ezekiel.

Until the present world crisis, the Book of Ezekiel has had, aside from its historical and moral teachings, no message for Christian people. But now that the Biblical method of interpretation of sympolic words is under-

stood, this mysterious book is seen to have a great message for these times.

By the law of compensation, wrongdoing and those that profit from it cannot forever escape the "just recompense of reward." The sins of omission and commission of Christendom and of ecclesiasticism have been many, and a just God has not been unmindful of them. But, while permitting evil men to "treasure up against themselves wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, he has reserved the wicked unto the day of their judgment to be punished." (Romans 2:5; 2 Peter 2:9.) To-day through the hidden messages of the Prophet Ezekiel Jehovah has revealed his righteous judgment against Christendom and ecclesiasticism, who have borne his name but has despised his teachings; and in "tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil" (Romans 2:9) those who have sown the "wind" of false theories and doctrines are reaping and about to reap in utmost measure the "whirlwind" of unparalleled warfare, commotion and trouble.

As the Prophet Ezekiel spoke of "lamentation and mourning and woe" (Ezekiel 2:10) just before and during the destruction of the Hebrew polity in 606 B. C., so one of God's true Reformers, Pastor Russell, and the class associating with him in these closing days of the Protestant Reformation have a similar message for the peoples of the world. The prophecy of Ezekiel concerns itself in fulfillment chiefly with a recital of what Jehovah declares to be the iniquities of Christendom and of ecclesiasticism viewed from every conceivable viewpoint, and with a pronouncement of the divine penalties for such wrong doing upon those who constantly but falsely professed to be doing God's will.

The synopsis of the Book of Ezekiel is as follows:

I. A vision of the true Church, embodying the principles of the divine character, executing the purposes of God, and termed "the glory of God."—Chapter 1.

II. The divine ordination of the last great Reformer.—Chapters 2 and 3.

III. The siege of ecclesiasticism by the true reform elements of Christianity.—Chapter 4.

IV. The iniquities of and the divine punishment upon so-called Christendom and its ecclesiasticism from various viewpoints: (a) As a city honored by God but wilfully apostate (Chapter 5); (b) as kingdoms and nations professiong, but at heart apostate from the true Christianity (Chapter 6); the immediate fulfillment of the divine penalties (Chapter 7.; (c) As the temple of God defiled by (to God) abominable teachings and practices (Chapter 8); (d) As a conquered city whose inhabitants are divinely marked by sparing or for destruction (Chapter 9); (e) As a city divinely condemned to be destroyed by a conflagration from burning coals thrown over it (Chapter 10); (f) As ecclesiastics despising others but exalting themselves, while themselves under God's judgment (Chapter 11); (9) As a city destined to go into captivity (Chapter 12); (h) As a system of churches which have held forth false hopes destined not to be realized (Chapter 13); (i) As given over so thoroughly to spiritual idolatry as to be beyond saving (Chapter 14); (j) As a worthless vine fit only for fuel (Chapter 15); (k) As a church saved from sin and espoused by God, but giving herself over wholly to the spiritual adultery of church, State and union (Chapter 16); (l) As composed of two contending pagan forces, conservative and radical, both divinely destined to be destroyed (Chapter 17); (m) The individual responsibility of each person in Christendom (Chapter 18); (n) Ecclesiasticism as two young lions (Chapter 19); (o) Christendom as a people delivered from worldliness and returning to it and to divine punishment, but ultimately in God's mercy to be saved (Chapter 20); (p) As a city against which are turned both the sword of war and the sword of the Spirit (Chapter 21); (q) As a city of bloodshed, injustice, oppression and robbery, to

be recompensed in God's indignation (Chapter 22); (r) As two once chaste and virgin church systems, Papal and Protestant, wilfully gone over to spiritual fornication (Chapter 23); (s) As that which professed Christian people esteem and love above all things, but which is to be taken from them as by death (Chapter 24); (t) As the embodiment of various heathen and worldly teachings and philosophies (Chapters 25-32; (u) Ecclesiasticism as an unfaithful watchman contrasted with God's faithful watchman (Chapter 33); (v) The clergy as hireling shepherds condemned by God (Chapter 34); (w) Churchianity to be desolated for its opposition to true Christianity (Chapter 35); (x) The nations of Christendom to be given over to God's fury, but afterwards to be divinely blessed (Chapter 36); (y) The hopes of Christendom, lost through iniquity, and the divine provision for their final realization (Chapter 37); (z) The final conflict between Christ and the forces of evil.—Chapters 38 and 39.

V. The divine outline of the religio-political organization of the kingdom of God, to begin shortly after the close of the world war.

The Key to the Interpretation.

The keynotes of the interpretation of the books of Revelation and Ezekiel are divinely directed as follows:

Revelation: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." —Proverbs 1:24-31.

Ezekiel: "Go through the city (Christendom) and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity; and begin at my sanctuary" (the professed nominal church).—Ezekiel 9:5, 6.

The understanding of these two hitherto sealed books of divine revelation is the last work of the true Church of God, her final message to the world. It is in fulfillment of the divine command: "Proclaim . . . the day of vengeance of our God," and "Thrust in thy sharp sickle (truth), and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth (ecclesiasticism); for her grapes are fully ripe." (Isaiah 61:1-3; Revelation 14:18). This is the fulfillment of the words that are written: "And the seventh angel poured out his vital (message) into the air (upon ecclesiasticism); and there came a great voice (this message) out of the temple of heaven (the Church of God), from the throne (backed by power divine), saying, IT IS DONE!"—Revelation 16:17

Painless Childbirth

(Editorial Note: A great interest is being evinced on the part of the reading public in the subject of Painless Childbirth. Many demands are being made for reliable information on the subject. The editor recently read an article by Dr. W. Francis B. Wakefield, of San Francisco, which appeared in the May issue of "The American Journal of Obstetrics," published by Wm. Wood & Co., of New York. This article presents the question so tersely and replies so well to the many inquiries that have been made, that we feel that we cannot do better than present the subject in Dr. Wakefield's own words, as we are informed that he is one of the most reliable authorities in America on this great topic of the hour.)

THE greatest outrage of our modern civilization is the agony that women, in most instances, are forced to endure in bearing children. Yet any effort to ameliorate that great injustice is met with doubt, scorn and criticism on the part of both medical profession and laity.

Our modern civilization, with its higher educational standard and its more protective environment, has developed a type of nervous system that is very susceptible to painful impressions. Not only do we feel pain more acutely, but our physical and nervous forces are much more depleted thereby, with consequent material reduction of vital energy. Hence, we find, as a result of this impairment of our motive force, a general lack of that feeling of "well being" that constitutes good health and a corresponding inability to produce effectual effort, either mental or physical.

In spite of these well known facts, which are constantly being recorded in medical literature, the profession and public live in silent acquiescence and have no regard whatever for the knowledge which will alleviate the suffering endured by women during childbirth. They even look askance at all effort that is made to do away with pain and make woman's lot, at this time, and subsequently, more endurable.

Our most recent obstetrical literature informs us, after a careful study of recorded vital statistics, that over 20,000 women are dying in the United States every year from childbirth, and that hundreds of thousands are rendered more or less permanent invalids from the same cause. All honest writers on the subject agree in the opinion that the effect on our modern woman of the suffering endured by her during childbirth impairs the nervous organization and the general vital forces to a degree which is assuming an importance that should make intellectual people take serious cognizance of the matter. Yet our thinking people, without giving the matter either due thought or intelligent investigation, deride the efforts of the few who have truly thought, who have patiently investigated, and, as a result, offer a perfectly

sound and safe remedy.

It is nothing short of a crime for women to be permitted to suffer their way into motherhood. It is an outrage that the most perfect and ideal relationship in the world should be accompanied by so much physical distress and so much mental chaos that weeks or months are required, in most instances, to overcome the shock induced by these unnecessary and pernicious conditions.

Childbirth should be looked forward to with pleasure. It should be relieved of everything that interjects a single element of fear or dread. The maternal mind, if we wish to have the highest type of children, should be freed from the contemplation of anything undesirable associated with the coming event.

We have at our disposal now an ideal anesthetic that carries the woman through her entire labor, not only without pain, but, in most instances, without any consciousness of the event whatsoever, so that sensitive women are spared all knowledge of obnoxious detail connected with her delivery as well as being spared all feeling of suffering. Therefore, they emerge from their labor with all their vital energy intact; with no remembrance of suffering; with a smiling, joyous sense of motherhood; with a physical fitness which makes them conscious of their ability to take up the tasks which motherhood imposes.

The nervous and physical exhaustion, which has been a necessary accompaniment of motherhood in the past, is no longer present, but is replaced by a sense of physical fitness, which fills the new mother's heart with joy and courage. The differenec between the old regime and the new is so great as to seem almost miraculous to those who have experienced both methods. During all the past years, women have been in bondage from which they are now being freed. To us, in the profession, who are practicing the new regime, it is a constant source of joy to see motherhood robbed of its terrors, freed from its shackles of physical incompetency, and made a thing of joy and gladness associated with wonderful physical and mental poise.

Fortunately, too, the mother is not the sole beneficiary from this humane and health saving treatment. The benefits accruing to the child are just as remarkable.

In the first place, many more children are born alive under the new regime. Statistics show that the number of stillborn infants has been greatly reduced by the administration of continuous anesthetics to the mother. In Freiburg, where this treatment originated, the number of stillbirths was reduced from 4½ per cent to less than 2 per cent. In this country, the number of stillbirths, in the hands of men who are using painless labor methods, averages about 1½ per cent, while under the old regime the average number of stillbirths seems to be about 5 per cent. Recent reports from the city of New York on maternity statistics show that the average number of stillbirths was over 5½ per cent. Williams, of Johns Hopkins, reports the stillbirths at that institution as being 7 per cent. Slemmons, who is now at Yale, but previously had charge of the obstetrical work at the University of California, reported an infantile mortality of over 5 per cent in 500 consecutive cases. These figures represent a fair general average. In contradistinction to these figures, Kronig, of Freiburg, reported 5,000 cases of scopolamin-anesthesia (the so-called "twilight sleep") with only 1.7 per cent of stillbirths. Polak of Brooklyn, reported 550 cases with only four stillbirths, less than 1 per cent. I have had 400 cases in my own personal work and my percentage of stillbirths corresponds very closely with the Freiburg statistics. It is very evident from these figures that the treatment, far from being injurious to the infants, as is stated by our critics, adds materially to their chances of being born alive.

In the second place, let us consider what happens to these children after birth. Several papers written by prominent men during the last year state

that, in round numbers, 10 per cent of the children born alive do not survive the first year of their lives. The recent report of the New York statistics verifies this opinion. The cause of these infantile deaths are many, but the chief one is inanition, that is, a general lack of vitality in the child. In 400 cases delivered by scopolamin anesthesia by myself, the infants have been followed for periods ranging from one month to four years, and only four deaths have occurred in that length of time, and two of them were the result of accidents, one child falling from a second story window to the pavement below, and the other having eaten ant poison. We see, therefore, that if vital statistics mean anything, the infants delivered by painless labor methods show a most remarkable degree of vitality. This is due, of course, to the fact that our method produces healthy, vigorous, competent mothers, instead of nervous, debilitated ones, and the physical and nervous condition of the child bears a direct ratio to that of the mother. Every single vital statistic that has been recorded shows the superiority of a painless labor method, over the old regime, wherever that method has been properly used.

Much of the professional criticism has been due to the fact that inferior preparations of scopolamin have been used. Experience has shown, and many observers have recorded the fact, that this drug is practically valueless in tablet form—the form in which it is most commonly used, because most convenient—and that good results can only be obtained by using either freshly prepared solutions from the original crystals, or by the use of ampules prepared by special methods. Even the crystals have to be carefully guarded from exposure to air to prevent deleterious degeneration of the drug from taking place, which entirely alters its therapeutic action.

The application of a continuous anesthetic in labor adds very materially to the expense of the obstretrics. For that reason, most of the larger hospitals find its use impracticable until such time as general public opinion becomes aroused to the point of providing sufficient funds for the obstetrical department to offset the necessary increase in expense.

In private practice, many physicians are unwilling to meet the demands on their personal time that a continuous anesthetic entails. It means constant attendance on the patient during her entire labor instead of during the last hour or two of labor. Think of what this would mean to a busy general practitioner, and then you have answered the question that is so often asked, why do not physicians in general take up this treatment?

In some instances, doubtless, professional criticism comes as a result of lack of knowledge of the fact that the perfected system of using scopolamin anesthesia has removed all objectionable features that characterized the use of a certain pernicious tablet containing scopolamin and morphine that was in vogue about sixteen years ago, and still is used by some, and called "Twilight Sleep" treatment, because it contains scopolamin. In using this tablet combination we were, without knowing it, using an imperfect preparation of scopolamin, in the first place, and using dangerous quantities of morphine in conjunction with it, in the second. The large, repeated doses of morphine, which have been entirely eliminated from the present system of scopolamin anesthesia, resulted in asphyxiation of the infants, in many instances, and it is this recollection which undoubtedly makes many physicians speak adversely of the present treatment, and advise against its use on the ground of its effect on the infant.

They will tell you that the babies are born asphyxiated (the so-called "blue babies"). This criticism is absolutely untrue of the present system, if it is properly used. In a personal observation of several hundred cases I have failed in a single instance to note any asphyxiated infant except where there was some mechanical reason for the same, in which case it would have occurred whether an anesthetic was

used or not. In fact, we do not have nearly as many asphyxiated infants as we had before we used such a treatment.

In one of the large lying-in hospitals in New York, two very competent observers, in order to prove this, and one or two other moot points, confined 200 women under the same general conditions. One hundred were given scopolamin anesthesia; 100 were confined without it. In their report they said that nearly all the scopolamin babies cried lustily at birth, and showed no evidence of drug influence, while seven of the babies born in the usual way were asphyxiated and required the application of methods of resuscitation.

I have yet to find any condition that, in practical work, offers a contraindication to the use of scopolamin, properly administered. I have never seen a single objectionable symptom from its use, as I use it. All the vital functions are rested instead of being overworked. In patients with broken heart compensation, a painless labor is, indeed, a vital necessity.

Scopolamin is a perfect first stage anesthetic, relieving the patient of all the wear and tear of the long, tedious hours of uterine dilatation. It carries the patient well into and mostly through the second stage of labor. During the stage of actual delivery, it should be augmented by some efficient, and equally harmless, inhalation anesthetic, and here we find the use of gas and oxygen a perfect supplemental aid.

Humanity cries out for the relief of the torture which characterizes old time methods of childbirth. The time is rapidly passing when women will patiently endure needless suffering or when the intelligent men of our communities will permit such suffering.

My own personal experience makes it possible for me to say that nothing but blind prejudice or willful selfishness on the part of the medical profession makes necessary any material amount of suffering in connection with childbirth, and I surely hope that the time of woman's emancipation is not far distant.

During the last decade or so, women have demanded their rights in other respects, and it is devoutly to be hoped that they will demand the right to bear children without suffering untold agonies of both mind and body, and, at the same time, free themselves from the all too frequent disastrous after-effects which such suffering entails.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Joan of Arc and the Meaning of Her Life for Americans," by C. M. Stevens, author of "Washington," "Lincoln," etc.

Joan of Arc lived the most amazing life known in human history. Womanhood is revealed in her with all the courage ever known in manhood. Her frail life represents a power superior to any priests, warriors or kings. She changed the civilization of Western Europe. France owes its existence to her. But more than that, she withstood the most powerful military and ecclesiastical despotism ever known, and suffered the most desperate martyrdom in the history of Christianity.

American readers are becoming interested in this Wonderful Woman. They want to understand her unsurpassed career and to appreciate her unconquerable soul. The time has come for Americans to share in the great human interest of her, and to realize the inspiring ideal of her womanhood and humanity. This book shows how she is one of the immortal few whose life surpasses biography, whose career is more than history and whose character is a sublime type of the human struggle. Joan of Arc is a revelation of the greatest woman interests, the greatest of religious interests and the greatest of patriotic interests. This book is rich with romantic and educational meaning and value for all classes of readers.

Illustrated with twelve historical pictures of her life. $1.50 net. Cupples & Leon, New York.

"Morning Lights and Evening Shadows," by Rossiter Johnson.

Messrs. James T. White & Co., publishers of The National Cyclopedia of American Biography, announce the publication of a series of Modern American Poetry, under the editorial supervision of James B. Kenyon, Litt. D., litterateur and well known author of numerous volumes of verse and essays. Having the opportunity, through the editorial research of the Cyclopedia, to discover the individuals having libraries and interested in literature and poetry, believes that his publishing house has, through this channel, the facilities for a wide distribution of verse which has high character and the approval of competent authority. It is therefore the purpose of the publishers to issue a series of the Best Poetry of the Present Day, in compact and uniform size, in attractive style and binding, and they believe that such a series will find a welcome place in the libraries of all poetry lovers, and be the means of elevating the art to a permanent and higher plane in the thought of the day, as well as doing justice to the humbler poets, whose grains of gold might otherwise be lost for want of such a collector.

"Morning Lights and Evening Shadows" is one of the series.

$1.25 net. James T. White & Co., New York.

"Evolution Proving Immortality," by John O. Yeiser.

This volume is a reversion of "Immortality Established Through Science"; so much new matter has been added that this is really a new book, and deserves a new title to distinguish it from all earlier editors. The volume, like the one referred to, is not a veiled argument for or against any particular church or any religious doctrine, but is primarily a scientific search among things known to science for physical evidences of immortality regardless of the dogmas of any church.

$1.50 prepaid. National Magazine Association, Omaha, Neb.

"Bill of the U. S. A. and Other War Verses," by Kenneth Graham Duffield.

The foreword of this little book of verse expresses its spirit:

"Somebody's boy has crossed th' sea,
T' do th' fighting fer you and me.
Let's call him "Bill"—he's any man's son,
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There's plenty of pep and patriotism scattered through the sixty-two pages. The spirit is excellent and the verse appealing to the patriotic.

50 cents net. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

"Great Heart," by Ethel M. Dell, author of "The Keeper of the Door," etc.

"Greatheart" is the story of one who with little to rely upon other than his strength of character, his steadiness, tenderness and understanding, enters an unequal combat for the possession of a woman's heart, already occupied by the image of another. It is the story of strength of will pitted against strength of impulse, of the encounter of one masterful character with another, his peer in forcefulness, in that greatest of combats that can enlist whatever is best and worst in man, the struggle completely to possess the woman of his choice. The book is 200,000 words in length, and every word is worth reading.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Selected Short Stories" by Guy de Maupassant.

What new idea of praise can one contribute to this little book containing twelve tales of this classic author and master of the short story. The book has an excellent introduction from the pen of that capital critic, Paul Bourget, himself a famous writer and a member of the Academie Francais. His introduction goes into a critical analysis of "the disease of the brain which struck him down in the fullness of production," and he died without recovering his reason. Bourget is in a prominent literary position in Paris that gives him authority to discuss this point in the life of his famous compatriot. Interested admirers of de Maupassant may be able to find some new material in this dissection. As to the twelve stories, they speak for themselves through the translator; enough to say that the reader will be able to grasp the charm, the luxurious power, the delicacy and flexible ease with which the author transformed his material into masterpieces. Four poems of the same author are appended. The book is bound in flexible leather, and is an excellent pocket companion, and is one of the series of "Little Masterpieces" which have endeared de Maupassant to the hearts of English readers.

$1.00 net. Current Literature Publishing Company, New York.

"Ladies from Hell," by R. D. Pinkerton.

The author, R. D. Pinkerton, was a member of the now famous London Scottish Regiment, which went into the fighting at the very beginning. "Ladies from Hell," the Germans called the Scotchmen in kilts or skirts who came tearing through their lines, fighting with an effect associated with a place whose climate is said to be different from that of Scotland; and the name has lived.

The Scots were in the thick of things from the Marne on, and Mr. Pinkerton came to know war for what it is. The author's remarkable description of the Battle of Lille was written immediately following it, while the full details were fresh in his mind. Indeed, the first draft of the book was done in the midst of the terrific thing that is called war, and the book has captured the very atmosphere of the Western front.

The reader will re-live, with the author, in minutest detail, his months of training and fighting; the reader will

be made a comrade in arms with the captivating "Ladies from Hell." From the book, Americans may see, with a clearness to be gained from few other books on the war, just what our soldiers meet when they fight the men in the dirt-colored uniforms.

This "fighting Scot" is a poet at heart. There are in his book flashes that tremble in vividness against the tremendous black background. And at the end the reader will know more of what war is—its horrors and its splendors—than he ever knew before, unless he already has been at the middle of the greatest event of modern times.

$1.50 net. The Century Co., New York.

"The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution," by Professor Arthur Meier Schlesinger.

Recent historical investigations into the American revolutionary epoch tend to upset the theories by which the earlier historians explained the revolt of the colonies against the mother country. There is possibly a tendency now to overstress the economic motive. But it can be easily seen that the revolution was to a considerable extent as much the result of economic forces as of political and personal discontent. An elaborate, well written and most interesting study of these questions comes from Prof. Arthur Meier Schlesinger: "The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution, 1763-1776."

Until 1763 smuggling into the colonies, principally from the West Indies, had been almost openly practiced, and with the connivance of the customs officials. An effort made by the British government to enforce strictly the revenue laws caused much ill feeling toward the mother country on the part of the mercantile community. Later came the non-intercourse agreements entered into by the colonial merchants. This phase played no small part in the development of revolutionary sentiment.

However, it must not be thought that the American merchants were a unit in supporting the patriot cause. On the contrary, many of them were strongly Tory in their sentiments and were only driven very reluctantly into sacrifices for the good of people whom they cordially detested.

$4.50 net. Columbia University Press.

"The Harlequinade," by Granville Barker and Laurence Housman.

Dixon Scott, that young man of letters, whose brilliant career as a literary critic was cut short by the war, described Granville Barker as a sort of exquisite Pierrot who had gone wrong, through listening to Bernard Shaw talk. This theory is borne out by the fact that on the two occasions in his career as a playwright when Barker has collaborated with other writers, and presumably has listened to the promptings of his real personality and not to the great "G. B. S." the result has been piquant or charming harlequinades.

With Laurence Houseman, Granville Barker wrote "Prunella," and in that delicate little thing the lurking satire was beautifully veiled, and it was all so sweet and poetic that it has become popular as a play for the cleverer kind of amateur dramatic societies. Rather more philosophic perhaps and more distinctly a piece for the theatre than "Prunella," is "The Harlequinade," which Barker wrote with Dion Clayton Calthrop, who also acted in it when his co-author produced the piece in London as a curtain-raiser.

$1.25 net. Little, Brown & Co.

"Why the Czar Adopted Prohibition."

Nevil Monroe Hopkins, author of "Over the Threshold of War" (Lippincotts), was in Russia just after the outbreak of the war. He saw a violent outbreak in Petrograd and Moscow when mobs destroyed practically everything of German and Austrian proprietorship; buildings were burned, their contents looted or destroyed, and many Germans met with personal ill-

treatment. This violence, and the drinking of wine from German shops, with its attendant disorder, was one of the causes of Russian prohibition. It is easy to see why the German Kaiser failed to use his influence with "Cousin Nicky," to prevent this ukase. A trained and shrewd observer, with unusual opportunities for getting first-hand knowledge as to causes and events, Major Hopkins has given us many new viewpoints in regard to the war.

The Popularity of Tagore.

According to a report from the other side, the writings of Rabindranath Tagore are finding an increasing popularity. It is said, for example, that over 40,000 copies of "Gitanjali" have been sold since publication in England alone, and that as each new book comes along new readers are added to Sir Rabindranath's circle of admirers. In this country, too, the writings of the Hindu poet are being widely read and discussed. His most recent volumes to be issued here are "Mashi and Other Stories," a collection of fourteen tales translated from the original Bengalese by various writers, forming a companion volume to "The Hungry Stones," issued last year, and "Lover's Gift and Crossing," two poems much in the style of "Gitanjali."

The Macmillan Co., New York.

"The Kentucky Warbler," by James Lane Allen.

In the city of Lexington, Ky., there lived a boy who had no particular ambition, no strenuous motive for existence. One day, in high school, a visiting lecturer told the story of Alexander Wilson, a roaming Scotch naturalist who had visited Lexington 100 years before, and who was the discoverer of a new and beautiful species of American wood warbler which he called the Kentucky warbler. The lecture story awoke the boy to his first definite thrilling purpose. He would be a naturalist; he would find this rare songster in the woods. He had found the road that was to be his path in life.

Such is the outline of James Lane Allen's latest story, "The Kentucky Warbler." It is not a very long story, but it is a very pleasant one. There is a lot of boy psychology in it, and that is interesting when served as fiction; there is the story of Wilson, filling a quarter of the book; and there is the breath of the forest whither the boy betakes himself on his quest.

A paragraph from the heart of the book is worth quoting. "The Kentucky warbler for over a hundred years has worn the name of the State, and has carried it all over the world, leading the students of bird life to form some image of a far country and to fix their thoughts at least for some brief moment on this same beautiful spot of the world's surface. As long as he remains in the forest of the earth, he will keep the name of Kentucky alive though all else it once meant shall have perished and been forgotten. He is thus, as nearly as anything in Nature can be, its winged world-wide emblem, ever young as each spring is young, as the green of the woods is young."

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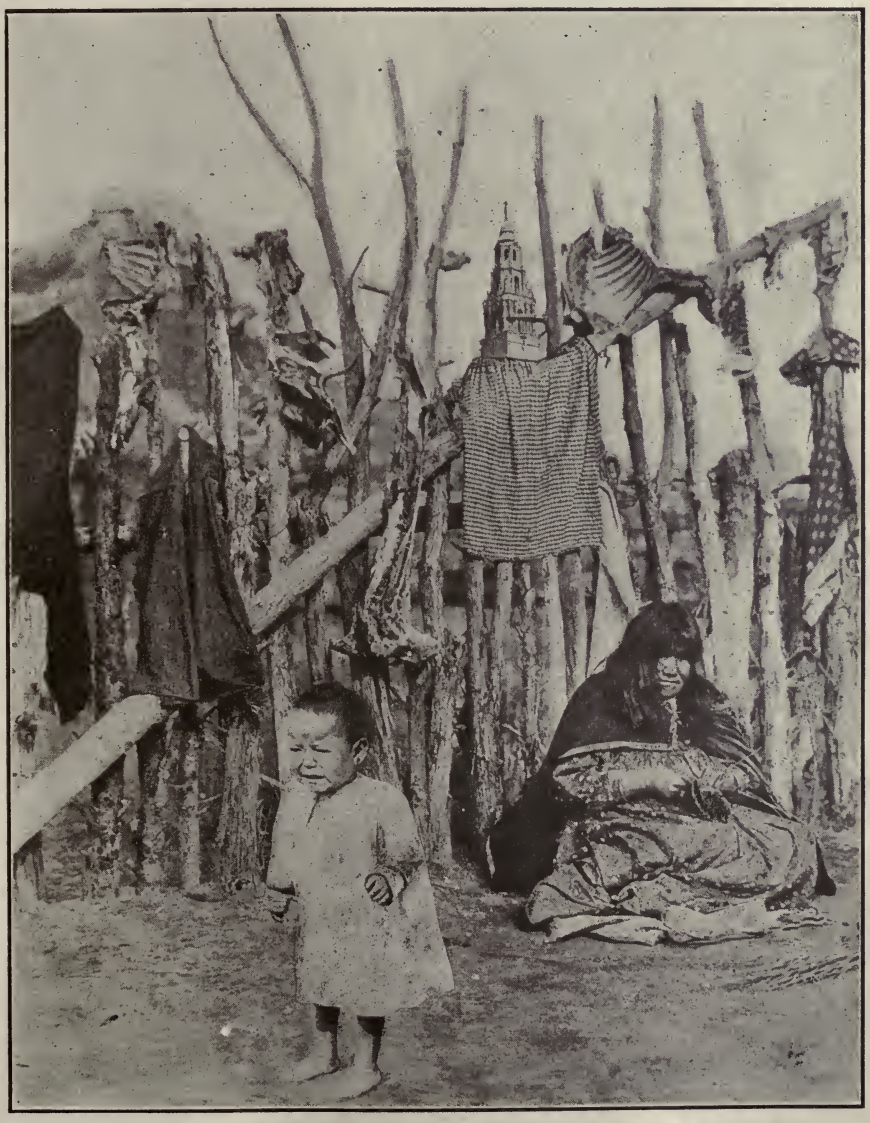
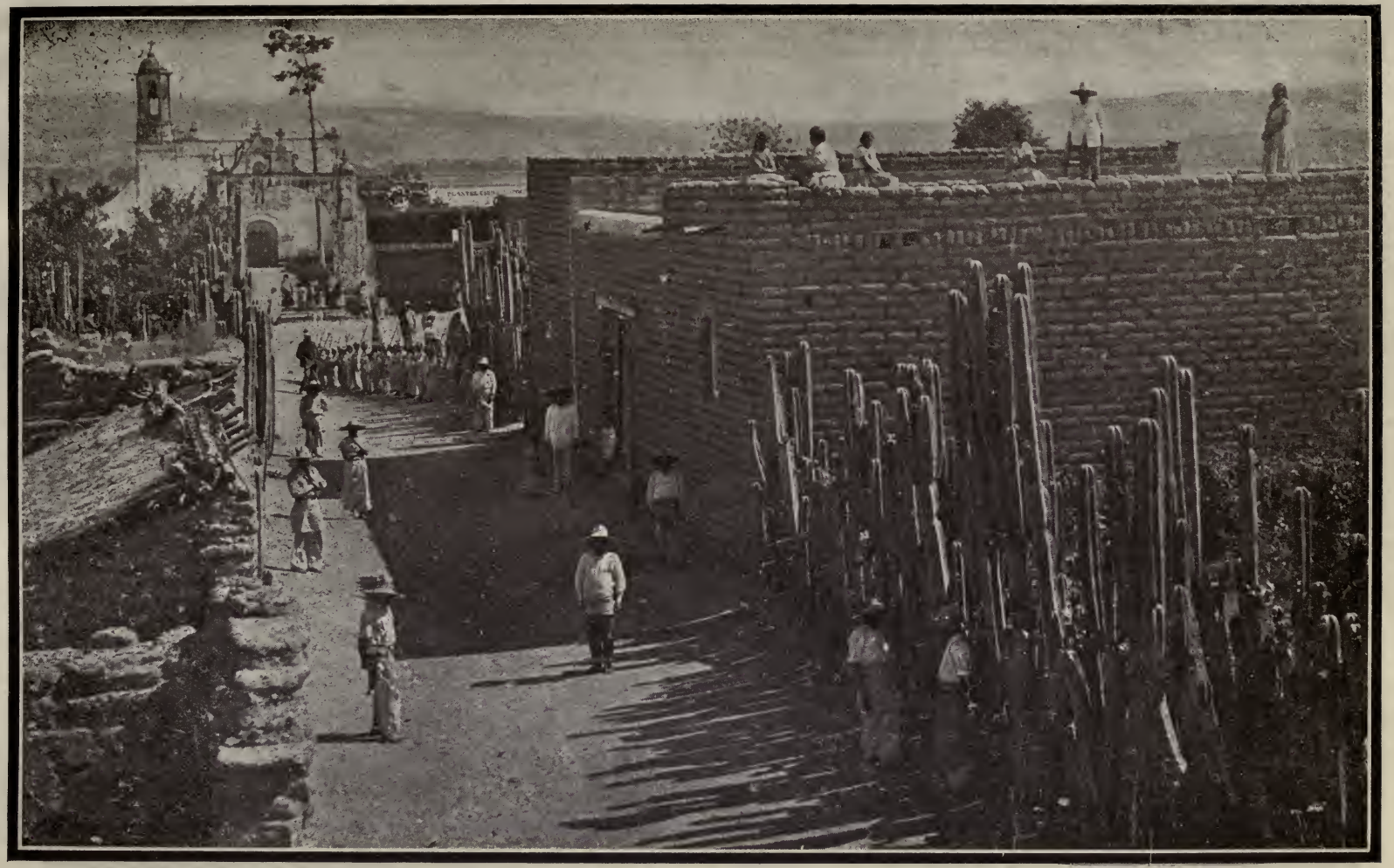


I Wanter Play With the Wash Clothes.

On the Colima Trail.



A Mud Built Village in the Mountain Country.

Mexican Posada and Merchandise Store, Barricaded Across the Rio Grande

The Monument on the International Line Between the U. S. A. and Mexico

A Mexican Woman Weaving a Blanket.

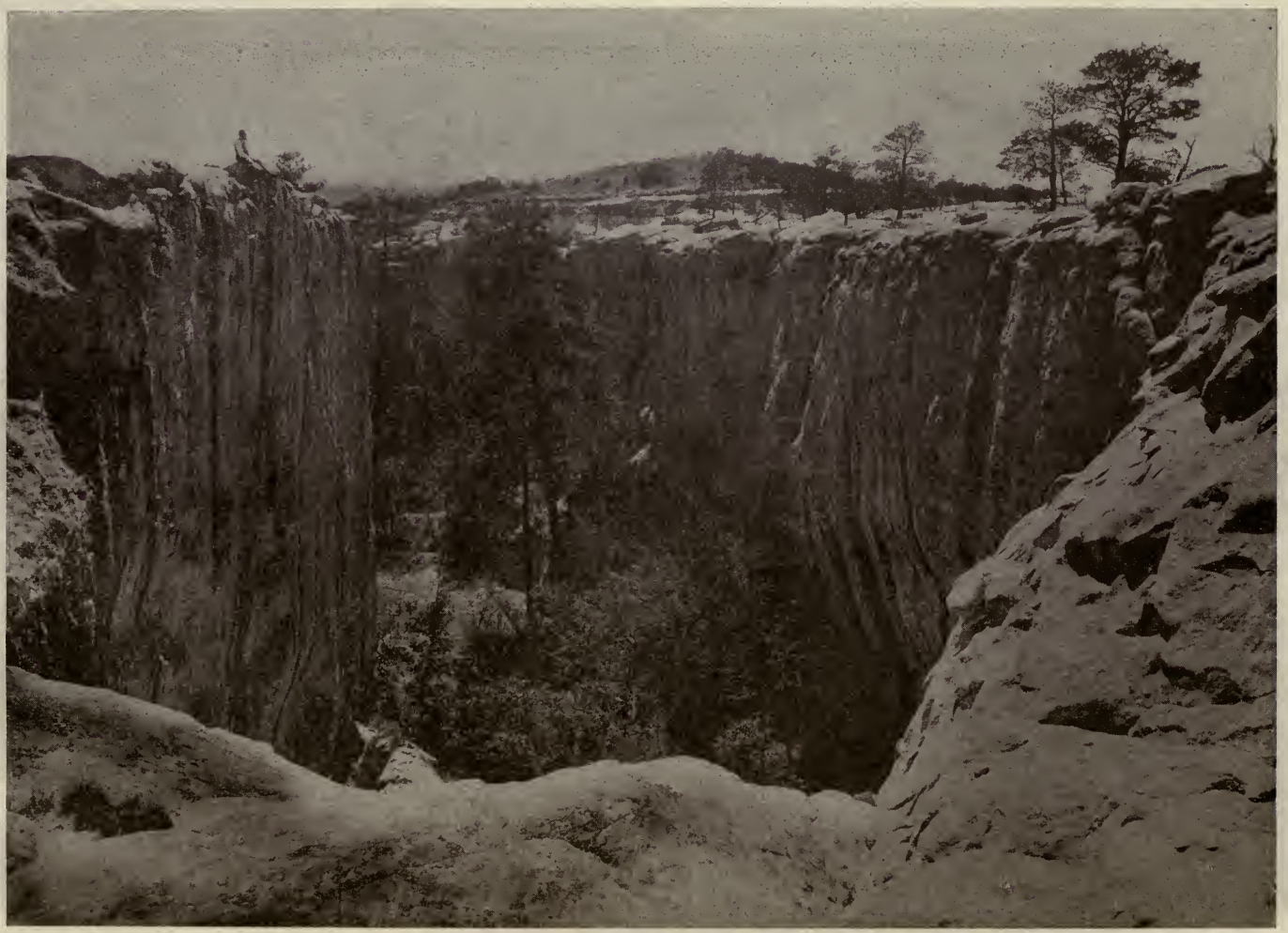
A Navajo Indian Blanket Weaver.

At a Church Door.

A Holiday Excursion.

Cock Fighting on a Plantation in the Interior.

The Cool Water Filled Ollas So Refreshing in that Climate.



The Hidden Canyon in El Morro. Dr. George Wharton James on rock to left.

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The flying buttress on the way to Zuni from Grants. —Maude, Photo.

With the Zunis in New Mexico

By George Wharton James

Author of "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," "Indian Basketry," "Through Ramona's Country," "Arizona, the Wonderland," "California, Romantic and Beautiful," etc., etc.

WHEN Coronado, with his band of gold-seeking Conquistadores, started from Northern Mexico to discover the mythical "Seven Cities of Cibola," in 1540, he and his companions valued money more than human life, and the finding of precious stones more than the discovery of a new race.

Hence their expedition was, to them, a sad failure. For the Indians of our portion of America were not, as were the tribes of the Mexican country and of South America, adepts in the arts

El Morro—Inscription Rock —Maude, Photo.

of mining and the smelting of gold and silver ores.

But had these conquistadores possessed a true appreciation of the doctrine of man's brotherhood they would have rejoiced in the discoveries they did make, for they found several most interesting races of people, whose inner lives and customs to this day we have not yet completely penetrated.

It is to these peoples I wish to pilot my reader in this series of articles, for they have lost none of their fascination and attractiveness in the last three hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since they were first seen by Caucasian eyes.

Coronado's expedition was undertaken because of the reports brought to the Viceroy of New Spain by Cabeza de Vaca, the treasurer of Panfilo de Narvaez's ill-fated expedition to what is now Florida. That expedition, as is well known, went to utter destruction and none but Cabeza de Vaca, and three wretched companions escaped. With a keen appreciation of his desolate condition and his only hope of salvation, de Vaca determined to endeavor to reach the settlements on *the other side of the country,* and thus started that marvelous, first transcontinental journey over the plains and mountain ranges of North American territory. Imprisoned by tribe after tribe, now abused as a slave, now revered and almost worshiped as one possessing great shamanistic powers, it required the exercise of constant craft and cunning to escape and push on westward. Oh, the impatience, the heart-hunger, the agony of despair of that long nine years of endeavor! For it was nine years from the time of the destruction of Narvaez's ships before Cabeza de Vaca and his companions astonished the Spaniards of Culiacan by marching in upon them as those raised from the dead.

Eagerly their story was listened to, and while their woes doubtless were formally sympathized with and their hardships condoled, the part of their narrative that excited the most interest and awakened the most solicitude was when de Vaca told of certain cit-

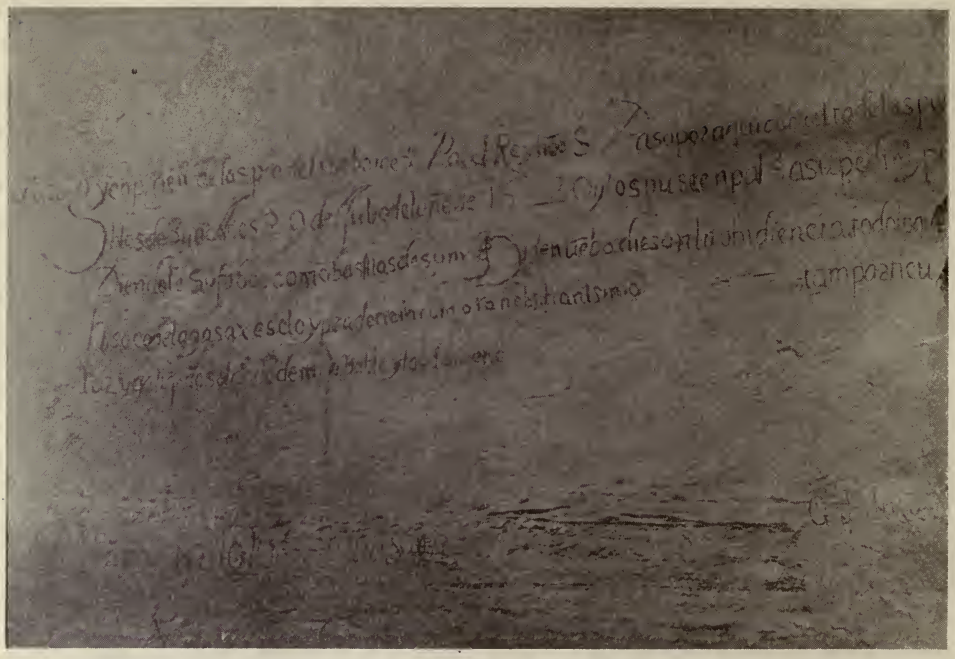
El Morro, facing south where some of the inscriptions appear. —Maude, Photo.

ies that had been described to him, somewhere off to the north, but too far from his westward path for him to visit.

Immediately his hearers decided that these were the long-dreamed-of "Cities of Quivera," and after a reconnaisance, conducted by Marcos de Niza, Coronado's expedition set forth, with great pomp, circumstance and blare of trumpet, in February, 1540.

On the seventh of July in the same year, after a somewhat strenuous and arduous journey Cibola was reached, and here is Winship's translation of the description given it by Casteneda, the historian of the Coronado expedition:

"It is a little, unattractive village, looking as if it had been crumpled all up together. There are mansions in New Spain which make a better appearance at a distance. It is a village of about 200 warriors, is three and four stories high, with the houses small and having only a few rooms, and without a courtyard. One yard serves for each section. The people of the whole district had collected here, for there are seven villages in the province, and some of the others are even larger and stronger than Cibola. These folks waited for the army, drawn up by divisions in front of the village. When they refused to have peace on the terms the interpreters extended to them, but appeared defiant, the Santiago was given, and they were at once put to flight. The Spaniards then attacked the village, which was taken with not a little difficulty, since they held the narrow and crooked entrance. During the attack they knocked the general down with a large stone, and would have killed him but for Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas and Hernando de Alvarado, who threw themselves above him and drew him away, receiving the blows of the stones, which were not few. But the first fury of the Spaniards could not be resisted, and in less than an hour they entered the village and captured it. They discovered food there, which was the



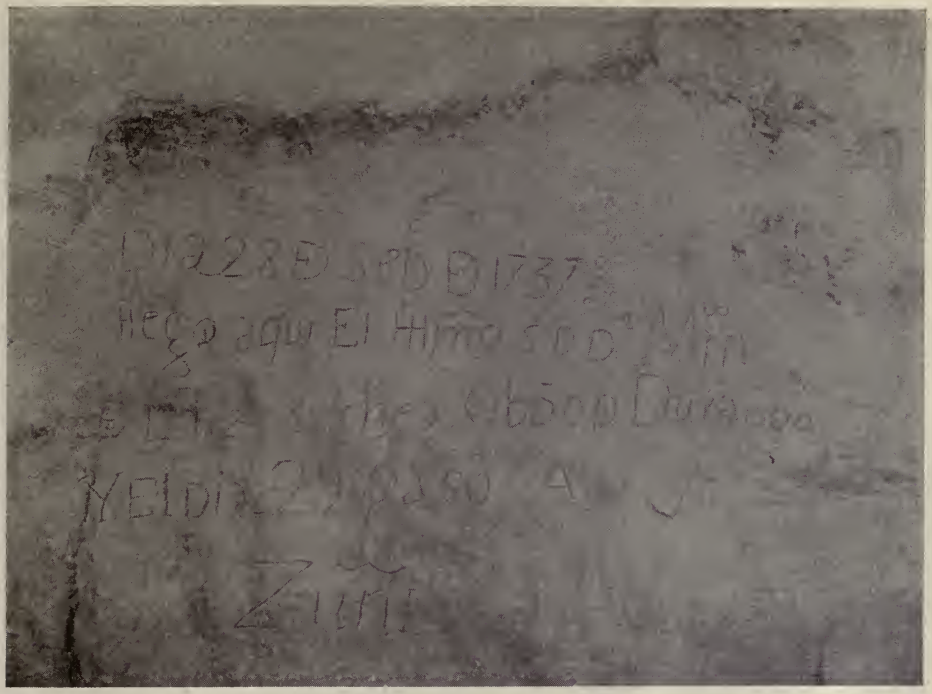
Inscription on El Morro, New Mexico

thing they were most in need of."

Thus was given to the world its first knowledge of Zuni and its interesting people. But next to nothing was really known of them until Lieut. Frank Hamilton Cushing was sent in 1879 by Major Powell, the director of the U. S. Bureau of American Ethnology, to live with them and make an exhaustive study of their mode of life and thought. In the "Century Magazine," in 1883-4, Cushing published three articles upon the Zunis which aroused the interest of the whole English-speaking and civilized world, and since then other scientific investigators have carried on their researches, until now we have a fairly accurate and comprehensive knowledge of Zuni and the Zunians. Upon this knowledge gleaned by others, in addition to the results of my own observations, which have extended over twenty years, I shall depend for the following sketches.

To reach Zuni today one travels on the main line of the Santa Fe route from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Some sixty-nine miles west of Albuquerque, N. M., or 1,473 miles west of Chicago, is the small settlement of Grants, and from this point, or Gallup, sixty-two miles further on, one may secure a team and drive almost due south to Zuni. The distance is in the neighborhood of fifty miles, and on the journey we pass by the most notable autograph album known to man. This is El Morro, of the Mexicans, or the Inscription Rock of the Americans. It is a noble triangular block of sandstone, of pearly whitish color, with sheer walls over two hundred feet high and suggesting in its stupendous grandeur a temple or castle built after the style of the Egyptians, but immeasurably larger. The walls are seamed and marked with the storms and conflicts of many centuries, and are thousands of feet long, while its towerlike appearance in front is matched by a singularly majestic piece of nature sculpturing in the rear.

On two sides of the rock the inscriptions are found, and as they were all engraved by men standing at the base of the rock, very few of them are higher than a man's head. The perfection of the inscriptions is remark-



The inscription of the Bishop of Durango on his way to pay a pastoral visit to the Zunis in 1737

able. They are as distinctive in their character as the handwritings of men on paper, and all of them are remarkably well done. The surprising thing is that after all these years they are still so perfect; but this is accounted for by the peculiar character of the rock and the fact that it does not crumble when exposed to the weather. It is of very fine grain and comparatively easy to scratch into, and the two walls upon which the inscriptions occur being practically protected from storms, these rock autographs remain almost as clear and as perfect as the day they were written. That of Lieutenant Simpson seems as if made but yesterday. It was neatly done in a parallelogram by Mr. Kern, and reads as follows: "Lt. J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., and R. H. Kern, artist, visited and copied this inscriptions, September 17th, 1849."

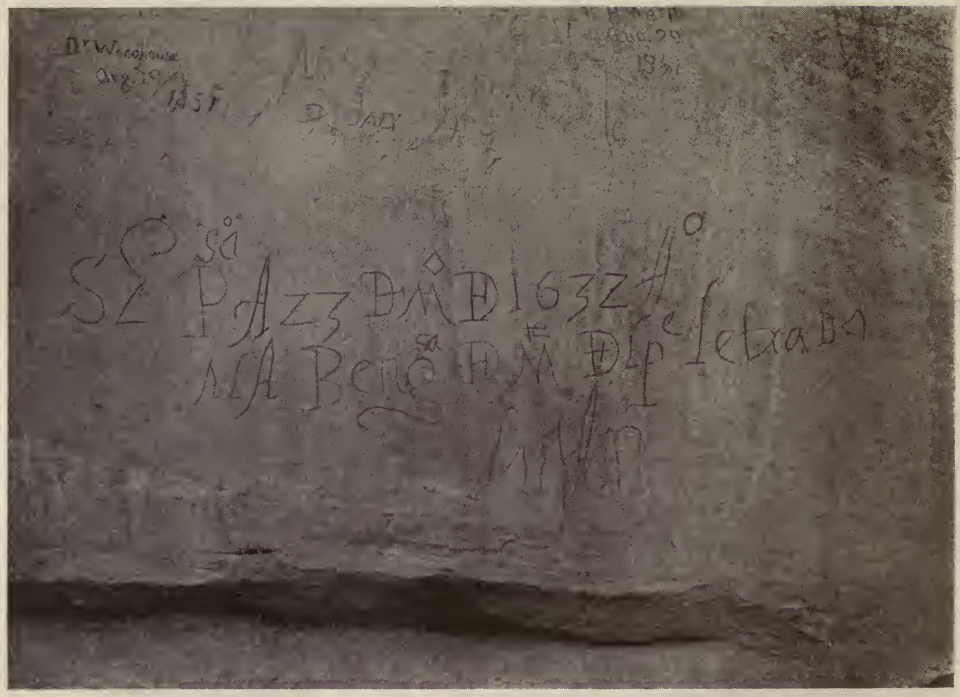
The major part of the inscriptions are on the north face of the rock, a very striking one being that of Bishop Elizaecochea, of Durango, Mexico. Here is the inscription as copied by Mr. Kern. Its translation is as follows:

"On the 28th day of September of 1737, reached here the most illustrious Senor Doctor Don Martin De Elizaecochea, Bishop of Durango, and on the 29th day passed on to Zuni."

This refers to one of the official visits made by the Bishop of Durango, in whose district the whole of New Mexico belonged, and to which it remained attached until 1852.

Just above that of the Bishop and slightly to the left are two other autographs, doubtless of members of his party. Between them is a fairly well engraved representation of an ornamented cross. The larger inscription reads as follows: "On the 28th day of September, 1737, reached here 'B' (supposed to represent Bachiller— Bachelor— of arts) Don Juan Yynacio De Arrasain;" and the other merely says, "There passed by here Dyego Belagus."

One of the inscriptions reproduced



The Luzan Inscription. One of the most interesting at El Morro, N. M.
—Copyright F. H. Maude, used by permission.

by Kern is shown herewith.

It is quite a puzzling inscription, being decipherable only by those familiar with the ancient Spanish writings. Translated into long-hand Spanish and then into English, it reads as follows:

"They passed on the 23d of March of the year 1632 to the avenging of the death of the Father Letrado.—Lujan."

Father Letrado was the missionary who practically established the Franciscan mission at Zuni. He had already proven his faithfulness by service among the Jumanos, a wild tribe of Indians who occupied the plains east of the Rio Grande. He did not labor long with the Zunis, for in February, 1630, they murdered him. The Governor, Francisco de la Mora Ceballos, sent a handful of soldiers under the command of Colonel Tomas de Albizu to avenge the death of Father Letrado, and it is possible that Lujan was a soldier on this expedition. When the soldiers arrived at Zuni they found that the pueblo was deserted and the people had retired to the summit of Corn Mountain. With great tact and diplomacy Albizu persuaded them to return to their homes, and, on promises of amendment, the breach caused by Father Letrado's murder was healed.

But however interesting the inscriptions are at El Morro, they are by no means the only objects to attract our attention. Walking along the east wall for several hundred yards, we find it possible to scale the rugged slope that leads to the top of El Morro. Here, to our surprise, we discover that it is practically split in half by a narrow canyon, in the center of which grows a tall pine. This canyon seems literally scooped out of the solid rock, for from the point where we have been examining and copying the inscriptions there is nothing whatever to indicate its existence. It is a perfect cul de sac. A whole army might hide here, and if they observed a discreet silence, another hostile army could occupy the north and south sides of the

One of the summer pueblos of the Zuni on Nutria Creek, and the great stone wall of the San Rafael swell in the background. Geologically this region is as interesting as it is archaeologically and ethnologically.

rock for a week and never dream of their existence. Perched on the highest summit of the two sides of the rock thus divided by this canyon are the ruins of two interesting prehistoric villages. The nearer of these ruins presents a rectangle 206 feet wide by 307 feet long, the sides conforming to the four cardinal points. We examine them with interest. There were evidently two ranges of rooms on the north side and two on the west, with a few rooms within the court. On the north side we find one room seven feet four inches by eight and one-half feet, and on the east side one, eight and one-half by seven feet. These were the two largest rooms, except for one circular *kiva,* thirty-one feet in diameter, near the middle of the north wall.

The ruin on the opposite side is of the same character, and around both ruins we pick up many specimens from the immense quantities of broken pottery, almost all decorated after the usual style.

This visit to Inscription Rock prepares us for the greater interest that awaits us at Zuni. Wearily our ponies drag us over the sandy road until at last from the summit of a hill the Zuni Valley spreads out before us, and there in the center of the plain, close by the almost dry stream, arises the city of our dreams of many years.

Eagerly we pushed on, and in due time reached the house seen in the right foreground of the engraving. Now, while our ponies were being unharnessed, we were able to get our first comprehensive view of Zuni from the east side of the now almost dry creek that has been dignified by the name, Zuni River. It never was much of a river, though one of the first expeditions into the region after it became U. S. territory was to determine its navigability.

Yonder is Zuni. Imagine a lot of low, squat or oblong, flat-roofed houses of adobe, leading the eye from the left to the main part of the town, where they are connected one with another, in rows and squares and streets, piled up one above another, receding in front and on both sides as they ascend higher, so that they form a series of terraces on three sides, the topmost houses being perched six stories high, and you have a crude idea of the architecture of Zuni. Now add to this the poles of the ladders thrust out from numberless hatchways, the quaint chimneys, made of pottery ollas, or water-jars, the bottoms broken out, piled one above another, the quaint stairways between the stories and on dividing walls, the open-air bee-hive-like ovens, the strings of chili-pepper pods, glistening brilliant red in the sunshine, the poles of firewood stacked on the housetops, the patient burros standing hobbled in the streets, or slowly moving to and fro in search of scraps, the little figures or naked boys and girls—bronzed Cupids as one has appropriately called them—romping about and playing hilariously, as children of the sun-loving races always do, and you have a fair general impression of what Zuni is to the casual observer.

But only to the casual observer. It has taken years of patient, loving study to discover what is behind all this. One meets the men and women of Zuni, some of them with smiling faces, others stern and serious—all seamed and wrinkled with the earnestness of life—and he thinks of them as crude, simple, ignorant and perhaps brutal savages, and yet, what a wealth of poetry, of symbolism, of imagery, of tradition, of folk-lore, lies back of those simple and weather-beaten, life-scarred faces. Into some of this wealth I wish, by and by, to lead you.

To be continued.

Overlooking the site of the Petrified Forest from an elevation.

Petrified Forests of Arizona

By Everett Edgar King, Prof. Railway Engineering,

Iowa State College, Ames

THIS is not such a forest as the giant redwoods of Central California. Its trees are not mirrored on the shores of emerald lakes. Lumber mills have long ceased to hum. The air does not bear the fragrance of the pine, the spruce and the balsam. Flowers do not grow in the sun-lit spots. Birds do not build their nests in branches nor flit from bough to bough. The wind does not sigh nor wail at night as it sweeps among these trees. They do not shelter the bear, the deer, and the antelope as other forests do in the great Out-West. They have their government rangers, too, but they are not equipped for fighting fires. There is little danger of trees burning in these forests of Arizona.

There is not a leaf nor a twig, not a stem nor a limb; there is not even a tree standing in these stone forests. They lie as flat as the day they fell, ages and ages ago. Thousands of them have been broken to pieces the

A log bridge of the Petrified Forest.

size of a hickory-nut. Others are broken in stove-wood lengths as if they had been sawed for the kitchen range. Fortunately, many trunks are still intact from their roots to their slender tips. They scale from a half to five feet across with lengths as much as two hundred. The bark in some cases is still attached. There are the rings around the heart of the tree. One can count them and tell their age on the day they ceased to grow. Some of the trunks are rotten, but most of them were sound when they turned to stone. Many of them look as natural as if they lay in an Iowa woods, but the sparks would fly as they do from a forge, should one strike them with an ax.

Of the cause of the trees falling, no one, of course, will ever know. It must have been connected with some upheaval, for they were later covered by an inland sea. Over them was deposited layer after layer of mud. Eons passed, and this mud was turned to stone, and with it the trees. The stone that replaced the wood became very beautifully colored by the minerals that it contained. Among these agents were copper, sulphur, iron and salt. Another upheaval, and ages passed; but the elements that formerly covered the trees now aided to unearth them. After wearing away a mile of rock they have brought them to light again. But the trees are changed. Instead of wood they are agate now, with colors that match the rainbow.

There are five of such forests in Arizona within a radius of eighteen miles of a little station called Adamana on the main line of the Santa Fe. They lie in the land of the Navajo Indians, in a desert as wild as the West affords. Yet the traveler should not fear for a place to stay, for there has been a hotel at Adamana

Sections of trees scattered about in the Petrified Forest, Arizona

since traffic first went there by rail. Its service is as good as one could wish for, and there are Fords and Packards for hiring.

Two forests lie on the north, nine and twelve miles away in the edge of the Painted Desert. There are three on the south, the first one is six, and the third one eighteen miles from the railroad station. The three on the south became a national monument in 1906. Within its borders lie the best and the largest trees. It is patrolled by rangers to preserve these treasures. No one is allowed to break any stone nor is he allowed to carry away more than a five pound piece. Although some of the forests cover two thousand acres, nearly every part of them can be seen from the automobile.

An interesting feature on the first one on the south is the stone foot-

bridge, a tree upturned with its roots attached. On hundred and ten feet of the trunk is exposed, sixty of which spans a shallow ravine. The tree measures four feet across at its base, and three at the middle of the span.

Each forest is famous for some particular attraction, and a day spent in each would be well worth while. The American Desert is in part unattractive, but it holds much of which it is justly proud. It has arches and mesas and painted desert, cliff-dwellings and canyons and petrified forests, which in all the world have no compeers.

The Rat

By John Biggs, Jr.

HAMPTON pressed his face against the inch-thick glass, and peered out. He had been doing this with imbecile regularity for the last three hours. With face contorted, he would stare until his eyes glazed, across the neck-high banks of snow, past the wavering black lines of the pine trees, and down into the hazy arc of mountain-side—an arc whose outward curve was limited by an inverted bowl of white opaqueness. The snow fell in slanting lines—lines which were like slender tape, stretching without break from heaven to earth.

During four days it had snowed ceaselessly—snowed in great flakes and tiny ones, sometimes vehemently, sometimes slowly—almost remorsefully, and then again with a stinging violence of wind that whipped the flakes into eddies, tearing the skin from one's face. The rocks in the clearing had changed from grotesquely palled monsters to tiny islands above the depths of whiteness; the pines, whose tops disappeared in the vagueness, were steeped in snow half-way to their branches. Their bark was like delicate flesh—flesh, the veins of which were white instead of blue—so fine a pattern of tracery had been driven in by the wind. The color scheme that came to Hampton's tortured eyes was one of greys and whites—the grey of the slag-colored rocks and trees, the white of the malignant snow. With a groan he turned away from the window.

The room inside, a rough-boarded, low-eaved structure, odorous of stale sleep and life, was in the utmost disorder. Its floor was littered with clothing, boots, broken axe-hasps, tobacco ash, and other articles considered by the lumbermen to be necessary for happiness and usefulness. On the right were built-in bunks, whose mattresses and dirty blankets sprawled out of their receptacles. In the center of the room was a pine table, hemmed in by unplaned benches. On the table were greasy dishes, half-eaten food, and tobacco refuse; the whole shuffled together as though an attempt had been made to clear a space. At the end of the room was a great stove,

across whose red-hot surfaces danced heat radiations, and whose plates quivered whenever a gust of wind swept down the chimney. Around the stove, and bent forward, as if to absorb the heat before it was lost in the room's chilliness, sat three men—the men of Hampton's crew.

A unique group they were. There was Vanois, a little French-Canadian: Kanak, the men called him. Small he was—in fact, shriveled to a degree that made him resemble a sun-dried piece of birch-bark—but he had a look that suggested capability and an immense and icy will-power. His leathery face was almost expressionless, but from behind this mask peered out piggy lit-eyes—eyes which seemed to be always searching for something that the soul behind them never found. No one had ever seen Kanak laugh, but when he smiled the lines of his face would pucker themselves until his mouth looked like an old scar. He impressed one as monstrously evil, and yet much of the repulsion this must have caused was lost in his very calmness and equanimity. It was his boast that he rarely lost his temper—"But eef I do, my freens," he would add: "Watch, watch!"

Varney was the second man of the group. He was a ponderous, knotty fellow, one of the best cutters in camp. He moved and talked slowly, almost wearily. The simplest mental processes were to him compex, yet he had been known to find a way through a blind wood in total darkness, avoiding the dangerous places with uncanny instinct. He had an elephantine and good-natured sense of humor—a sense of humor that was exasperating in its very obstinacy. He was a man of terrible strength: he could take a raw potato and squeeze it until it oozed out between his fingers. In short, his nervous organism was of the lowest; he was more of an ox than a man.

Yerger was the last of the crew. Tall, lean and English, he looked what he was, a broken-down soldier of fortune. He had been cowboy, miner, East-India man, and, some said, safe-cracker. His hair was light, as were his eyes; his nose, an eagle's beak. If one had taken a cloth and wrapped it around his face below the nose, the vivid strength of his lineaments would have leaped out. If one had then removed the cloth, revealing his chin and mouth, the illusion of formidableness would have disappeared. The lips were thick, sensual, almost negro-like; the jaw, intensely weak, as though a hand had been brushed across it when the clay was still soft. He had a punctiliousness of manner and speech, though he could descend to the foulness of a fish-wife. There was an air of decayed gentility about him that, despite the raggedness of his clothes, made him seem to have just stepped down from some courtly portrait.

Hampton, though the chief, was the youngest of all. It was his first winter away from a northern college, and by virtue of an influential uncle, he had received the position he now occupied and with which he was by no means satisfied. The work was monotonous and exhausting, and unrelieved by any tinge of romance. The bitter toil stifled his youth, and changed his usually effervescent spirit to sullenness. As yet he was not quite certain of his men. He lacked ease with them—a proper dignity that belongs to the man who gives an order. The fact that they were forced to obey him seemed purely conventional; he was not truly a leader.

As the time of their imprisonment by the storm had passed, the men's attitude had changed. The first day had been a jovial one. Their release from work had had its effect and the four had played scampering games like children. This had been a mistake on Hampton's part: it had weakened the authority in his hands.

On the second day, the spirit of the storm, slowly but surely bitten in, began to obtrude itself. Their joviality had become more that of the practical joker, and usually Varney had been the butt. The big woodsman had taken everything with such exasperating good humor as to be truly irritating.

They had worked venomously to make him lose his temper, and instead had lost their own.

On the third day had come the long silences of smothered irritability. The men had spent their time around the stove, leaving it only to eat an occasional and hasty meal.

The fourth day had begun in much the same manner. The sullenness was moiling itself into hate—hate as yet inactive. Vanois sat brooding, silent. Yerger was alternately garrulous and irritable. Varney sucked his empty pipe, making it hiss like an adder with each intake of breath into his great lungs. A tension had taken hold of every one. Hampton felt it, and was frightened. It was like the moment of expectancy that precedes the breaking of a storm.

Hampton shuddered, and then to relieve his straining mind, pulled a dog-eared pack of cards from his pocket, pushed back the dishes a little more, and began to play solitaire. The room became silent, save for the hiss of the storm.

"Christ!" said Yerger, suddenly leaping from his chair, "will this storm never stop! Snow, snow—always snow!" He relapsed into silence. Vanois and Varney seemed not to have noticed; Hampton glanced nervously up.

Yerger broke out again—"I saw a man guillotined in Paris. It was pleasant compared to this: They stuck his head in the block—face up; the knife flashed down—and—tchkk—," he made a clucking sound between his teeth: "That was all."

"Thou hast seen many men out?" asked Vanois. It was the first time he had spoken in an hour.

"Yes," said Yerger; "I once saw a nigger hung. His face was as green as the back of a dollar-bill, before they put the cap on him."

Again there was silence.

Varney slowly crossed to the table, and watched the game over Hampton's shoulders. As the cards fell from Hampton's hands, he senselessly picked them up and grinned. Vanois joined him, and the two grouped themselves behind Hampton. He felt the cold power of Vanois' stare. His shoulders shrank before it; he was quivering from head to foot.

"The cards excite you, my freen?" said Vanois softly. Hampton knew that his face was twisted, and that his mouth was again like the scar. The silent laughter seemed horrible.

Vanois went to the window and peered through the curtain of snow. His curses hissed like water dropping on hot iron. He was matching his will against the storm. Varney went back to the stove as did Vanois. The men stared at the waves of heat as they played across the iron.

Night was creeping over the wastes outside, changing the color of the flakes from white to grey. The arc of the clearing was almost invisible now; the pines were totally gone. The wind was getting up—a dry sibilant wind that brushed the building like the touch of a hand.

Nameless fear began to creep into Hampton's mind. It was intangible but gripping. He would thrust it down with a shudder only to have it spring up again. It was like a mist. Gruesome tales of the woods returned to his mind—stories of the white horla with icy flesh and women's faces that crept about in the silences, of insane men found in lonely camps. With a little sob, he buried his face in his arms. A bloated and scabby rat pulled itself cautiously out from the wall and slunk across the room. It began to nuzzle with little perks the contents of a spilled plate, its grey skin twitching horribly.

There was a splitting crash outside—a crash that brought them quivering to their feet. The rat scuttled to the wall, and then crept slowly back. The men realized that a pine, overwhelmed by the snow, had fallen; but the incident had deeper significance than this; it had somehow caused a restraining thread to snap in Yerger's brain. Beads of sweat gathered on his ash-colored face. His features twitched. His self-control was swept away, loosing the

tides of emotion. He began to curse Vanois.

From the very beginning Hampton felt the nature of the end. He sought to move, to speak, but was held in a nightmare-like oppression.

Throughout the tirade, Vanois sat motionless, his eyes alone betraying the spirit beneath. Yerger's invectives became coarser, until he seemed to spew them forth. At last he sank back into the chair, shaking like a man in a fit. Varney's muscles were tense; Hampton laughed hysterically.

Slowly Vanois raised himself, his small body bent forward. He spat into Yerger's face.

The next few seconds were as part of a disjointed dream to Hampton. He saw Yerger's spring and heard the dull sound of fist against flesh. Varney, flaying his great arms, threw himself upon the two contestants. The three fell in a heap, Vanois vainly reaching for his knife. The rat, its retreat cut off, fled to the other side of the room, where it squeaked piteously.

Something in the creature's shambling retreat seemed to Hampton's disordered mind, intensely amusing. He rushed to Varney, whose hands were already at Vanois' throat.

"Catch the rat!" he screamed; "Catch the rat!"

With a roar of laughter, the giant rose lumberingly to his feet, and followed by Yerger and Hampton, rushed across the room. The rat, squeaking and clawing. ran to and fro. Its dashes for liberty failed; the hunters, madly laughing. drove it from corner to corner. At last Varney pinned the animal under his boot. Slowly and with infinite gusto, he began to tear the squealing thing to ribbons, mouthing incoherent words as he did so. Blood splashed over his hands and fell in dark splotches, upon the floor. Yerger and Hampton danced about him like bacchanals at an altar of sacrifice.

Vanois had picked himself up, and now leaned panting against the table, his knife in hand. With a circular motion of his arm he sent it speeding for Yerger's breast. It sank home, and Yerger fell in a heap upon the floor. A few aimless motions, and he was still.

Varney turned, the shreds of the rat still in his hands. Probably in his mind was dimly the thought that Yerger should be avenged. He leaped the table, and in an instant had Vanois by the throat. Backward he bent the little man until his spine snapped. He tossed him aside and turned to Hampton.

There followed a horrible game—a game between Hampton and Varney. Like a bear pursuing a weasel, the two went around and around the table. Hampton was alternately screaming and laughing; Varney made not a sound. The lamp was overturned, and in its fall, the shade and chimney were broken, making it a terrible and jagged weapon.

By it Hampton halted, and as his pursuer sprang at him, swung it with all his strength. The blow struck squarely home, cleaving Varney's forehead in a terrible wound. The giant fell across the table, his head and body among the dishes.

Hampton sank down in a chair at the end of the table. His giggling laughter gradually subsided; the room, lit only by the red glow of the stove, grew still. From the wall a rat crept out. Cautiously and with little wriggling motions of its nose, it began to snuff at Vanois' face.

Silver Fox

By Alice Phillips

IT WAS a wonderful night for hunting. The moon rose full in the Western sky, and the glittering stars showered their brilliant rays upon the frosty air, when Silver Fox stole forth from his den in the hillside. Like a silvery shadow, he glided along the moonlit way, while the little owls chattered warningly from the forest grove. Alas, their warning was to his grief! A hunter who had recently trapped a beautiful silver specimen in that region had also been on the watch near this particular den, in hopes of securing the young cubs. And when Silver Fox appeared in full view he fired, wounding the little fellow in the hind leg. But instead of fleeing for his life, the baby fox rolled over and over, crying so piteously that the cruel man's heart was touched. He picked up the little ball of silver fur and bound up the wound with his handkerchief. The trapper understood the tricks of a fox. In captivity they are as quiet and docile as a house cat. The little cub continued to pant with pain and fright, but made no attempt to escape, and the man carried it home.

Silver Fox was kept and nursed till the wounded leg became well and strong, and he was the pet of the house. He frisked about everywhere, and learned to do several funny little tricks. A favorite stunt of his was to sit up on the kitchen stool and drink his saucer of milk. But all wild animal pets get cross and venturesome in time, and Silver Fox was no exception. He snarled when his master came near, and the lady of the house decided it was no longer safe to keep the fox around the children. There was talk of hydrophobia, and the man sat long in the night, smoking pipe after pipe, but reaching no conclusion as to his pet's disposal. A circus manager had offered him a hundred dollars for the cub, but its fur alone was worth a fortune. Should he kill and skin it as he had done its mother? Somehow of late the hunter had neglected his traps—somehow he could not bring himself to slay the beautiful wild creature of the forest. And was it all on account of Silver Fox? He groaned and turned in to bed with the decision that he would sell "the cussed thing" alive to the furrier!

But the moon rose full that night, the stars glittered, and glistened in the frosty sky, and Silver Fox stole forth from his home. Down the moonlit road he frisked and trotted. Out in the deep forest the owls were calling, and far up the hillside his mates were awaiting his return.

No attempt was made to track the pet fox next day, although the hunter's wife scolded and called him a fool for letting so much money slip by.

Silver Fox before he fled to the wild

A Study of Wild Northern Ducks

By F. H. Sidney

ABOUT thirty years ago I made a halibut fishing trip to Iceland; and we happened to arrive there just at the time the eider ducks were nesting. During the nesting period the ducks are very tame and flock to the shores of the island by the thousands to lay their eggs and hatch.

They build their nests everywhere, in the sand and on the turf roofs of the houses; the ducks pluck some of the down from their breasts to line the nests with. The eider ducks in Iceland are protected by law, and no one is allowed to shoot them.

An eider duck lays eleven eggs before beginning to hatch. The Icelanders rob the nests every day, and keep the ducks laying until the first of July, when they allow the ducks to have their litter; and by the first of August the ducklings are hatched, and the bays and inlets of the island are alive with the ducks and their broods swimming in the water—a very pretty sight to look upon.

During the nesting period egg speculators come from all over Europe to buy duck eggs.

The eider duck (Somateria dresseri) is about twenty-three inches long; the male is white in the upper part of his body, except the crown of his head, with a greenish white line running into it from behind, and a greenish tinge on the feathers at the sides of the back of the head. Upper breast is white, with a reddish blush; lower breast and all parts including tail above and below, black.

Female.

The upper parts of the body are buff brown, streaked and varied with darker brown and black, the back being the darkest; breast yellow buff barred with black, shading into grayish brown, slightly margined with buff underneath.

Their nesting ranges from Iceland to Nova Scotia and Labrador; wintering in the Great Lake country and New England, very rarely moving as far south as Delaware.

When sleeping under down coverlets on cold winter nights, or comfortably tucked with pillows on the sofas of our drawing rooms, do any of us give any thought to the duck that has been robbed of her down for our comfort?

The Icelanders always take a good part of the down the ducks line their nests with when they rob the nests of eggs. The ducks pluck the down from their breasts to line their nests.

The eider is a deep diver, and keeps well out at sea; and comes to the more thickly populated latitudes only when people have ceased boating for pleasure, consequently we do not know as much about the habit of this bird as we might.

The principal mission of the eider seems to be diving for sea mussels and other food, and which the saddle-back gull often snatches away no sooner the duck reaches the surface.

Before the ducks leave for their northern breeding grounds in March, courting has already begun, and many sharp contests take place. The vanquished and superannuated males do not migrate northward with the mated couples. The eider drake helps his mate build her nest of moss and seaweed, and even plucks down from his own breast to line the nest. The eggs are of a bluish olive gray color.

The average yield of down from an eider's nest in Iceland is about one-sixth of a pound. The gathering of these "live feathers," as they are called, is an important industry in the northern countries of Europe, but shamefully neglected and mismanaged on this side of the Atlantic. The feathers of the eider lose their elasticity if taken from dead birds, consequently the down gathered from the nests is most valuable.

Audubon found large colonies of eider ducks nesting in Labrador in April, and gathered some fresh eggs for food in the month of May. He found both ravens and gulls prowling around the nesting places, sucking eggs and carrying off ducklings.

While the females are nesting the males retire to some quiet place and moult, which leaves them so bare of feathers in July they are hardly able to fly. From this time until mating time again the males and females live apart, the females in small flocks of mothers with their broods, and the males by themselves.

The southern migration begins about the middle of August, the ducks flying swiftly in a direct course, close to the water, but never over the land.

Iceland is the only country where the eider ducks are protected by law; it is too valuable a bird to be killed, and the egg and down industry brings a very tidy income to the hardy, thrifty Icelanders.

The Whistler Ducks, or American Golden-eye (Glaucionetta clangula americana.)

The Whistler are from seventeen to twenty inches long.

Male—The head and throat are short and dark, feathers glossy green, round white space at the base of the bill, breast, neck and greater part of the wings white, wing linings dusky, rest of plumage black. Orange colored feet with dusky webs, black or blackish green bill, with large nostrils, iris bright golden.

Female.—Much smaller than the male, snuff colored head and throat, lacking white space near the bill, foreneck white, upper parts brownish black, under parts white, shading into gray, on sides and upper breast, which wave with gray or brown, speculum white, less white on wings and other parts of body than male, bills variable.

The whistlers range all over North America, wintering in the United States and Cuba. It is also a spring and summer migrant in the United States.

The Indians of the Fraser Valley tell a story of two men in one of their tribes, who began a discussion of what caused the whistling noise produced by these ducks. Was it produced by the wings or by the air rushing through the nostrils.

The discussion soon became general, other members of the tribe joining in. As is usual in such arguments there were two sides; and in a short time several members of the tribe tried to enforce their opinions with their knives and tomahawks. The result was the whole tribe became involved in a free fight, and according to Allan Brooks, the majority of the warriors were killed without settling the question, reminding us of the recent Bolsheviki peace proceedings.

American naturalists claim that the whistling noises are produced by the wings. The whistler, in spite of his short body and small wings, covers enormous distances at an amazing rate of speed, Audubon claiming this duck can fly at the rate of ninety miles per hour.

The whistlers nest in a stump or a hollow tree by the rivers of the far north, and covers her large litter of pale bluish eggs with down from her breast. The males do not share the nesting duties; but join with other males, who live by themselves through the summer.

The fully webbed feet of the whistlers make them powerful swimmers and divers, but interferes with their progress on land, which they rarely visit. Their flesh is rank, fishy and tough, consequently these ducks are

not much sought after as food. This being the case, whistlers very often winter very near ciivilization. For several years a flock of whistlers has wintered in the Charles River, near the North Station in Boston, swimming around in the basin unmindful of the trains passing over the bridge or the railroad employees working right close to them. These little birds certainly enliven the landscape after all the other birds have migrated southward for the winter.

Barrow's Golden Eye, or Whistler (Glaucionetta islandica), a more northern species, that is often seen on the Pacific Coast, may scarcely be told from the common whistler either in features or habits. These ducks invest the salmon cannery regions and gorge themselves on decaying fish. Allan Brooks writes that their note is a hoarse croak. Charles Bonaparte named it the clangula for the same reason. Brooks says that in the mating season the males utter a peculiar mewling cry.

Wood Duck (Aix sponsa.)

Length seventeen to nineteen inches. Also known as Summer Duck, Bridal Duck, Widgeon, Tree, Acron and Wood Duck.

The male has an elongated crest, golden cheeks, with metalic green and purple iridescence, white line from base of the bill to over and behind the eye, another behind it to the end of the crest, breast rich reddish chestnut spotted with white, white underneath, shading into yellowish grey on sides, which are marked with waving lines of black, white markings on long feathers back of the flanks, on the sides. Upper parts dark, iridescent and purplish, greenish brown, white and black crescent in front of wings, which are glossed with purple and green and tipped with white, wing patch purplish blue edged with white spot at either side of base of tail, chestnut purple. Bill pinkish, red at base, black underneath and on ridge and tip. Yellow legs.

Female.—Smaller than the male, crest and wing markings more restricted, dusky head, purple crown, white breast, greyish brown sides, streaked with buff; white underneath. Olive brown back glossed with purple and green. Young drakes resemble the female.

North American range chiefly in the United States, breeding throughout the range, wintering in the south.

This is the most beautiful of all ducks; and some naturalists claim of all other birds. Many people think that Linnacus named the bride (sponsa), although it is the groom that is particularly attractive and festive. The wood duck is an independent little creature, with a way of its own of doing things. For example it nests in trees, rather than on the ground, and walks about on the limbs like any song birds. This is a rather musical duck, for it never quacks, but has a musical call of its own. When they are mating they never cease to be lovers.

The birds arrive from the south in April already mated, and spend the summer in the north. They select an abandoned owl's nest, and line it with leaves. Then the squat little mother proceeds to lay from eight to fourteen eggs. While the mother sets, the drake faithfully stands guard in a neighboring tree in order to warn her of any danger.

When the ducklings are hatched, the mother carries them to the water. Generally the nest is in a tree overhanging the water; then all the mother has to do is to tumble the babies overboard. In case the tree stands back from the water's edge, she carries them one by one in her bill to the water and starts them off, while the proud father swims around guarding them jealously.

In July the drake withdraws to moult, while the duck looks after the family alone. The drake returns from his moulting period in September brilliantly marked and closely resembling the duck. All this time the young birds have been shedding their down and growing feathers like their

mother's. This makes the whole family resemble each other.

The only time the wood ducks assemble in flocks is in autumn, when the southern migration begins.

The wood duck is too beautiful a bird to be killed for food. "Its economic value is too small," says Geo. O. Shields. "I would as soon think of killing and eating a scarlet tanager or a Baltimore oriole. And I hope to see the day when the wood duck will enjoy the protection of song birds all over the United States and Canada."

GOLD STRIPES

A Canadian Mother Speaks.

My Bert 'as just come 'ome again; 'e walks a little lame,
But thank the Lord 'e's got 'is eyes, 'is face is just the same;
I'm that glad the shrapnel miss'd it, I could look at 'im all day,
Though I'd love 'im just as dearly if the 'alf was shot away.
'E ain't so reg'lar 'andsome, and 'e ain't so ugly, too,
But just an average looker, the same as me and you.
And there's not a prouder woman in Alberta, I believe,
When I go out walkin' with 'im, with the gold stripes on 'is sleeve.

There's one 'e says 'e got by bein' just a bloomin' fool;
Fair mad 'e was that day the Boches bombed an infant school.
There was cover for the takin', but 'e couldn't stop to take it;
Through blood and tears 'e saw their line, and knew 'e 'ad to break it.
The other times, 'e says, 'twas just 'is duty that 'e done,
And, once, I know, the orficers they thank'd 'im one by one.
So every day I thank the Lord for what we do receive,
When I walk with Bert in khaki, with the gold stripes on 'is sleeve.

FLORENCE A. VICARS.

The Path of Silence

By F. M. Pettee

I HAD always had a predilection for globe-trotting. I suppose it was because my great-grandmother came from Andalusia. Certainly our ancestral relics seemed to come from everywhere but the moon. I had dipped into many a fad, from Hindoo palimpsests to second thigh-bones, from marvelously carved Tanagrae to bulbs. And the most disastrous of all was bulbs.

I had picked up an African Zicatanus, which was said to blossom in jade green and chrome, strangely variegated; I had found on the banks of the Amazon a very rare orchis Gitangis, which looked when blossomed like a topsy-turvy umbrella of the Emperor of Siam; but it remained for Wade Travis to bring me from Singapore a specimen bulb which was absolutely beyond me. Moreover, after an arduous search in many a bibliography devoted to the rarest species that greenish-red clot of roots which he brought home was simply unmentioned everywhere. He had it in a steel box, locked in. This impressed me as singular. But Travis was a bit of a dabbler, and indulged in strange whims.

"What do you make of it, Gresham?" he demanded.

"I bent over to the coffined bulb. It reminded me of a minute octopus, only its tantacled roots showed three claw-like antennae on their ends. It gave forth a dank, unpleasant odor like putrified flesh.

"How did you come by it?" I parried, as I took out my magnifying-glass and put it under a powerful nitrogen bulb in my workshop.

He was unusually curt in his response. "Do you remember Naham Greenich?" he asked.

"Crank on dope, drugs and queer poisons," I itemized; "rather a genius along those lines. Why?—Say," I interrupted myself, for I had been studying this strange specimen while I had answered him, "did you jolt the table then? I fancied those tentacle roots moved a bit."

He looked at me strangely. "No," he said. "I wasn't touching the table. Maybe a draught——"

"Pooh!" I retorted. "Why, that bulb is protected by the walls of your steel box, and the roots are flat with the bottom."

"About Geenich," he continued, as though flecking aside my imagination, "it was he who discovered the source of this bulb, which he called Carrionia. And—Greenich was found dead the day he brought this one back."

"Heart failure?" I queried. "He was always rather embonpoint."

"No," was the slow reply. "Greenich did not die of heart failure."

"What the deuce do you mean?" I explaimed.

"I mean," he said significantly, "that three of the roots of this bulb, found crushed in his pocket under him, were clinging to his side like leeches."

"Pooh?" I scoffed, peering down at the sinister bulb. "That's not strange, since they ooze a sticky, reddish fluid."

"Ah," he said, "they didn't simply stick. They had burrowed, gnawed their way through his clothing, and—those finger-like tips had grazed the skin. Greenich died very suddenly, and the coroner said: 'Causes Unknown.'"

"A coincidence, that's all," I assured him. "When he fell, striking on the pocket which held the bulb, naturally the force of his fall drove those

sturdy, sharp-pointed roots through his clothing."

Travis drummed the table, whistling nervously. "Well," he said finally, "there is no man now alive who knows as much as you about queer bulbs. I brought it for you to add to your collection. But, remember, I have warned you——"

I laughed heartily. "You're a bit unstrung by Greenich's sudden death."

"I am," he admitted. "And don't you think, it will look just as well in your collection if you keep it in that box that I had made especially?"

Again I laughed facetiously. "Why, man," I said jovially, "I'm going to cut it back and plant it. Maybe its blossom is worth a fortune."

"Or something more precious," he observed sinisterly, as he left me.

* * * *

Of course, I was anxious to plant my fortune at once. I swung back to a cabinet, stocked with many vials, and brought out a glass of alcohol. From a drawer I took my specially made powerful microscope and cleaned it thoroughly with the alcohol. I left the bottle cabinet open slightly, so that the pungent odor of many chemicals struck my nose not unpleasantly. Then I placed the tripod feet of the huge microscope over the steel box.

The tubular roots with their three-tined ends were veined heavily, and the little hair-like antennae were hollow. The fluid structure of the veins appeared brownish under the powerful light. Very painstakingly I took a glass spoon of tiny dimensions and placed a particle of the oozing substance on a piece of plate glass for examination. Like Greenich, I had dabbled much in little-known poisons.

I wanted to place the sticky fluid in a solution of pelosis, since that strange chemical might dissolve this strange substance into some more workable form. My bottle of pelosis was on the lower glass shelf of the cabinet, which was fitted for some of those first steps in my various experiments. I swung about sharply with the little drop on the glass in my left hand. I put out this left hand, forgetful of the open door. Its edge collided with the little square of glass and whirled the latter out of my hand, which had been raised to the height of my throat, and the glass hit me on the throat directly below the chin. One of its heavy edges, from the force of the impact, cut a gash in my throat, and I felt a strange, prickling sensation. Then, as the blood trickled down, the bit of glass fell to the floor, poison side down.

I *knew* that some of that sticky fluid had penetrated the cut in my throat. I dashed for the most powerful antidote against vegetable poison that I knew, and as I staunched the flow of blood with one hand, I managed to turn some of the antidote into a glass with the other. I gulped it down, feeling momentarily more conscious of that terrible drawing feeling in the cords of my throat. As I rushed down the corridor to my telephone I half-expected to feel the insidious spreading of that strange feeling now localized to my throat. I knew how quickly certain powerful poisons acted. I took down the receiver to summon my physician.

But as I tried to give the number I was horrified to find that I could not *speak*. Again and again I tried, but it was like listening for a voice that would not come. I tore down stairs to a servant. James stared at me wide eyed. With shaking fingers, I withdrew a pencil and a note-book from my pocket.

"I cannot speak," I wrote. "Call Dr. Armstrong at once."

As I saw his disappearing back I was conscious of the sensation of floating. Then I knew no more.

* * * *

"He's coming to," I heard a voice as if from a great distance.

Dr. Armstrong held my pulse, and looked down reassuringly. My throat was swathed in bandages, and the doctor's open medicine case showed hastily withdrawn vials.

I opened my mouth to question, but no sound came.

"Never mind," he said briskly. "It

might have been much worse. You've had a close shave. As it is, I think your stroke of paralysis has been confined to the cords of your throat. James said you'd lost your voice. How did you get that gash in your throat?"

I sat up weakly, and motioned for a pencil and a pad. Then I tersely scrawled my story.

"Impossible!" he excleimed.

"The proofs are up-stairs," I wrote, as I stood up shakily.

"I want to see it," he said.

"Keep away from it," I wrote, as he and James helped me to the scene which had been nearly fatal.

All the proofs were there, and they both gingerly looked at the ugly bulb.

"Well," said Dr. Armstrong, finally, "all I know is, that you're mighty lucky. Obviously, it is some powerful vegetable poison which acts instantaneously until it strikes the heart, paralyzing certain muscular cords. Its insidious effect begins in the spot where the poison enters the circulatory system. You must have taken in the most infinistesimal bit, which was localized in your vocal cords. And you did well when you took that powerful antidote. Undoubtedly that helped confine its effects."

"Won't I ever be able to speak again?" I wrote.

"Frankly, I don't know. It is a unique case. But we must bury that thing at once," and he motioned to the bulb.

I nodded, and James snapped down the cover, by gingerly poking it into position with another spoon. Then I produced the key and they locked it safely. They carried it out to a near-by lot, and as the doctor gave instructions, James dug a grave for the deadly, death-dealing bulb. There it was interred.

* * * *

It took ten months of treatment by electricity to restore my benumbed cords.

When I could hear my voice again I had long since crossed off from my list of fads that one which had seemed most promising. I seemed to hear my own bumptiously confident words, "Maybe its blossom is worth a fortune." While Travis' voice observed prophetically, "Or something more precious."

SUMMER SONG

There are white moon daisies in the mist of the meadow
Where the flowered grass scatters its seeds like spray,
There are purple orchids by the woodways' shadow,
There are pale dog-roses by the white highway;
And the grass, the grass is tall, the grass is up for hay,
With daisies white like silver and buttercups like gold,
And it's oh! for once to play through the long, the lovely day,
To laugh before the year grows old!

There is silver moonlight on the breast of the river
Where the willows tremble to the kiss of night,
Where the nine tall aspens in the meadow shiver,
Shiver in the night wind that turns them white.
And the lamps, the lamps are lit, the lamps the glow-worms light,
Between the silver aspens and the West's last gold.

E. NESBIT.

The Cave Woman

By Lucy Millar

BUENOS dios, Senora. Please, I like it for stop by you tonight, for my horse bees muy haungry an' tired, an' me—I bees like a woman mucho lame an' viejo (old). I'm comin' back from Quipipe whaur I been see the fiesta for long time, mebby one week.

"Se, Senora, I hap have it a good time—si—muy better as some folks. Two garruls, they bees feel muy sorry them at fiesta, for they lose it mebby a sweetheart an' never see heem no more.

"One Injun garrul, she is comin' from town to fiesta an' makin' some heap trouble for Rosalie Alta an' her beau, Zapata Kleach, which bees thinkin' them to get it maury by'm'by when fiesta is close, an' Father Ubach will be comin' to Reservation for baptize littie babys, an' maury it any Injuns what want it.

"Rosalie Alta bees a fine garrul for make it a good wife. She is not be lazy, an' like for be nice, clean, an' she wash it good her han's when she is for slap the tortilla dough thin, thin. Then she wipe nice from ashes the hot stones for bake the tortillas on. She is go down by creek where is grow the tulies an' rushes an' cuts it some, makin' a nice broom for sweep an' keep clean her padrone's camp. She is sew it the red calico an' maik it a muy bonita dress, an' brush an' tie it her hair in red ribbon bow, so Zapata like to look it at hur when he is comin' to fiesta.

"Zapata, he is look at hur some when he is be wit' hur, but he likes more for look at tortillas an' sowie she is maik it for heem. He bees beeg fine mans, an' hees black eyes, fierce like it the eagle, is grow sof' an' speakin' like when he is look some at hur, an' when he is look like that at hur, she is tremble an' lookin' down shy-like, an' she bees so glad for to have it these bonito hombre like for to maury wit it hur. An' Zapata, he doan' be seein' any othro garrul as hur till Anita Piune she is come to fiesta.

"Rosalie, she bees a kind, sweet garrul, but only knows it how for cook somethin' Injunc likes, an' all time wait on it hur hombre for keep heem happy an' maik it heem like for stay by hur.

"Anita, hur bees anothro kind. She is know mocho smart thing what she is learn from the Indian school, an' Mrs. Smith where she bees workin' in the city for. Anita is know how for read an' write like Americans they do, an' she is wear it the bonito thing what Mrs. Smith gives to hur, when she is hap worn them plenty hurself. An' she has learn how for puttin' red paint an' white paint on hur faces, an' she roll it hur beeg black eye at all the mens what she is thinkin' she wants for to like it hur.

"Anita is tell it Mrs. Smith, where she bees workin': 'Oh, please, Mrs. Smith, I like it for go to fiesta at Quipipe. All my people an' frien's they bees goin' an' I like mocho for go. I wish for sing an' dance for my little sistie which has go to spirit lan', an' she is cry, an' cry for go toward settin' sun, she mus' stay whaure is cold an' dark an' no can go to the bright lan' till I'm singin' an' dance an' burn it the misqua for hur in the house of dead peoples. Nex' time I go, I will be muy viejo for no more times do the Injuns sing, for theys dead as twenty yeaur.'

"Mrs. Smith she say: 'All right,

Anita, you go, an' I will gipe it you some fine dress, what I doan' want no more, for wear to fiesta.' An' she is gip to garrul some dress an' one bonito, shiny red silk dress that is hap beeg flower all over it; it bees what you, Senora, call a kimona. An' Mrs. Smith is fin' it a green silk parasol which she is gipe to Anita, too. The handle is lookin' bright like gol' an' fringe bees on the edge of it. Then, Anita is takin' all these thing, an' go for fiesta happy glad, for she is know how she bees more bonita as any Injun garrul there at fiesta.

"When Anita is come to fiesta, she is paint hur faces white an' red, an' put it on the bonito dress an' is go out for walk for show it hurself. She is roll it hur eye an' smilin' poco when she see some fine hombre what she like for to look at hur. When she is furs' see Zapata Kleach—wow!—it is hit hur heart bad like that. She is lookin' at no more hombres; she is only care for to maik Zapata look at hur. She is stay near all time an' tryin' for maik it heem leave Rosalie an' walk somewhere wit hur, Anita.

"Anita is maik Rosalie feel it ver' sourry, an' she is thinkin' it, Rosalie, how she is like it mochos for throw some boiling water on Anita when she is standin' near cook house, where Rosalie is helpin' fix it the jerky meat for dry. Anita is there all time an' maik it the—how you call it?—the 'goo-goo eye' at Zapata an' is try for maik heem come away wit hur.

"Firs' day Zapata, he is only look long outside of corner of hees eye at Anita, an' didn't say nottin'; but nex' day when she is pass an' give it heem the 'come wit me' look, she bees lookin' so bonita, dress all in her red kimono an' holdin' it the green parasol up so proud, he is watchin' hur these time without care of Rosalie's mad. Anita is walk slow pass cook-house, then walkin' back an' smile it so sweet at Zapata. All while Rosalie is lookin' the black death at Anita, an' tryin' for to maik Zapata look at hur instead, an' eat it some nice thing she is malk for it heem.

"Zapata he stay for eat, si, but soon as hees full it up, he is turn roun' an' followin' Anita to walk with it hur, for he bees want for to see how she is rollin' hur eye an' smile it sweet, all for heem, an' he is like it that, mochos.

"Rosalie she is not follow, for she mus' stay at cook-house helpin' to maik it things for eat for feed Injuns what is comin' long ways over desert from Yuma for help to dance an' to sing the dead peoples to the Happy Lan'.

"Nex' day, an' nex' day is Zapata go for to walk wit Anita, an' Rosalie is watchin' them go an' walk so close together, an' so sourry hur now, for she is thinkin' no more will Zapata care to stay by hur an' talk it the sweet thing in hur ear, or maik it hur tremble, lookin' so soft out of hees black eye down to hur. No, he bees tellin' it all to Anita, an' Anita is gipe it Rosalie what white mens call it the 'ha, ha.' Then Rosalie is goin' away by hurself an' cry an' cry all alone; till one night hur padrone, he bees callin' hur for to come an' sing it for hees side, the gamble song for the peon game.

"You know the peon game, Senora, where mens are kneelin' down in two rows before a camp fire an' bet an' bet all noches for money? The womens that belongs to the mens mus' sing it the good luck song for them, so they can get it the right guess on littie sticks what uthro mens is holdin' hide in theys han's, an' so can win it mocho pesos.

"Zapata he bees not playin' on it the padrone's side; he was play it on othro side. Rosalie she be sourry for that, for she wish it mochos to song the good luck song for hur an' Zapata, so Anita she can maik it no more troubles for hur an' Zapata. She is lookin' 'cross the fire at Zapata wit the beeg beggin' look in hur eyes, an' singin' loud, loud the song, but Anita she bees standin' back of Zapata an' is sing loud, too, so he don't hear it hur, Rosalie.

"Soon, Anita is call Zapata from it the game, an' she an' he is go away

in the dark noches, an' not comin' back till nex' day.

"Nex' day all Injuns is lookin' for see where bees Zapata an' Anita. Rosalie is cry an' moan an' pull it the ribbon from hur hair, an' is tear it hur new red calico dress what she is maik for wear to fiesta an' for to maury hur Zapata. She is maik it look turrible, hur, wit it hur hair all tare down an' dress all spoi. An' she bees runnin' wild like cow what is lose hur calf, lookin' for it Zapata an' Anita, an' she hap it the black murder look in hur eye.

"One Injun is fin' out an' tellin' it hur how Zapata an' Anita hap been go to the Manzanita reservation where is stoppin' Father Ubach, an' they get it heem for to maury them.

"Then Rosalie is stop cryin' an' watchin' hard down reservation trail, till mos' about sundown she can see them comin' back, ridin' both on hees pony. Then is Rosalie standin' still, still, like tree when no wind is blow, an' hur face it is go dead when Zapata an' Anita come in ridin' on hees broncho.

"She is sit behind heem, one arm roun' hees waist, so, an' is hold in othro han' hur green parasol, so proud. She is wear the red silk kimona an' is spread it so bright, all over pony's back. On her feet she hap put some socks Mr. Smith hap gip to hur, blue silk, turrible short, but she bees hap on some beaded moccosins, too, so she is thinkin' mebby nobody is goin' to look it at hur bare legs too mocho. Anyway Injunc don't care.

"The pony bees comin' trot, trot, trot, an' hur green umbrella it is goin' bob, bob, bob, an' Rosalie bees standin' still, still like if she never move again. But when the pony is for pass hur, Anita is look down at hur, Rosalie, an' smile wicked in hur faces. Then life is come back muy pronto to Rosalie. She is quick gipe one turrible scream, an' jump for grab Anita an' pull it hur off of pony's back. She is tare at Anita's hair, an' scratchin' hur faces till the blood is cover all over it. She is pull Anita down in the dirt, where they bees scratch an' yell an' scratch it like two bob-cat, an' Rosalie bees bitin' an' tarin' it the red silk kimona to littie fine rags. Rosalie is fight like a dog what is go loco when days bees hot, an' Anita can't do nottin' hur but scream. Injuns bees 'fraid to touch it hur, Rosalie, for maik let Anita go.

"Rosalie is tare all clothes off Anita an' is tramp an' break it the green parasol, too. Then she is 'member it Zapata, an' is like for grab an' beat an' tare it at heem some, but Zapata, he is put spurs to hees bronc' an' is 'beat it' away from there fas', fas' as hees pony can go, an' he don't come back no more.

"Si, I tell it you, there bees two garruls at fiesta what knows it the happy glad no more.

"On reservation the win' is blowin' it the green rag, an' the red rag, an' pickin' 'em up for play wit mauny day. That bees all is lef' for 'member now."

The Sea Otter in California

By C. L. Andrews

NOT LONG ago there was brought to the city of San Francisco a strange animal. It was thick-bodied, its hind legs were strong muscled and equipped with webbed feet, its skin was loose and baggy, the pelage was soft, long and beautiful. The animal was pronounced to be a sea otter, a lone specimen of a once numerous breed which were taken by the thousands along those shores during the opening years of the last century. The capture of this occasioned much comment, for it had been considered to be virtually extinct for nearly half a century on the California coast, and the finding of this specimen was as remarkable as was the killing of a badger in southeastern Massachusetts within recent years. How it existed through these intervening decades and eluded the relentless pursuit that has been waged, is a mystery, although there are rumors of an occasional otter being seen along the shores of the islands beyond the Santa Barbara Channel.

The California sea otter, like the fur seal of the Farallone Islands, was lighter in color and poorer in pelage than its kindred of the colder northern waters, and it was also smaller in size, according to the accounts of the Russian fur hunters. Mr. Khlebnikof, who was for many years the chief of the counting house at Sitka, and who was the owner of the Khlenbnikof farm at Ross, says: "The farther south the browner grows the skin. The otter from California are generally smaller, in the winter they are black, but with thin fur and without spots. The principal advantage of the winter catch is the better color of the fur and a smaller number of small skins, as the cubs, or "medvyedke," go along with the grown animals." It was found along the whole coast from the northern boundary to the southern part of the peninsula of Lower California.

The animal must have been very plentiful in the southern part of the country during the closing years of the eighteenth century, for Bancroft tells us in his History of California that the master of the "Lelia Byrd" purchased 1,600 otter skins in July of 1802, at San Blas, Mexico. It is not mentioned whether these were land or sea otter, but probably consisted of both. The captains of the American boats who were along the coast, trading and smuggling at every opportunity, secured many of the pelts, and during the next year Commandant Rodriguez, at San Diego, seized 491 skins from one Captain Brown of the "Alexander," for being in contraband trade. These skins must have been taken from animals which came ashore, or very close to land, as the Spanish had few boats and went offshore very little. There were no such hunting boats among them as were used by the Aleuts of the Alaskan coast. That the sea otter, which is such a shy, land-avoiding animal in the north at the present time, was more accustomed to frequent the land is shown by the accounts of their being taken with lassoos along the bay of San Francisco about 1832. Before 1790 there is a record in the Spanish chronicles of the time, of 9,729 skins being taken, of a value of $87,669, and these were shipped to China, which was at that time the great fur market of the world. The traders of the time made the circuit of the globe on their voyages, gathering furs from California to

Alaska, took them to the Chinese cities, sold them in Canton, and then buying silks and nankeens, tea and porcelain, returned by the way of the Cape of Good Hope to their home ports.

The limited number of pelts that were secured from the shore hunting were soon exhausted, and another method was adopted to secure them. October 14, 1803, an American captain named O'Kean, or O'Cain, his name is spelled in various ways in the records of the time, sailed the ship "Eclipse" into the harbor of St. Paul's on Kodiak Island. He went to the chief manager of the Russian American Company, Alexander Andreevich Baranof, who was in charge of the whole of the Russian dominions in America at that time, and told him a strange story of an island in the far south where the sea otter were plentiful beyond computation. He asked that Baranof would furnish him with a company of his Kodiak hunters, with their wonderful bidarkas, to hunt in those seas, and proposed to divide the catch equally with the Russian company. Baranof accepted his proposal and gave him 20 of the decked canoes of the Aleutian Islands, made of skins stretched over a light framework, called bidarkas. Each of these carried two Kodiak men, skillful hunters, fully equipped for the hunt. These native hunters were under the direct leadership of a Russian foreman, or "peredovchik," named Shutzof.

O'Kean sailed south to San Diego, then to San Quentin Bay, and hunted with good success until the following March, when he returned to Kodiak and delivered to Baranof 1,100 skins as the Russian company's part of the proceeds. In addition to this it was reported by Shutzof that Captain O'Kean did much trading along the coast, by which he secured seven hundred other skins at from $3 to $4 each.

This method of gathering the coveted peltries was not long to remain the exclusive right of one Yankee trader, and in May of 1806 Captain John Winship received 50 bidarkas, manned by about one hundred Kodiak men under charge of a trusted employee of the Russians, named Slobodchikof. With these hunters he went along the coast, sweeping the otter from the seas, for seldom an animal escaped that was spied by those keen eyed hunters from the north, going as far as Cedros Island, in San Sebastian Bay, he gathered a rich harvest of fur. He had a quarrel with Slobodshikof. The Russian left the ship and bought a small schooner, the "Nikolai," with which he went to the Sandwich Islands. Winship then returned to Sitka, reaching that place in September of the ensuing year with 4,820 skins as the result of a year and a quarter of hunting.

Other of the Yankee captains followed the example of these. In October of the same year, a Captain Campbell took 12 bidarkas, with their crews of hunters, and collected 1,231 animals. The "Derby," under command of Captain Swift, made a contract for 25 bidarkas with 50 hunters in 1807, but the result of his cruise is not known. Captain George W. Ayres of the "Mercury," hunted in 1808, leaving Sitka in May, and the share of the company was 1,040 skins; John Winship, on the ship "O'Kean," went out with a hundred hunters, and his catch was 5,452; Captain Nathan Winship, of the "Albatross," left in October, 1810, and brought on return 1,120 as the result of his voyage. In the following year there were three ships which were supplied with these skilfull hunters. The "Amethyst," under Captain Thomas Meek; the "Ekaterina," commanded by Captain Blanchard; and the "Isabella," sailing under Captain Wm. Davis, all from the shores of New England. So many of the trading ships of that day were from Boston that the synonym for American on the Northwest Coast came to be "Boston Man;" while the Englishmen were known as "King George Men." These three ships gathered 5,934 skins, of which Meek took 1,442; Blanchard, 1,516; and Davis, 2,976. By this time the richest part of the harvest had been

gathered, the animals were declining in number, and it was 1813 before the "Charon" sailed under Captain Whittemore, the last one of the Yankee ships to take a bidarka fleet to hunt off the California coast. His catch was 1,792 skins, with which he returned to Sitka to bring home the hunters, and to deliver to the Russians the share due them.

One of the terms of the contract was that any of the hunters who might be lost on the voyage, either by any one of the many dangers attendant upon that perilous employment of hunting on the open ocean in the frail skin canoes, or by capture by the Spanish, would be paid for upon return. The sum to be paid varied with different ships, usually being about 200 piastres, and was to be applied to the keeping of the family of the lost.

The Russian American Company were too much alive to the profits of the voyages to allow a monopoly of the industry to go to the Yankee skippers while they controlled the only hunters who were really effective in securing these animals. In 1808, Baranof's assistant, and trusted associate, Kuskof, sailed for the California coast in the Russian schooner "Nikolai," having on board 200 bidarkas and their Kodiak crews, the hunters being under charge of Slobodchikof. The results were 1,700 skins with which Kuskof returned to Sitka. He then fitted out the ship "Kodiak" and sailed for the south on September 20th of the same year. Reaching Bodega in December, he hunted until August of the next year, when he went north with 1,900 of the coveted furs.

The American shipmasters did not confine themselves to the collecting of sea otter alone, on the California coast. At the time the captains of the "Albatross" and the "Isabella" sailed on their southern voyages they were interested in taking fur seals from the Farallones, where, in those days, was one of the great fur seal rookeries of the northern hemisphere. It is recorded in the annals of the time that Captain William Smith, who was the mate of the "Albatross," went to the Farallones in 1808 with a party of Kodiak natives, and in the course of two years took 130,000 fur seals; Captain Gale took 33,740 in 1810; 21,153 in 1811; and Captain Brown took 18,509; a total of 203,402 in four years.

The Russians were desirous of securing some of this booty, and, although the richest of the plunder had been gathered, they set about establishing a station for making use of the remainder. In January of 1811 Kuskof again sailed for the California coast, reached Bodega in February, sent a fleet of 22 bidarkas into San Francisco Bay, where they secured 1,160 otter and 78 yearlings. The Spanish resented their presence in the bay and endeavored to drive them away, but were unsuccessful until they hit on the expedient of guarding the springs, where they secured fresh water. During his stay Kuskof selected a location for the Russian fort, then went to Sitka to procure the supplies for the establishment.

The settlement of Ross was finished in June of 1812, and from this as a base the hunters searched the coast for the furs. In this hunting they took skins as follows: From 1812-1814, 877; in 1815, 153; 1816, 97; 1817, 55; 1818, 13; 1819 (including Ilmen Island), 71; 1820, 22; 1821, 35; 1822-3, 43; a total of 1,366, of which 255 were yearlings. The ships coming from Sitka to Ross captured, in 1822, from the brig "Volga," 15; in 1823, the brig "Buldakof," 46; the brig "Volga," 41. Some of these were taken on the Farallones, where some fur seals were also taken during a period of several years. The otter had practically passed from the sea along the upper coast before 1820, and of this the Russian writer, Tikhmenef, says: "In 1817 the sea otter from Trinidad Bay to the Bay of San Antonio (near the mouth of the Bay of San Francisco) were entirely removed." The fur seal had also been exterminated by the same date, according to this authority.

The only places in which the sea otter remained in 1823 were the pro-

tected bays over which the Spaniards had control. Baranof had endeavored, during his administration, to get permission from the Spanish authorities to hunt in the bays upon payment of a certain share of the proceeds to the Californian government. This was refused, but in 1823 the negotiations of Chief Manager Mouravief were more successful. An agreement was made, under which during the years from 1823 to 1826 the Aleut and Kodiak hunters under the Russian American Company took 2,039 skins in the bay of San Francisco, San Pedro, Monterey and other places. Of these skins, one was made a present to the Californian Governor, the Californian government received 857, and the Russians took 1,181.

The animals were nearly extinct along the whole coast at this time. The whole number taken is not known, but must have been large. Sir George Simpson, in his Journey Round the World, in 1841-2, estimated the catch of the Russians in California to have been 80,000. In his position as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company he should have had a good knowledge of the fur trade, but the Russian records do not bear out his estimate. The whole number authentically recorded is between 35,000 and 40,000, including the catch of the American boats, and the share of the Spanish in the Russian hunting. Of these the Russians had between fifteen and sixteen thousand, 15,337 to use the record of the Russian writers.

A few animals remained in sheltered localities and in 1832 hunting licenses were issued by the Californian government, under which a few were taken. A small colony was on the Bay of San Francisco, at Sonoma Creek, it is said, in which General Vallejo took an especial interest, and by whom they were protected and preserved for some years. In 1847, however, this last community of the animals was broken up, and from that time sea otter has been practically extinct along the California coast.

BLACK-BIRDS IN AUTUMN

Autumn walks the wood-paths, laughing with the west wind,
Arms filled with asters and gentians airy-blue;
The rooks are flying over, chaffing with this best wind—
The trees are caravansaries for the gipsy crew.

Black-birds trill sweet in the glowing by-paths
A last good-by to summer, then flash on pilgrim wing
All down the cloud-ways and all down the sky-paths
To the golden sun-lands—to come again with spring.
Along the woodland edge I hear the splash of sunlit water,
Where, slowly dropping from ahigh, the leafy shallops float—
And there, a form of misted-gold, the round year's fairest daughter,
Wild autumn, it right merrily trips to the black-bird's lingering note!

VERNE BRIGHT.

A Miner and His Wild Pets

By J. B. Reinhart

A FEW years ago a miner and engineer took charge of a hoist and engine in a tunnel two hundred feet straight in from surface. Here was cut in the solid rock a station with a vent to the surface three hundred feet for air and smoke. This hoist went to levels deep down from which gold ore was hoisted to the upper tunnel; thence to the surface and a ten stamp mill.

My story has to do with Watchman Smith and his pets.

Smith always blew the whistle at this station for 12 o'clock, night. He went on shift at 6 p. m. Twelve o'clock midnight was lunch time, one hour, for all men at work in the mine.

This tunnel had a big square lantern, 20x20 in., a glass facing the entrance, and with the reflected bright light it attracted all kinds of insects, beetles, bugs and the like that bumped against the glass.

Smith was a new man. The first night he lit the big lamp he discovered a new cobweb built so close to the door that he was compelled to destroy it in order to clean and light the lamp. In the background he saw a big black spider; it ran viciously at him as he brushed away the web. Smith was a sort of philosopher, and he became interested to learn if the spider would know and realize how and what it meant to spin a web in that particular place.

As soon as the web was destroyed, out came the spider, and went at spinning a new web, with long lines from the lagging of ceiling and sides of the tunnel. Smith took special interest of the knowing insect's work, as he noticed on measurement that the spider had shifted the web back three inches from its former place. The spider kept at his work, and before the cleaning of the lamp came again, Mr. Spider had finished a beautiful piece of web work about 4x4 in. in size.

Smith became more interested than ever, as he was forced again to destroy all this intricate and beautiful work. It stood until next day; then, of necessity, it was brushed away. The spider seemed to be very angry, and made repeated attempts to bite Smith's hand.

After this destruction the spider again took up the work, and on measuring the distance, he found it was three inches farther away. So the spider was allowed to again finish the web, just as beautiful as the former mesh. Its exact measurements were just the same as the others.

So this work of necessary destruction and rebuilding went along until the spider had builded nine webs. The last web was three inches clear of the door, when Smith opened it for lighting and cleaning. Naturally, Smith was greatly amazed at the wonderful reasoning of this common black spider, and he decided to undertake a more extended acquaintance with the persistent intruder. Smith always sat in front of the lamp on a keg, with his lunch pail between his knees. He saw the spider intently watching him, and he took a little speck of honey on a tine of his fork and reached it near the spider and left it on the web. After a time the spider came carefully out of his web, and evidently enjoyed the sweet.

The next night the same thing occurred, and so night after night, and when the big whistle blew, spider "Tom" came out on his web on that signal night after night. After a

month the spider used to drop down to Smith's knee, and there take his sweets with his friend while he ate lunch. This singular friendship continued for over two years. Always the sweet was there, and always Smith had a companion.

After this had gone on six months, a mouse appeared one night at 12 o'clock. So Smith, by careful placing of tid-bits, called the mouse out, and after a little time the mouse ate on his knee. These little lunches at midnight down deep in the mine came to be regular, and always happened as the big whistle blew. For over two years this was a regular happening.

Then Smith went away on a two weeks' vacation. On his return his first question was to find out how his two pets were getting along.

"Oh," replied the man, "the spider ran up me knee, an' I thought he was goin' to bite me, so I killed him, an' of course I killed the mouse too."

Smith, in a rage, shot out his fist and knocked the man down, and later was fired for laziness.

Smith took up his old rounds in the mine again, and in time he taught another mouse to feed on his knee, as did the other one.

GIFTS OF THE DEAD

Ye who in Sorrow's tents abide,
  Mourning your dead with hidden tears,
Bethink ye what a wealth of pride
  They've won you for the coming years.

Grievous the pain; but, in the day
  When all the cost is counted o'er,
Would it be best that ye should say:
  "We lost no loved ones in the war?"

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand
  That best, most honored boast to make:
"My lover died for his dear land,"
  Or, "My son fell for England's sake."

Christlike they died that we might live;
  And our redeemed lives would we bring,
With aught that gratitude may give
  To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread,
  No foot of seashore, hill or lea,
But ye may think: "The dead, *my* dead,
  Gave this, a sacred gift, to me."

HABBERTON LULHAM.

The German Octopus

By W. Morris Colles

UNDERGROUND Germanism indubitably has won signal triumphs in the Italian debacle and the Russian tragedy. Cataclysms designed to bring nations to the brink of ruin could only have been compassed, as we shall have occasion to show, by a tireless husbandry of their soil and a studied seduction of their people. Nor can these foul machinations, which have proved fruitful beyond the German dreams, be regarded as merely isolated efforts. There is overwhelming evidence that they are the tools of a concerted purpose. Germany's "defaitiste campaign" —to use her euphemism for the most gigantic machinery of corruption known to history—has been, and is being, fought today behind every front and amongst the people of every country, whether belligerent or neutral. It is as grandiose in conception as that dead dream of Pan-German Dominion of which it is the aftermath.

It must here be stated, with all possible insistence, that its menace is deadly and urgent, and that, unless the several belligerents of the Entente organize their civil armies, with a single purpose, they will risk disasters which will threaten their own national integrity, and imperil their existence of the Alliance itself. Their armies and navies may, on the eve of victory, crowning a bravery which beggars all the records of crivalry, find themselves robbed of the fruits by the shameful folly of the peoples they are defending from horrors unspeakable and a future which would be a living death.

The case for a Supreme War Council so auspiciously inaugurated at Versailles—which it is needless to recapitulate here—applies with even greater urgency, if this be conceivable, to that for a Supreme Civil Council. The parallels between military strategy and civil strategy rest not merely on analogy but on logic. Both aim at the same objectives and both are equally destructive in their incidence. The disintegration of national solidarity is as fatal to sovereignty as the destruction of armies in the field. In a war of peoples the front is not limited to the fighting lines, but is conterminous with the national boundaries. The strength of the British Empire rests upon the absolute integrity in *moral* of the people in each and every part of the earth which flies the British flag. A moment's reflection should suffice to make us all realize that we are vulnerable over an area which embraces half the world, and that we have, primarily, to safeguard the destinies of the four hundred and thirty-five millions who are under British sway. Our chronic divergence in politics, the breakdown of our party system, and perhaps that careless freedom of which we are so proud, leave us an easy prey, at this supreme crisis, to enemy agents astutely exploiting every ground of difference whether of race, religion or class.

The Alliance itself, which adds such an enormous area to our trust, makes the task one which almost beggars the imagination, embracing as it does, on a rough computation, 1,400,000,000 souls. The fighting fronts of the Allies are long enough to impose an almost superhuman strain upon their joint fighting strength on land and sea; but the civil fronts now embrace as much of both the Eastern and the Western Hemispheres as do not, willy-nilly, yield allegiance to the Central

Empires. For the Allies are also the guardians of every neutral country and alone stand between it and enslavement. If Germany wins the war, what will the independence of Scandinavia, Holland, Spain and Switzerland be worth? The Allies are, too, for that matter, fighting for world democracy —that is, for the right of every people, including enemy peoples, to rule themselves—against a malignant tyranny, a veritable apotheosis of despotism, resting its sanctions on a Rule of Fear, barren of defense before God or man.

The Rome Conference was convened to consider, as well as the co-ordination of military effort, the "necessary measures to counteract the fatal propaganda conducted by the Austro-German emissaries amongst the Italians, and to insure in future the defeat of these machinations before they materialize." It is fervently to be hoped that the Inter-Allied Supreme War Council of Versailles has provided the machinery essential to the fulfillment of this aspiration. The eminent soldiers who are to advise the Allied War Cabinet, and their entourage, cannot, clearly, be expected to cope with political questions nor, primarily, with propaganda at all.

It may be safely affirmed that there has, in the past, been little or no attempt at the co-ordination of the Allied propaganda. British, American, French, Italian, Serbian, Roumanian, Japanese and, at one stage in the war, Russian propaganda systems have, of course, been at work. One and all were, however, primarily, if not wholly, self-centered, scrappy and isolated alike as regards direction, form and purpose, and largely limited to national aims. It was inevitable, therefore, that their single or cumulative effects upon the course of the War as affected by the hostile civil offensive, should have been so largely barren. The results of their action were frequently dissipated by divergencies in general purpose, or wasted in a futile rivalry. It must, therefore, be the first aim of the Allies to have done once and for all, for the sake of their common ideals. We cannot deny that there are difficulties to be overcome in arriving at a working system. There are psychological distinctions which cannot be ignored. It is hard for the Latin mind and the Anglo-Saxon mind to see things eye to eye. Their points d'appui and their outlook do not coalese. It is indeed no easy matter for us to view matters in the same perspective as, even, our Transatlantic cousins. But, with a cause so holy, so purely altruistic in both its origins and its aims, we have a bond of union which should serve to make all the elements of civilized mankind, whatever their "diversities of gifts," one band of brothers. We have to deliver the world from the menace of a people which knows not pity, that "virtue of the law," and is still boasting of its purpose to bring all nationalities into bondage to its own gain and its sole aggrandizement. "Unity" must be our common beacon until this tyranny be overpast. Unity will make for strength. It will operate nationally as well as internationally. A government or a country—there is a distinction and a difference—which is ad idem in fact, as well as in form, with the other Allied Governments, or countries, will be all the stronger at home as well as abroad. They will give each other mutual support, and will, one and all, be the better able to offer "a single front" to all attacks of cliques, or claques, or cabals, whether of home manufacture or of "enemy origin."

"If we persistently neglect these first principles of strategy, our foes will continue to possess in the civil, as they have possessed hitherto in the military sphere, the undisturbed advantages accruing from "unity of control," "a single front" and "interior lines." There may be much that is simply amusing in the miraculous rapidity with which they are credited by self-styled experts with being able to transfer hundreds of thousands of men with their munitionment from the Russian to the Italian or French fronts, but, so far as their propaganda is concerned, they can and do shift their attacks with such

lightning speed that nothing but a practical system of co-ordinated counteraction can enable the Alliance to meet the maneuver on equal terms. A Supreme Civil Council possessing the essential executive powers, and in the commanding position which pooled intelligence alone can secure, would be able to interpose at will sound civil tactics between the enemy and his political aims in every part of the earth. Neither Great Britain nor her Allies are so poor in resource that they could not, "an they would," confront the enemy with an effective defensive and offensive plan of campaign. The mistakes of omission or commission in Russia or Italy, to which we must return, can be prevented in the light of our sharp experience and of the warnings this conveys.

As matters stand it is indubitable that the Allies have been worsted in civil strategy in every one of the scenes which have flashed across the stage on which this mighty drama is being acted before the gaze of a bewildered world. It is a humiliating reflection, for all of them alike, that a people whose pinchbeck pretensions to superiority in arms, in science, in the humanities, have one by one been proved to demonstration to be as empty as the "crackling of thorns under a pot," should have won a long succession of triumphs. There cannot, however, be any shadow of doubt as to the fact. Nor, if we are content to "wait and see," will there long be any great uncertainty as to the consequences. This is no time for beating about the bush nor for mincing one's words. The facts call, and call loudly, for hard thinking and plain statement. If it can be shown that these calamities might have been or can be averted, it is not another occasion for simply seeking the scapegoats whom we can drive into the wilderness of obscurity in order that they may expiate the sins of those who sit in the seats of the mighty. But, if the Allied peoples can really safeguard themselves against these maneuvers, all questions as to the responsibility for past blunders may be left for settlement after the conclusion of peace. It is foolish to wash any more dirty linen in public.

German propaganda has, of course, always been at work in both the ante-bellum and post-bellum epochs. Nor need these periods be very sharply distinguished. In both it was much more destructive than constructive. The writer has a vivid recollection of a proposition which reached a leader-writer on a leading morning daily newspaper in the year 1880, offering a substantial retainer conditional upon his securing the insertion in the journal in question of articles which would be supplied, from time to time, from a German source. The proposal was, of course, promptly communicated to the proprietors and incontinently rejected without thanks. The example is, doubtless, one of many.

But it is needless to labor the fact that Germany, from Bismarck to Hertling, has always sought to suborn the British, and, for that matter, the world Press. We believe that her success in our midst was always grossly exaggerated. It may, however, be commended as an exercise to the curious to work out the identity of ownership of British journals, both past and present, which have come under the stigma of pro-Germanism. It may, too, be suggested that amongst post-bellum "pacifists" and pessimists will be found not a few ante-bellum apologists. From the same group comes the opposition to the adequate financial support of the War Aims Committee which is entrusted with British propaganda at home. At such a crisis as that through which we are passing it is almost beyond endurance that, under the poor pretense that the precedent might be utilized so as to foster present or future party activities, an organized attempt should be made to hamper a machinery obviously material to the defense of the Realm. The government at last admits that a considerable number of very seditious organizations exist in the country, and are known to have been at work in many industrial centers, and especially in the South

Wales coal fields, preaching peace and opposing conscription, for all the world as if their spokesmen were marionettes worked from the Wilhelmstrasse itself. All the while, too, German agents are known to be spending German money like water here in the despairing effort to bring upon England evils exactly analogous to those of the Bolshevik or Bolo pattern. It will be our own fault if we do not find a short way to combat these onslaughts and the efforts of those unworthy faineants who appear to regard with equanimity a future with our necks under the heel of the Hun.

It is, however, proof enough, and more than enough, of this necessity, at the moment, to indicate in rapid outline some of the ways in which the German octopus has got its tentacles round a few of its victims since the outbreak of war. Each is typical. Ex uno disce omnes. Mathias Erzberger, who has throughout the war been in control of the propaganda office of the German Admiralty in the Budapester Strasse, Berlin, one of the most active of the German government bureaus, and run under the fostering care of von Tirpitz, has reduced chicanery to a science. All the buying agents of Germany in neutral countries, for instance, business men who already wielded immense commercial influence, were supplied with unlimited funds, which gave them the entree to all social circles in any community, and at once utilized as war propagandists whose potentialities were not long in doubt. They proved themselves capable of manufacturing and manipulating neutral opinion to an extent which the isolated and haphazard efforts of the Allies were totally unable to keep in check. Armies of "neutral" agents and malcontents of every color were, and are, formed into systematized contingents for service on a strategical plan in belligerent countries. It has been computed that $75.000,000 a year has been expended by Germany on propaganda during the war. All such estimates must, of course, be a mere matter of guesswork, and the point is not material save as affording some measure of comparison between the enemy and the Allied estimate of the value of this weapon.

Now there appeared in the newspapers in July the following obscure paragraph, which at the time attracted little attention and passed without comment:

Two large advertising and press agencies have been formed—one in Berlin and the other in Essen. They are backed by large capitalists, among whom is Krupps. The aim of these agencies is pan-German propaganda at home and abroad.

The great armament firm at the time, as before and since, had its hands pretty full, and that it should have thought fit to add to its activities in this direction was not without a special significance. Krupps have, it is true, always recognized the power of the Press. The Rheinische Westfalische Zeitung has long been the property of the firm, and they are credited with a controlling voice in the Tagliche Rundschau, to say nothing of at least half a dozen other German newspapers. For that matter it may be safely suggested that Essen owns or controls many journals in belligerent as well as in neutral countries. Dr. Thorndike, the so-called Secretary-General of the firm, has, too, been openly at work in Switzerland in conjunction with Erzberger attending to the Deutsche Propaganda in der Schweiz, with a benevolent eye to the encouragement of German music as a side line. The recently founded journal, the Paris-Geneve, with which he had much to do, rather overshot the mark, and the Swiss government intervened and confiscated its plant. But that was a trifling matter, since practically the whole German-Swiss Press, except a few dailies published at Zurich and Basel, is German-owned or German-bought. The peaceful penetration of Switzerland has, indeed, already reached the danger point.

The defaitiste maneuver which compassed the Italian debacle and the campaign by which Germany aims at sap-

ping the strength of all the Allied peoples one by one—to say nothing of the rest of mankind—known to have been organized at Berne, had, it may be suggested, Dr. Thorndike as its sponsor. Krupps, mainly, who have been "bleeding Germany white" and piling up their Blutgeld all through the war, are now finding many millions of money which have given these machinations their intensive force. There is a significance in all this which must not be missed. A business organization of these dimensions and efficiency, backed by huge resources—the Kaiser himself is more than suspected of being one of its big shareholders—is a menace which is more real than all the vaporings of von Kuhlmann. Krupps have "interests" manned by the picked men of the business world in almost every country. The owners of huge mining and coal concessions, they have their managers or agents in every center or market of the raw materials required for armament and munitionment. They hold large patent and other rights in this country, and they have their agents here in our midst, of whom many, we do not doubt, have not only escaped internment, but remain an active source of mischief. There is not a single Allied country which possesses a machinery capable of meeting that of the Krupps on equal terms.

The true lesson of German propaganda is, however, better learned from concrete examples than from abstract generalities. The Caporetto disaster is, at the moment, as we have said, a signal triumph. It is, if you examine the facts, so far as these have been permitted to become known, perfectly obvious that such a harvest would never have ripened but for a careful sowing of the seed in the ground. The Italian soldiery, or rather that section who ran away or laid down their arms —the truth of the whole story has yet to be fully established—and are now expiating their crime as slaves to their ruthless seducers, could not have been corrupted by a few old wives' tales, nor deluded in any great numbers by the forged copies of the Corriere della Sera and the Giornale d'Italia, with their flambuoyant stories of Italian women and children being slaughtered by licentious French and brutal British troops. To read of French cavalry riding down and sabring helpless crowds in the streets of Milan could, too, hardly have excited anything but derision even amongst the most ignorant soldiers in the Italian army. And what, it may be asked, were the Italian officers doing all the while this balderdash was being distributed broadcast under their noses? German mendacity, we know to our cost, has been too often ignored. The truth is that the Allied official estimate of its powers for evil is all wrong. We ourselves brush aside a naked lie as simply contemptible, instead of cabling a crushing dementi. The preposterous rubbish printed in Islam's Glory which came into the Prize Court—with the gorgeous crescent and flaming red star emblazoned on its cover—left us cold. We smiled unmoved at that wondrous compilation, "The Neutrality of India and England." But Germany knows full well the truth of the proverb:

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe cadendo."

Of set purpose she floods the world with fables subtly calculated to fit her plans. At the present moment pamphlets we laugh at are being eagerly read all over India and the East. It is simply madness to treat such attacks with silent, and idle, contempt. We may be assured of Indian loyalty today, but can the myriads of that great empire be regarded as immune to such continuous seduction, however grotesque, fostered as it is by foes of our own household?

In Italy the stage was carefully set. The brilliant journalist who contributes to M. Clemenceau's "L'Homme Libre" over the signature "Lysis," has unearthed the activities of an agency which claims to be of Swiss nationality, but is, and always has been, directed and financed by Germans. Known in Berlin as Haasenstein und Vogler; in Paris as La Societe Euro-

peenne de Publicite; and in Milan as Unione Pubblicita Italiana; it has monopolized the advertising columns of not only a large section of the French Press, but of eighty-one Italian journals.

M. Jean Ajalbert has thus told the sorry story in the Nouvelle Revue:

"Ici, comme ailleurs, l'Allemagne avait pris ses precautions. C'est tout naturellement qu'en trente ans d'amitie ses agents s'etaint introduits dans les redactions et les imprimeries. Mais ils avaint des moyens plus surs. Ils avaient monopolise la publicite avec l'agence pretendue suisse Haasenstein et Vogler, qui a impetuesement fonctionne au debut de la guerre. Les grand journaux ont pu resister et tenir tete, mais un certain nombre ont du disparaitre ou s'incliner, c'est-a-dire accepter les depeches tendancieuses et mener la campagne pour les empires du Centre. L'agence Haasenstein et Vogler dispensait ou coupait la publicite, c'est-a-dire les vivres aux journaux pauvres."

So, once more, the tares were sown. Is it any wonder that soldiers and people, taken off their guard, reaped a poisoned harvest? Germany, however, made assurance doubly sure. To the influence of the Press she added that of the priests. The Morning Post has performed a national service in advancing the charge that the Vatican is known to have been implicated in these intrigues and "has furtively, but actively, espoused the Austrian cause." Cardinal Bourne and Cardinal Gasparri have, it is true, flatly contradicted this "atrocious calumny." In a leading article on the 5th of December the journal says in reply:

"And he (Cardinal Gasparri) challenges us to produce evidence in support of our statement. We have then, in our possession, what we believe to be accurate information that the parish priests in the country districts of Italy suggested to the people that a 'Pope-King' would be able to make much better terms with Austria than the King of Italy; and that when the wounded returned the priests asked them what they had been fighting for, and told them that the rich and well-to-do took care to escape military service."

Ultramontane "pacifists" have, too, long been suspected. Read the crushing testimony of Ignatius:

"Unless the Allies are careful the public spirit of their peoples, with its moral and economic foundations, will be undermined while their armies are fighting Germany. 'Peace' will fall upon the world like an entangling net, or like a fog rising, one knows not whence or how. This is the victory at which Germany now aims. She is preparing for it, as she alone knows how to prepare, with the help of the Roman Curia, on the one hand, and of high finance on the other, and followed by the bleating and imbecile flocks of Socialist pacifist and humanitarian pacifists. If her subtle campaign succeeds the peoples of Europe will hardly know why they have fought."

These weighty words are now doubly pregnant with meaning. Mr. Richard Bagot, again, whose consummate knowledge is beyond all question, in a letter to the Morning Post alludes, in proof of the direct or indirect culpability of the Vatican, to the fact that, for more than two years the Italian clerical Press has expounded pro-German and anti-British and French sentiments, to which must be added "innumerable pamphlets and leaflets, reviews and brochures of all descriptions which have been distributed wholesale, not only in the Italian cities, but even in the smallest and most remote country towns, through clerical agencies."

He then goes on to explain that extracts from the Papal Peace Note, "accompanied by insidious and unpatriotic comments, were clandestinely distributed among soldiers on leave and in the hospitals, and to men called up to the Colors who would sooner or later be going to the Front." Need we further expound the plot? Has Ultramontane influence been at the bottom of the support and leading which a section of the Irish priesthood has given to the Sinn Fein movement? Is this

the bridge between de Valera and the Kaiser?

If the case of the Italian press usefully illustrates the enemy methods, Germany is practicing exactly the same sort of subterfuge in France. It is no secret that Boloism is much more far-reaching than has been permitted to appear. The exact position is not at the moment susceptible of discussion; the impeachment of M. Malvy; the case of Le Journal, with its bewildering succession of owners; the Caillaux affair; and the like ramifications of the conspiracy are sufficiently before the public day by day. The French government is perfectly wide awake and has shown itself commendably capable of meeting the emergency. "Lysis" more than hints, however, that the same firm, suitably camouflaged, of course, are at work in England. We see no reason on a priori grounds to doubt the possibility of the suggestion. It does not, at first sight, appear to be quite clear how such a plan would work out. Any communiques which such an agency, however disguised, ordered to be inserted would have to be very cleverly wrapped up. For it is unthinkable that any British journal would deliberately allow itself to be used by the enemy. The suggestion may, nevertheless, explain many cryptic paragraphs, often of neutral origin, or so called, which have appeared in the Press, astutely directed, whatever their seeming purpose, to stirring up strife among us. Are our own people, for all their courage, immune to so sinister a method of undermining their confidence? A workingman reads in, it may be, his one and only journal, as it seems to him, bona fide doubts as to the wisdom of the war and specious pleas in favor of an early peace. Round the corner, too, he finds the agitator, primed with arguments to drive the lesson home. He has so far been left without warning and without inspiration from any of our leading men.

The case of poor, unhappy Russia stands on all fours with that of Italy, save that the consequences are, as it seems, there so terribly irremediable. Here, again, the Allies had plenty of notice as to what was afoot. There is scarcely a feature in the whole hideous spectacle that was not forecasted in urgent messages from Petrograd. All were warned over and over again that the Russian masses were in a state of abysmal ignorance, more especially as to British traditions in particular and the Allied war aims in general, Sir George Buchanan has unquestionably discharged his official functions with undaunted courage during a period of stress and strain almost beyond human endurance. It was not in his unaided power to do more. But it cannot be contested that Germanism, heedless of disguise, had a perfectly free hand throughout the length and breadth of the Russian State. If you look at the foundations on which the Bolshevik conspiracy was built, you can see standing out an amazingly thorough organization working above as well as underground all the while. The seduction of such large masses of the soldiers and sailors and people to a point which made them ripe for civil war, murder and a Reign of Terror was not done in a day. Lenin's plot would have collapsed long ago but for its German backing, and so long as the Allies permit these machinations to be pursued, without even the barest pretense of a counter-offensive, the troubles of which we have already reaped the first fruits, will prevent the restoration of ordered Liberty in the place of unbridled License in All-the-Russias. Germany has willed a Reign of Terror in Russia. Siberia, Esthonia and even Kuban have declared themselves independent republics, and they signalize this event by withdrawing all their troops from the Russian front. It does not call for any very great acumen to detect the villain of the piece.

In China, again, the enemy is keeping alive the ferment of revolution. Foiled in her specious coup d'etat, aimed at the restoration of the dynasty, she is now addressing herself to the congenial task of engineering recurring ministerial crises and driving home the

wedge between the northern military leaders and the southern provinces, hoping thus to avert the danger of a strong coalition and foment disintegration, decay and revolution. Only the other day a government official consulted by the writer as to trend of enemy action, remarked: "Oh, we needn't worry about China." It is the acme of laissez-faire. We need not, if you please, worry about this limitless reservoir of man power, which the enemy has long marked down as his happy hunting ground!

There is a curious sameness about German propaganda, but in "the unchanging East" that is almost an advantage. We do not doubt that the deutsche Zeitung is still being presented to all the men who matter in China, as it has been for years. Such a trifle as a declaration of war would not be permitted to affect German activities materially. During the last few days we have had from Tientsin reports that, clearly under German inspiration, the vernacular Press is setting about categorical statements that "Japan is negotiating for a separate peace." The next move will undoubtedly be the quotation from the Chinese Press of this pretty little story. Thus Germany hopes to discount Viscount Ishii's exposure of her intrigue to close the "Open Door" in China which so narrowly failed of complete success. The Marquess of Lansdowne's letter—of which it is well known German propagandists have made the most all over the world, and not without a certain amount of success—is at the same time being used by Pekin journals as a proof of British decadence, which is not unnatural, and a presage of Britain's downfall, which involves a non sequitur.

But the octopus is omnivorous. The French had the good luck to capture, lately, en bloc, the German Mission to Abyssinia, where, "according to plan," they had been fomenting the downfall of the dynasty. The menace of German influence, through a Pretender, to British, Italian and French Somaliland is sufficiently obvious. In South America, again, for all its belligerency, Germany is busily at work, but now underground. In the Argentine they have managed to stave off the evil day, and, characteristically, in return fomented a railway strike. All the same the Buenos Ayres correspondent of The Times predicts that the Argentine will become the "Greece of South America." Germany has, it is said, succeeded in making the maintenance of neutrality vital to President Irigoyen and the Radical Party. Here, too, clerical influence has, we are told, been cast in Germany's favor.

But the story is the same, take what country you will. A semi-official statement from Athens, for instance, declares that German propagandists are busily at work shaking the morale of Greece on exactly the Russian and Italian lines. Spain, Norway, Sweden are also in the clutches of the octopus, although they vainly hope that the blessed word "neutrality" may prove their salvation. They forget the octopus never lets go its grip.

An Inter-Allied Propaganda under the control of a Supreme Civil Council, directed with vision, is, we believe, the true answer to the enemy challenge. It has already been far too long deferred. Its methods can only be settled by conjoint authority, and, obviously, lie outside the sphere of public discussion. In the same way, no doubt, its policy and practice at home are imperatively matters of domestic concern for each of the Allies. It is not possible for one Ally to step between another and its armies or its people, and it is not, perhaps, unnatural that one and all should prefer to keep their own counsel, although this may be a source of weakness.

One consideration, however, arises which is, in its application, common to all. It is the traditional method of the older diplomacy to surround itself, like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, in a web of mystery. It would, perhaps, be unfair to suggest any parallel between its underlying motives and those which actuated Mokanna. The tradition of secrecy has, however, through-

out the war been enforced without discrimination. So far as military necessities prevail, it is, of course, inevitable —but it does not seem to possess the like cogency where we have to meet enemy civil action. All the Allies possess the most wonderful examples of enemy propaganda, and all, we believe, alike, with the single exception of the United States, with its virile vision, hide them away in their archives as sacrosanct and not for vulgar eyes. We ourselves possess collections, scattered through many departments, and never co-ordinated, which would throw a flood of light upon Germany's maneuvers.

But the fiat has gone forth from the wiseacres who control these precious proofs of German guile, and publication is not to take place "until long after the end of the war." They will then, no doubt, provide amusing reading for posterity, but posterity instead of smiling at Germany's foolishness is more likely to form its own conclusions as to the unwisdom of our neglect to use them at the time so that their influence could have been sterilized and their mendacities held up to the ridicule and reprobation of the civilized world. It is argued that to give them publicity is to comply with the enemy's wish and enhance their effect. But is the Allied cause so poor of justification that it need fear exploded enemy teachings or preachings? We may not be able to compete on even terms in this orgy of infamy, but if it were pitilessly exposed in all its utter depravity we should at once inflict a crowning moral defeat upon the enemy.

A Cimmerian darkness is not the happiest atmosphere for a country at war. It can neither satisfy nor reassure. We have, Heaven knows, given our foes information enough and to spare. We have indulged in a carnival of candor as to our national shortcomings. In a war of peoples it is, above all, vital, and at this, "the fateful hour of mankind," it is our sacred duty to preserve the national balance. At the front our soldiers must be kept secure from being deluded by those songs of victory which the enemy sing twice a day. At home our watchword should be "Trust the people." This is not the moment for scolding and fault-finding. The masses have given proofs and to spare of a high courage. They have shown themselves strong to labor and to endure. The enemy will surely fail to shake their allegiance to the commonweal if we dispel the darkness by which it is being obscured. Darkness begets doubt, doubt despair. "Let there be light."

Exit

By Guy Fleming

MY LORD Duke was dying, there was no mistake about that. Every one at the castle wore long faces and spoke in respectful whispers. Some of them seemed to walk on elastic tiptoes and thought it was due to the exit of such a great nobleman.

The Duchess was, unhappily, not at the Castle; indeed, she was abroad, and had been abroad for some time, for it was no secret at the Castle or in that "whispering gallery" we call Society, that the Duke and Duchess did not "pull together"—a euphemism which was like many half-truths, for these are often more explicit than the whole truth. Even Mrs. Dunston, who was a great friend of the Duke's, and who indeed had been the cause of the Duchess's abroadness, was not at the Castle when these last respites came. She had been at the Castle, but had gone away on urgent private business. Not that she was afraid, she was a woman who was afraid of nothing, and besides the doctors had said that it was not infectious. No, but she really was a sensitive woman and disliked being brought into contact with sorrow or death. She could not bear to see a rabbit in a snare, but she had not tried to rescue it, but had gone away as quickly through the branching bracken as she could. And here was the Duke in a snare. Of course she could do nothing to help him, or she would have remained. The doctors had told her she could be of no use. It might be a matter of some days or of some hours. He was making a hard fight for his life, but death was too many for him. So she left the Castle shivering. "What a way to put it—a hard fight for life, but death was too many for him. Shocking! Sir Balfour Stewart might be a clever man, as they said he was, but apparently he had no taste to put it to her like that."

This was the dominant thought as she drove from the Castle to the station, when the sun, a greater than the Duke, was passing to his rest, and the curtains of his bed were of purple and gold. A soft wind, too, blew from where the sun was going down, and lifted and let fall the many branches as children play with water, letting it drip through their fingers. But the Duke, too, was having a stately death-bed. The great canopy over the bed was decorated with gilded cupids, and from these the pink silk curtains, faded alas, but embroidered with silver, hung. And from the posts which supported this oppressive canopy there were little gilt cupids with wings climbing up and peeping at the dying man who had a hard struggle to get breath and from whose throat there sounded a rattle like that of a machine-gun—when his lungs greedily drank the air.

Just then, one of the nurses who was in attendance—for in these days, although a man can die without the presence of a priest, no man can be allowed to die without the presence of professional nurses—entered the room and said:

"Your Grace, the Marquis has arrived."

"What does he want?" asked the dying man.

"He wants to see your Grace."

Now that was not quite true. The Marquis of Harestock, the eldest son of his Grace, was a boy of about seventeen and had always taken his mother's part in—the quarrel, shall we call it?

And one of the last things he really wanted to see was the face of the Duke. He did not know, he told himself, what to say to his father. It was not for him to rebuke his Grace—and this was not the time to do it—but the thought that he must still take his mother's side was uppermost in his mind. Indeed, he would not have come to the Castle at all had not Sir Balfour Stewart sent this telegram to him:

"If you want to see his Grace alive come at once."

It was that telegram that made him come reluctantly to the Castle, and now as reluctantly into the room where the Duke lay dying.

"Well," said his Grace, still struggling manfully for breath. "Well, what do you want? Have you come to see a Duke die and a Marquis turned into a Duke by magic. You won't have to wait long."

"I came," said the lad, "because I heard you were very ill and I thought that at such a time you shouldn't be left alone."

"Alone. Yes, that's it. Alone, one always is alone when one dies; but here, why, there are none but servants about me. The Duchess is abroad," he said bitterly.

"She thought," said the Marquis, "that you had some one with you."

"Oh, she thought——" Here his poor lungs were almost bankrupt, and then by some composition with the bronchial tubes, they got enough to go on with in a poor, mean way. "Oh, she thought! Why should any one stay with a dying man when his own family deserts him?"

"But she has only gone a few hours, father," said his son.

"Well, you have come," said the old man, and his eyes, which were in caverns in his head, shone out for an instant at his son. His bony hands were laid on the sheet and were scraping with their nails at the clothes on which they lay. They seemed to the Marquis, who had not much experience of death, to have already the "blue" look of the dead.

"You'll be Duke in an hour or two, and I hope you'll make a better Duke than I have been. It's too giddy a place for most men, and that's why I toppled."

He coughed.

"Wouldn't you like," said the boy, for he had vague notions of what was right under such circumstances, "would you not like to see a clergyman? The rector?"

"No," he answered. "This world had me too much to let me think of the next—if there is a next—God knows. The rector, I've had enough of his drivel. Do you think it would make me happier to be preached out of life? God never took much notice of me, and, why, I thought I could do without a God. Man was enough for me—man and woman. But look at this: I married one woman and thought I loved another—and I am left alone, and only you to see that the nurses who are weary of waiting on me don't put a pillow on my mouth—which might be best after all!"

There was a long, breathless pause. Then with a spasmodic clutch at the bed clothes he said in a hoarse whisper:

"God! Did you say God? Is there a God? You'll be a Duke in a minute—and I—I'll know!"

He fell back, and the rattle in his throat became louder. His son ran to the door and called the nurses, and they came in.

"He has gone," said one.

"Yes, dead," said the other. "We may as well call Sir Balfour Stewart, although he can do nothing."

"Dead!" said his son, and then added in an awed whisper: "Then he knows."

The Decisiveness of Wars

By Roy L. Stevens

ONE of the questions we discuss more often in the freedom of private converse than under the restraint of publicity, is whether the war will end in an inconclusive peace. The problem has not been absent from the German mind, and the Kaiser has referred to the possibility of a conclusion which would be inconclusive to the extent of not securing German aims, but would give Germany respite to prepare for their prosecution under more favorable conditions at some future date. Such a peace would ex hypothesi be more dangerous to the Allies than the continuance of war. But there are not wanting pessimists who say in their hearts that the balance of forces points decisively towards an indecisive peace. There have, it is true, been wars that were drawn, and treaties of peace which divided the honors and spoils and losses of war. But these have been comparatively few; and even when there has been an apparently equal compromise, a number of issues, some of which have not proved subordinate, have commonly been decided. A treaty of peace in 1918 might restore the territorial statue quo ante bellum, but there are many things which it could not guarantee. It could not, for instance, destroy the experience of war acquired by millions of Britons, or level Great Britain's munition producing capacity to its former state. Still less could it recall the isolation and the military impotence of the United States, restore autocracy in Russia, or guarantee the readiness of German democracy to perpetuate its sacrifices in the cause of Prussian militarism, or that of Austria to stake her existence on a Balkan quarrel. However inconclusive the peace might be, it would not put back the hands of the clock to July, 1914.

War has, as a matter of fact, generally decided the issue on which it was fought, and a good many other issues, which it has incidentally raised, as well. The Peloponnesian war was conclusive of the Athenian ambition to found an empire. Alexander's campaigns put an end to the prospects of persian conquest, and spread a permanent Hellenistic influence over the East. The wars of Rome stamped an ineradicable Roman impress on the civilization of the world; while the barbarian invasions decided that that impress should not take the form of a world empire, or crush the varied life of nationality. The Crusades were decisive in their failure to rescue Eastern Christendom from the domination of the Moslem and the Turk; and the Hundred Years' War was no less decisive of the claim of English kings to govern France. The Wars of Religion established the right of national States to determine their own religion independent of the Catholic Church. The Seven Years' War decided the future of Canada and of India, the War of American Independence that of the thirteen colonies, and the American Civil War the question of slavery and of the unity of the republic; and, however indecisive other wars of the last four centuries may have appeared, they have collectively determined at least one general principle.

Wars have often established the independence or unification of States; but no war has been successful in wiping out an independent national State in Europe, with the solitary exception of Poland. France, Holland, Portugal,

Spain, the United States, the South American States, the Balkan Powers, Germany and Italy, have all had their successful wars of national independence. States which were not national, such as the Bourbon kingdom of Naples, the Papal States, Hanover, the Duchy of Lorraine, have, indeed, disappeared; and there have been political unions by consent, such as that between England and Scotland, the federation of German kingdoms in the German Empire, and the personal union of the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia with the Archduchy of Austria. But no national State which emerged from the Middle Ages has been permanently conquered save Poland. Early in the present war a German historian, Professor Hans Delbruck, ventured to remark that the day of world empires was passed. He was promptly reminded by the unhistorical militarists of Berlin that the terms of peace would be settled by soldiers and not by professors of history. It remains to be seen whether this war will repeal the verdict of history and establish a new world empire. So far the German General Staff has been more fertile in starting new campaigns than fortunate in clinching them; and it may be that the factors which have determined the course of modern history and defeated Napoleon will prove too strong even for German generals.

Carlyle was fond of representing Napoleon as ever incurring fresh debts to Nature and piling up an account which he would some day have to settle. It is a soothing picture of Nature, and one would like to regard German hankering after world empire as a like pursuit of bankruptcy in Nature's court —but one cannot be so sure before the event as Carlyle was after it about Nature's methods of keeping accounts. Nature, according to him, was indebted to Frederick the Great for the seizure of Silesia; will she not be equally indebted to the Kaiser for the conquest of Belgium? We may persuade ourselves that Frederick's act was no infringement of Nature because Silesia was a land more akin to Prussia than to Austria, and more likely to thrive under Berlin than under Vienna. But to Bernhardi and his school the virtue and the naturalness of the acquisition of Silesia consist in the fact that it was seized by might and not according by justice. We may suspect that, had Napoleon died on the way to Moscow, Carlyle would have failed to discover his debt to Nature or to differentiate so clearly between the morality of his and Frederick's conduct. Nature as the arbiter of success in war is a complicated deity.

Nevertheless, there is some truth at the bottom of Carlyle's well, though he does not clarify the waters, and the truth is not defined by calling it Nature. There is a reason why Frederick's wars were decisive in one direction and Napoleon's in the other, although one cannot say that it lies in any marked distinction between the morality of their methods. For if Carlyle's belief in the morality of his Nature leads him to turn a blind eye to Frederick's crimes, Bernhardi's faith in offensive war as the sovereign method of empire building makes him wondrous shy of St. Helena. Frederick, like Bismarck, knew when to stop; he was on the side of Herr Delbruck, and did not believe in world empires. Napoleon did, and he did not know where to stop. It would be truer, perhaps, to say that he could not have stopped had he wished. Militarist government can subsist only on military success; and in the long run, militarism is found to be but a slow form of political suicide. Napoleon could give permanent peace to France only at the price of gradually relaxing his military autocracy. That no militarist is ever prepared to do; and the Prussians made war in 1914 because the foundations of their government were dissolving during peace. So they cannot make peace even with impotent Russia, because the militarist appetite demands a satisfaction which no people, however abject, can permanently make.

Napoleon was bound to be defeated in the end, because he would have

gone on until he was. To judge from Germany's program, she is in a similar frame of mind. In 1915 the Germans prudently forswore any wildcat scheme in Russia like Napoleon's advance on Moscow. Today they are advertising their advance on Kieff and Petrograd as well. They may reach all three, but, like Napoleon, they will find it much more difficult to get away; and, like him, they will find it impossible to stay. Napoleon's trumpetings in the Moniteur as he advanced across Russia, driving the enemy like chaff before him, make useful reading today, as also do our ancestors' gibes at the chaotic and cowardly state of Jacobin France on the eve of Valmy, Jemappes and Fleurus. The German program is one the like of which has never succeeded since national States developed in Europe, though defeat has often been delayed by the treachery, cowardice and supineness of the despot's dupes and victims. German princes abetted Louis XIV and contributed to Napoleon's power against which they had eventually to fight. So there are States today prepared to help Germany to a dictatorship, against which, if she were successful, they would have to struggle in the end. But sooner or later wars for and against domination in Europe have always been decisive, and they have always ended in the defeat of domination.

Polish history, indeed, provides an exception, for despots destroyed the Polish State. But there is much to be said for the view that the fate of Poland has been the Nemesis of Europe. Had Prussia, Austria and Russia not been so engrossed in their Polish enterprise, the French Republic would not have been permitted to develop its military preponderance during the Revolution. Had Napoleon restored the Polish kingdom, his own fall might have been averted. Joint complicity in the suppression of Polish liberties delayed the growth of liberty in Prussia, Austria and Russia, and played into the hands of Prussian junkerdom. Had there been a national Polish State this war might have been avoided, and certainly would have taken a different course in the Eastern sphere of operations. Had the Grand Duke's proclamation of August, 1914, been carried out, Warsaw might not have been lost nor Galicia recovered by Austria. It was called an epoch-making document, but documents do not make epochs; they may mark them, but only if their promise leads to performance.

War for domination does not succeed and does not end in stalemate. There might, indeed, be a truce or a treaty this year or next like that of Amiens in 1802. But it would not be stalemate, because it would not end the game; and we are brought up against the limitations of our metaphor. A game of chess is an affair of extremely limited liability and restricted issues. It is complete in itself; the pieces are swept off the board and the matter ends. There is no such conclusion, as there is no such beginning, to war; the pieces have a past and a future, as well as a present. Their past determines their place on the board and their effective strength, and this game will not end their existence; it will merely determine their position and strength in a game that never ends on a board that is never swept. Nor will the kings always be kings, and the pawns may come to their own. The pieces live as well as move, and have their being, and they are variant, not constant, powers. The tragedy of the game of war is that the pieces depend for their welfare, not upon one another's destruction, but upon their survival. To make a desert and to call it peace is the logical outcome of Treitschke's maxim that war is political science par excellence; but the vogue of that philosophy is the crowning proof of Germany's apostasy from civilization and treason to mankind. Germany herself owes less today to the brutality of her triumph over France in 1870 than to the wise restraint which Bismarck, in defiance of his generals, exercised towards Austria after the victory of Sadowa. Peace may end the clash of arms, but it opens another chapter in human relations. You cannot behead

or banish a people, and the nations will have to inhabit the earth on some terms of mutual understanding. They cannot remain on the board like pieces paralyzed by stalemate. The value of the settlement will depend upon its adaptability to their future relations with one another.

There are, indeed, limits to the decisiveness of wars. It is safe to say that this war will not extirpate a single European State, though no one knows how many new ones it may create; and, considering its destructive methods, it is singular how creative are the effects of war. Some wars, it is true, are merely obstructive, waged to delay or destroy the operation of indestructible forces; such have been the wars waged in defense of a dying Turkish Empire. But Turkey, not being a national State, is an exception to the rule of modern history; and the indestructibility of the national State makes nonsense of the German talk of biological decisions as applied to States, or even to parties in a civil war. There are missing links in natural, but not in national, history; for nations are not killed or eliminated in a process of evolution. We have tried it ourselves in Ireland for long enough; and though the Eastern autocracies destroyed the body of Poland, they could not destroy its soul. Its disembodied spirit gave them no peace, and the problem of its reincarnation is not the lease of the troubles which harass them today.

Peace consequent upon a German victory would contain within itself the seeds of future wars as surely as would have done a Hapsburg triumph in 1648 or a peace dictated by George III in 1783. The peace of Westphalia was only decisive because it decided that States might determine their own religion, and that of Versailles in 1783 because it decided that the American Colonies should manage their own affairs. Before this war there were Germans wise enough to admit that their treatment of Alsace-Lorraine was a mistake. That does not prevent more foolish Germans from wanting to repeat it on a greater scale in Belgium. There were Austrian statesmen, and the Archduke Ferdinand was among them, who saw that Magyar coercion of the Southern Slavs was a danger to the Dual Monarchy. A German pacification of Europe involving the annexation of Belgium and parts of France, German control of Holland, the subjugation of Serbia, and the repression of tens of millions of Slavs, with the Turk as assistant policeman, would decide nothing except that Europe would become for a generation a scene of turmoil and seething discontent with another world-wide conflict at the end. Those who think such a decision possible have fed on the husks of history, missing its moral kernel. Prussians who glory, with justice, in their Seven Years' war and in the moral effect it had on the Prussian people, forget that it was for them a war of defense, and that the nearest parallel to the Prussia of 1756-63, girdled with mighty foes, is today to be found in Serbia or Roumania. A decisive peace demands more than military success, and empires which rest on the sword are wont to perish by it. Napoleon dictated a dozen treaties of peace at the point of the sword, but the peace that was decisive was one that sent him to St. Helena. It was only stalemate in the sense that he could not move.

The phrase "stalemate in war" is one which we use to supply the poverty of our language or to conceal the obscurity of our thought. It involves an analogy between the game of chess and the game of war which is inexact. The rules which govern the two have little in common. Stalemate in chess is the success of the vanquished party in avoiding defeat, but he owes it to mere convention. Each player must play in turn, and stalemate only arises when the player whose turn it is to move is unable to do so. In war that circumstance involves defeat and not a drawn game. Nor is there in war any rule that your enemy cannot move a second time until you have had your turn; he may move many times before you get a turn at all. Probably very few people know what they mean when they

talk of stalemate in war. They may mean a drawn game, which need not be stalemate at all in chess. A drawn game in war generally means a peace based on the territorial status quo ante bellum, but a real status quo is an elusive will-o'-the-wisp. The Crimean War was fought to maintain the status quo, and the peace which followed sought to ratify it. In effect that war ushered in a series of wars which radically changed the conditions of Europe —and we are still suffering from the folly of having backed the wrong horse.

The true criterion of wars and treaties of peace consists in their relation to forces and ideas which are stronger than the sword and more important than territory. It is a feeble faith in the principles of nationality and freedom which is daunted by the brandishing of mailed fists. Even in Germany, whatever the designs of the General Staff earlier in the war, the conviction that nerves the people is that they are fighting in self-defense; and the difficulties of the Allies arise largely from their inadequate recognition in the past of the principle of nationality. Bulgaria's intervention was directly due to the Treaty of Bucharest; and want of effective co-operation in the southeast of Europe is due, not to the denial of nationality, but to the conflicting claims of nationalities. It is a temporary alliance and a short-sighted policy which links aspiring nationalities with the Prussians and the Turks, who stand for the subjection of nationality to the State; and its triumphs will be short-lived and barren. For the future does not depend entirely on Europe, and potential as well as actual power must be included in the reckoning. The Great Republic across the water, the great States growing up with the British Empire, South America and Japan cannot be ignored in the ultimate balance of power between "Kultur" and national freedom. A German victory would not decide the issue; in the long stretch of Time and the wide span of mankind it would be a transient and a local retrogression, and the keystone of the arch of the world would still be the British Navy.

Barring the destruction of British sea power, a German victory would be hollow as well as transient. It is to British wealth alone that Germany looks to repair her financial losses during the war, and even British wealth could not repair her waste of human material. She will not achieve success with less than the loss of a third of her males of military age and fitness; the birth rate in Germany decreases and the civilian death rate increases progressively as the war goes on. There were three million more women than men in Germany before the war; there will be six before it ends, and it has already been suggested that "Kultur" will become polygamous for the sake of perpetuity. France has never recovered the European position she held before the drafts Napoleon made on its virility, and, inasmuch as the population of Germany and her Allies is far less than the population of her enemies, she suffers in proportion. National strength has always its limits; the welfare of a State depends upon the accuracy with which it measures its ambitions by the strength at its disposal. An orgy of expansion like that of France under Napoleon cannot be indulged in with impunity. Ordered growth gives better guarantees of permanence.

So, too, the German genius for organization is not without its dangers. There is a limit to the strength and endurance of all materials, and perfect organization may mean merely that failure in any part of the machine is postponed until the whole collapses. There was nothing more perfectly constructed than Oliver Wendell Holmes's wonderful "One-Hoss Shay," and its appearance in its hundredth year was wonderfully deceptive. Our pessimism at home is largely due to the fact that, while we see England from the inside, we can only see Germany from the outside, and the outside of a shell looks much the same, whether it is full or empty. It is the condition of the contents which will determine whether the issue of the war will be decisive or not,

and that condition it is the business of the German censor to conceal. It may be possible for Germany so to balance and organize her forces that none of her means shall fail before the others, but she cannot so arrange the powers of the world. Unless the contending forces are miraculously balanced, there will be a resounding decision one way or the other; and there is no convention in war whereby the loser can convert disaster into stalemate.

THE SEARCH FOR HEAVEN

Last night my soul rose on the foam
Of a great wave beneath the dome
Of all creation; rose to see
Age-ripened hosts in agony,
Seeking a heaven;

Saw forms and faces early known,
From which a haloed radiance shone,
As though their inner vision lent
To life new meanings God had sent
From His high heaven.

I saw within a field a pair
Of workers; labor checked their prayer
In this His vineyard—called to key
The homelier things to harmony;
And was this heaven?

Here one whom hate's foul venom fanned
Turned from Love's way the great Will planned;
Weary, unmerciful the breath—
An ecstasy perverted! death!
(For love is heaven!)

I reached across the black abyss—
The chasm 'twixt that world and this—
Called him by name of magic—"Friend!"
And watch the light and shadow blend,
And there found heaven.

ROSE DE VAUX-ROYER.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

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Chapter XIV

THE Venture passed the rocky bluff of Point Firmin and came to anchorage in the harbor of San Pedro. In the east, Mount San Antonio, wearing a snow-white cap, stood sentinel over the valley, where stood Mission San Gabriel Arcangel, the pride of the Missions, in a fertile, well wooded, well watered spot beside the San Gabriel river. The Mission buildings and gardens were surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of prickly pears, which afforded both protection and fruit, planted by the thrifty padres.

In this patriarch home lived an industrious, happy, contented original population, carving wood, horn and leather with marvelous tracings and working in the great vineyards of sixteen thousand vines, harvesting twenty thousand bushels of grain, cultivating two thousand olive, orange and peach trees, spinning and weaving great piles of blankets by the seventeen hundred neophytes, or Christianized Indians belonging to the Mission.

Captain Fitch rowed ashore and securing a horse at the stable belonging to the Mission, he rode eastward, until the quaint campanile of Mission San Gabriel Arcangel loomed in view, founded five years before the Declaration of Independence of the United States. The white, buttressed walls and stone stairway, worn by the feet of many neophytes climbing to the choir gallery, rose from the fragrant gardens.

In the several hundred acres thus enclosed, El Molino, the mill for grinding the grain, stood near the San Gabriel river, roofed with red tiles made by the Indians. Signs of industry were to be seen everywhere. The rich groves, vineyards and fields stretched away on every side. Orange and peach trees hung out their luscious globes inviting the traveler. Hundreds of Indians cultivated the groves and fields, and many miles distant, the vaquero belonging to the Mission watched immense heards of cattle, flocks of sheep and droves of hogs in the vast San Bernardino Rancho, an adjunct of the Mission.

Captain Fitch rode up to the entrance, dismounted and an Indian vaquero led his horse to the corral. The visitor pulled a bell rope, hanging invitingly like a latch-string at the door of the monastery, and Father Boscana came from the courtyard.

"Ah, my son!" he welcomed benignly. "Have you sailed half way around the earth since I last saw you? Wait, you have transgressed and scandalized the mandates of the church. Come into the sala and explain your conduct."

When they sat down the shipmaster drew a waterproof case from the inner pocket of his coat, and taking out a document, handed it to the missionary,

who examined it closely. "This is a marriage certificate?"

"Yes; it was witnessed by my friend Captain Barry. We were married in Valparaiso last year when we sailed from San Diego," replied Fitch.

"I will forgive your reported misdeeds in view of your marriage certificate, my son. But you must attend more strictly to the ordinances of the holy church."

"I am earnestly desirous of pursuing the right course, Reverend Padre. Governor Echandia interposed such restrictions, however, owing to personal feelings, that my wife and I took the only course left to us."

"I understand."

"Are you ready to transact business with me?" asked the Captain.

"I sold my last pile of hides to Captain Cooper.," answered the missionary. "However, I shall have one thousand more hides when you come again. I will reserve them for you and send them to our storehouse at San Pedro."

"Gracias," replied Fitch.

An Indian boy brought in hot chocolate and barley tortillas with fruit.

At sunset the sweet toned bells in the tower called the faithful to prayers. The church was thronged with dusky worshipers. Captain Fitch entered the church and prayed el rosario. In his soul he saw the image of his wife with inward vision. "My Rose," he thought, "is the demon of revenge following you?" He left the church and joined the missionaries in the refectory, where a bountiful dinner was spread, and after some conversation regarding his travels, he retired.

At dawn the church bells summoned the Indians to religious instruction. At the second summons of the bells they breakfasted.

The captain attended mass and after breakfast mounted his horse and rode to San Pedro, where he ordered the anchor hoisted and the brig's course continued north.

Two mounted guards rode up to Mission San Gabriel at nightfall and bowed reverently to Father Boscana.

"Reverend Padre," announced Carlos Olivos, dismounting, "we have brought an order from Governor Echandia.

"What do you mean?"

"An order for the arrest of Captain Fitch," explained the guard.

"Captain Fitch is not here. He rode away this morning."

"We are too late, then. The governor has sent orders to the commandante at Santa Barbara to arrest him, if he calls at that port."

"What is the charge?" asked the missionary.

"Violation of the laws of church and province."

"It is too late to pursue him tonight. Enter, my sons, and take food and rest with God's blessing."

The next day, Father Sanchez, president of all the missions in California, arrived at San Gabriel Arcangel, where he resided, having been away on a tour of inspection of the other missions. "Is everything prospering at San Gabriel?" he inquired.

"There is a serious disturbance, owing to the arrival of two soldiers from Presidio San Diego with an order for the arrest of Captain Fitch," informed Father Boscana.

"Arrest Captain Fitch! Is he here again?"

"He was here yesterday."

"What was the charge for his arrest?" pursued the father superior.

"Violation of the marriage laws."

"What! This subject is within the jurisdiction of the holy church, and Governor Echandia has no right to interfere," declared Father Sanchez, indignantly.

"I thought so, myself, but as the transgressor was not here, I repressed my opinion," returned Father Boscana.

"I am deeply wroth with the governor for usurping my authority in ecclesiastical matters," continued the president. "He should keep within his political bounds."

"Captain Fitch showed his marriage certificate to me, and it seemed authentic."

"Captain Fitch was very irregular in his actions which have scandalized the whole of California," declared the father superior.

"He hinted that Governor Echandia held a personal feeling in issuing his decree against foreigners, having admired Senorita Ysabella himself. The captain and his betrothed bride were obliged to flee from the province in order to marry," explained the associate missionary.

"Then Captain Fitch did not abduct the Senorita. There was a rumor to that effect."

"Senorita Ysabella chose to go with the captain, I understood."

"That puts a different aspect on the case. Governor Echandia has shown a spirit of jealousy and revenge. I would have him arrested for usurping my ecclesiastical authority if he were not so near the close of his official term. General Manual Victoria has been appointed by the Mexican government and was expected to take his office as governor of California before this time. This and Echandia's high station, alone, make me hesitate. should he pursue his policy with Captain Fitch, the culprit shall be tried here. I, myself, will order his arrest, and justice shall be meted out regardless of the governor," declared the president, seating himself at a writing table. "I wish this order sent at once," he indicated, carefully closing the document with the seal of the church.

Father Boscana lifted a polished oak knocker on the table and summoned an Indian page. "Tell Manuel Guerra to come here."

The vaquero soon appeared. "Ave Maria Purisima!" he saluted, bowing deeply.

"Take this document to San Fernando, my son, and ask Padre Ybarra to forward it to Padre Jimento at Santa Barbara. There are full particulars within," directed the president.

The lithe, bronze Indian bowed reverently and took the missive, kissing the hand of the missionary. "Yes, Padre Sanchez," he replied. He went quickly to the kitchen and stood before the chimney while eating a hasty lunch. The Indian cook wrapped a package of tamales in fresh corn husks with jerked meat, and handed it to him. Then running to the corral, the courier threw a bridle on his horse, placed the message securely in the pocket of his saddle and rode swiftly from the Mission.

Chapter XV.

On a bright day in January the Venture dropped anchor at the port of Santa Barbara. The clear, golden atmosphere silhouetted the white dwellings and Mission sharply against the dark, curving mountain wall behind them.

Ysabella gazed with interest toward the shore.

"Will you accompany me to the Mission, cara mia?" asked Captain Fitch.

"Not today, I think, caro mio," replied the wife.

"Very well! Another day may suit you better."

Ysabella nodded, her nerves were yet unstrung by her reception at San Diego.

"Good!" exclaimed the master, removing a spyglass from his eyes.

"What is good?" inquired Ysabella.

"The Leonar is anchored yonder. She is one of Don Virmond's brigs. He may be on board. I will call the vessel tomorrow. If Don Feliciana is on board she may be company for you," suggested the captain.

"That would be very good. Please return from the Mission as soon as possible," begged Ysabella.

"That I will do," promised Fitch, descending to his boat. The keel soon gound on the sand, and the shipmaster walked up to the imposing Mission and was received by Father Jimeno.

"Why did you ignore the ordinances of the church, my son?" asked the missionary.

"There was no other way," answered Captain Fitch, who repeated his explanations and produced his marriage certificate.

"I cannot pass your offense by

lightly, but it is within the jurisdiction of the padre presidente; therefore the order of your penance rests with him."

"If necessary, I am willing to take any penance within reason," replied the captain.

"Very well, my son, you seem to exhibit the right spirit."

"I have a cargo of Boston goods in the harbor. Is there anything you would want to buy?" pursued Fitch.

"Yes, I need some bolts of cotton cloth to make shirts for my Indian men and gowns for the women. I will come this afternoon, my son."

"Have you any hides to sell?"

"There are three piles of five hundred hides each in the storehouses. I will send them in carretas to the shore at once. Come and lunch with me, my son. We will discuss this affair of Napoleon."

Captain Fitch outlined that the Boston News Letter had stated that the governments of the nations of Europe were changing in some cases since the invasion of Napoleon into France, Russia, Italy, Germany, The Netherlands and Spain. Napoleon placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain and dethroned Ferdinand VII. This was the cause of the revolutions in Spanish America. And Spain, the most magnificent empire on earth, was reduced to a dependency for a time.

"Ah! The overwhelming ambition of Napoleon for power was his ruin," returned the Missionary. "I would that Spain retrieved her ancient strength and glory."

"Those nations will regain their balance of power," prophesied Fitch, rising from the table. "I must return to the Venture. I left my wife and son on board the vessel."

"A son! Has he been baptized in the church?"

"Not yet, Padre. My wife wished him baptized in San Diego, but we have not yet found an opportunity."

"Give him the blessing of the church soon, my son," advised the friar, as his guest departed from the Mission.

Father Jimeno bound on his deerskin sandals, tightened his rope girdle, drew the cowl of his brown habit over his shaven crown and walked from the Mission to the shore.

In the self-abnegation of these holy men of God, they vowed abstinence from luxury and traveled on foot from Mission to Mission. By the example of their virtues of gentleness and forgiveness, they gained the confidence of thousands of Indians. These children of nature drew near and presented themselves voluntarily for baptism by the meek apostles of the faith.

The church, however, was always guarded by the sword. Soldiers from the Presidio were detailed to remain at the guard house before each Mission and maintain its power.

Some time after Captain Fitch's return to the Venture, Father Jimeno entered the boat, which the master had sent for him, and was rowed to the ship. The captain had arranged a storeroom with counters, where he displayed samples of his cargo. These the friars inspected and selected cloth, beads, bright colored handkerchiefs and articles which pleased the neophytes.

The Captain invited his guest to drink tea with himself and wife, and ushered the priest into the main cabin. Ysabella brought in her little son and saluted Father Jimeno reverently. The Missionary placed his hands gently on the baby's golden curls and pronounced a blessing, while the child looked up wonderingly out of his dark, Spanish eyes.

A pot of steaming hot tea was brought in, together with stripped beef, ship biscuits and preserved fruit. The company passed an hour in the exchange of polite civilities. And the friar listened with interest to Ysabella's animated description of her visit to Boston and New Bedford.

"Ah! My daughter!" exhorted the priest in leaving. "It was a pity that you felt obliged to disobey the ordinances of the church. Pray to God to be absolved from the sin of disobedience."

Ysabella smiled wistfully. "Yes, Reverend Padre, I will play earnestly to do what is right at all times."

"This is the true spirit of obedience to God's laws," replied the friar, leaving the brig.

On the following day Captain Fitch and his wife called at the Leonar. They found Don Virmond and his wife, Dona Feliciana, on board, much to the delight of both ladies. Ysabella gave an animated account of her voyage to Boston, and Captain Fitch entertained Virmond with an account of his marriage in Valparaiso.

"You have a beautiful child," remarked the host, caressing the baby's curls.

"My mother wished to keep him in Massachusetts, but we could not leave him on shore," replied the father.

After dining with the Virmonds, the captain and his wife returned to the Venture with the assurance that their host and hostess would return their call in a day or two. Ysabella felt a reserve about discussing the anger of her parents and remained silent regarding it.

The next day the hides from the Mission were drawn to the shore in carretas, dipped in salt water, dried and loaded on scows, and stored in the hold of the Venture.

"This looks like business!" exclaimed Don Virmond, who rowed over with his wife and returned the captain's call.

"If we can do as well at Monterey and the other ports it will not take a long time to collect a cargo," returned Fitch.

"Whom do you think is in that boat yonder?" asked Virmond, handing his spy-glass to the captain.

"They look like a couple of soldiers. They are headed this way," replied Fitch.

"Oh, Enrique! What can they want here?" asked Ysabella in a voice of alarm.

"Sit tight, dear. They cannot harm us on our own brig," assured the master.

The soldiers boarded the ship and called for Captain Fitch.

"The master is on the upper deck," informed the mate.

"What do you want?" asked Captain Fitch.

"We have an order for your arrest."

"Arrest me? In whose name?" demanded Fitch.

"In the name of Presidente Sanchez."

"Where was the order issued?"

"At San Gabriel."

"What is the charge?"

"Violation of the marriage law."

"My marriage was perfectly valid. I have no time to return to San Gabriel. I would send my marriage certificate if I could trust you," declared the captain.

"I will take it for you," interposed Virmond. "We shall sail south tomorrow."

"That is kind of you. I have perfect confidence in giving this document into your care," replied Fitch. Descending to the cabin he took the waterproof case from his safe and handed it to the official, who inspected it.

"This is all right men," asserted Virmond to the guards. "I, myself, will take this document to President Sanchez for his examination."

"Padre Jimeno directed us to place Captain Fitch under arrest," continued Ricardo Zimeno stubbornly.

"Tell him that I will furnish bonds for the appearance of Captain Fitch at San Gabriel; if the father superior demands it."

Virmond took a notebook from his pocket, wrote a statement and handed it to one of the guards. "Take this message to Padre Jimeno."

Ricardo Zimeno took the message. The guards saluted and descended to their boat.

"It was useless to defy Don Virmond," muttered Estevan Gomez. "He is as high in favor with the Supreme government as Governor Echandia, so I have been told."

"It would have been folly," agreed his companion.

"What do you think of that order of

arrest," inquired Captain Fitch.

"The subject of your elopement was in everybody's mouth," said Dona Feliciana. "There was a report that you forcibly abducted Senorita Ysabella.

"That was amusing, certainly. My betrothed bride begged me to take her with me. Was it not so, Ysabella, mia?"

"Quite correct," she replied laughing. "I did not wish to be left in the power of some one who shall be nameless."

"I understand," returned Dona Feliciana, nodding her head. "I do not blame you under the circumstances."

"I think President Sanchez will pronounce your action valid, when I inform him of the conditions," interposed Virmond.

"All but running away in your ship," returned Fitch laughingly. "You will not report that part of the episode."

"It will not be necessary. You sailed with Captain Barry and his wife. That is quite sufficient explanation."

"We never can be grateful enough to you for your invaluable aid in our desperate circumstances," returned Ysabella.

"Yes," added Captain Fitch. "You are our guardian angels."

The captain's guests dined with them and left the ship saying: "Adios! We shall meet again in San Diego."

The next morning the Leonar spread her sails and headed south to San Pedro. And when the Venture had received the whole amount of hides from the Mission, she rounded the bluffs for the north.

Chapter XVI.

Reaching the cypress-fringed shore of Monterey the Venture cast her anchor among the ships in the harbor.

"There is the Ayachuco!" informed Captain Fitch, lowering his spyglass. "She sailed from Honolulu, I think. The Brooklyn from Boston is standing beside her; and the Rover stands next! I must see Captain Cooper!"

"That will be pleasant for you," returned Ysabella.

"I will inquire if Mrs. Cooper is on board; that would be pleasant for you," responded the captain. "That brig yonder is the Funchal, Captain Anderson is the master and owner. He is collecting hides. I must act quickly if I secure some skins from San Carlos and the other Missions near. Adios, cara mia," called the master, descending the Venture's side. He was rowed to the shore.

Governor Echandia sat in his office with his secretary, Lieutenant Zamorano, and his aide, Lieutenant Nietos, having traveled north to Monterey to deliver his official position at the capital to his successor. Lieutenant Nietos glanced out of the window. "There goes Captain Fitch," he announced.

"Captain Fitch! I order you to arrest him immediately," commanded the Governor.

Lieutenant Nietos hastily left the Governor's office. He touched Captain Fitch lightly on the shoulder with the point of his sword. "I arrest you in the name of the Governor," he said.

A pair of eagle eyes frowned on the lieutenant.

"What Governor?" demanded Fitch shortly.

"By order of Governor Echandia," replied Nietos.

"Echandia! Is he in office yet?" asked Fitch. "Why does he not leave when his time expires?"

"Ask me no questions. It is my business to obey orders. Come and ask the Governor."

Captain Fitch wheeled angrily and strode into the office of the commandante-General. "Buenos dias, Governor Echandia," saluted Fitch. "Do you wish to see me?"

"You are an offender against the laws of California."

"In what respect?" inquired Fitch.

"Presidente Sanchez, the ecclesiastical judge of the province, will deal with your case. He has sent an order for your arrest. Lieutenant Nietos, order two guards to take the culprit to San Gabriel for trial," commanded the Governor.

"I cannot spend all that time riding

to San Gabriel," objected Captain

The fiscal, or government attorney, Don Jose Palomares, entered the office.

"I appeal to your honor," urged Fitch, turning toward the lawyer. "Why was not my arrest and trial conducted in San Diego, where my supposed offense occurred?"

"It seemed inconvenient. You were a bird of passage," interrupted the Governor.

"I promise to make my appearance at San Gabriel on my way south," declared Fitch.

"Your offense was most heinous. You are entitled to no concessions," answered the fiscal shortly.

"Will your honor have the goodness to send for Captain Cooper, master of the ship Rover, now in the harbor?" demanded Captain Fitch.

"Captain Cooper is in the plaza now," informed Lieutenant Nietos.

"Bring Captain Cooper in," ordered the chief.

The sea captain entered the office, saluted the Governor, and the two shipmasters greeted each other cordially.

"What is in the wind?" asked Cooper.

"I am arrested because I married a native California lady," explained Fitch.

"This is serious business," remarked Cooper.

"I wish to travel south by sea; if I go by land there is no one to take care of my wife," complained Fitch.

"Dona Ysabella shall be cared for properly. The Province of California will provide safety for its daughters, without the interference of foreigners," asserted the Governor resentfully.

"I have a house in Monterey where my wife is living," interposed Captain Cooper. "She would take excellent care of Mrs. Fitch."

"Thank you," replied the husband. "I would feel satisfied for her to remain with you."

"I think Fitch is trying to run away again," interrupted Palomares aside to Echandia.

"Dona Ysabella shall be brought to the pueblo and lodged as hostage for the culprit," declared the Governor, savagely. "I will send a letter to Presidente Sanchez, and he shall decide whether Captain Fitch may travel by land or sea. Lieutenant Nietos, go on board the Venture and take Dona Ysabella to the home of Captain Cooper."

The aide hastened to fulfill the bidding of his chief. Captain Cooper shook hands with his friend, Captain Fitch. "Everything will be cleared all right," he encouraged. "Do not worry about your wife. She shall receive the best attention from us," he assured, leaving the office.

Lieutenant Nietos boarded the Venture and approached Mr. Hatch. "Good day, sir!" he saluted.

"Buenos dias, Senor!" replied Nietos, politely. "I wish to see Dona Ysabella. Is she on board this ship?"

"Dona Ysabella," repeated Mr. Hatch. "Do you mean Mrs. Fitch, sir?"

"Certainly! Senora Fitch! Yes, yes. Is she on board this brig?"

Mr. Hatch, not being fluent in the Spanish language, led the officer to Ysabella and announced his presence. "Mrs. Fitch, this gentleman wishes to speak with you."

"Senora Fitch," pronounced Nietos, bowing gallantly.

Ysabella looked up quickly, not having observed the approach of the officer.

"I am the bearer of a message from Governor Echandia," explained Nietos in flowing Spanish accents.

"Governor Echandia!" repeated the startled lady.

"Si, Senora."

"What is his message?"

"He desires you to leave the Venture."

"Desires me to what?"

"Leave this brig!"

"Leave this brig!" repeated Ysabella, thinking she had misunderstood him. "Why?"

"To lodge in the pueblo," replied the lieutenant, stammering beneath her steady gaze.

"I will await my husband's return."

"Captain Fitch is detained at the Governor's office until you leave the Venture," explained the lieutenant, regaining his dignified manner.

"Detained at the Governor's office," murmured Ysabella. "Why?"

"It is not my business to question the orders of my superior officer," replied the aide.

"Oh, my husband! My husband! Governor Echandia has separated us!" exclaimed Ysabella wildly. She reached to the cradle and leaned on its clumsy strength for support. "Madre de Dios! This is his revenge! Oh, why did we not remain in Massachusetts, far away from his vengeance?"

For a moment she gave way to her fear and weakness, then summoning her pride she turned to the officer. "Where am I to go?"

"I will take you to the home of Captain Cooper and his wife," replied Lieutenant Nietos.

"That is better," returned Ysabella, resuming her calmness. "I will gather some clothing," she proposed, tremblingly descending to the cabin. There she wrote a letter to her husband:

"Keep your courage, idolo mio, as I keep my faith in you. We shall meet again soon. The world is wide, the Venture is staunch, and Echandia's supremacy cannot last long."

Sealing the letter, Ysabella ascended to the deck and gave it to the mate. "My husband is detained at the pueblo. Be sure and deliver this message to him when he arrives. I am going on shore," she explained.

"Certainly, Madam."

Ysabella wrapped herself and child in serge cloaks and descended into the boat, assisted by Mr. Hatch. Silently the officer and lady were rowed ashore where Captain Cooper and his wife waited to receive her.

"Did you see my husband?" inquired Ysabella, anxiously.

"I left him at the Governor's office." replied Captain Cooper.

"I do not understand why the Governor interferes with us here."

"Presidente Sanchez has sent an order for his arrest."

"Ah!" breathed Ysabella with a sigh. "We must endure the investigation of the church. The presidente cannot separate us permanently."

"This matter will be settled soon," condoled Cooper. "Come into our house and make yourself comfortable." There Ysabella sank on a sofa.

"I wish we had delayed our voyage," she murmured, with swimming eyes. "The commission merchant was in such haste for my husband to come again."

"The authorities are merely making an example of you for future delinquents," suggested Captain Cooper.

"A person made all this trouble. Else there would have been no elopement, and our marriage would have been solemnized in the regular manner," replied Ysabella. "What is Enrique expected to do?"

"Your husband must proceed to San Gabried for trial," replied Captain Cooper.

"When?"

"Captain Fitch objected to traveling by land. And the Governor has sent a letter to Presidente Sanchez to know his decision regarding the matter."

"Is he allowed his liberty?" pursued Ysabella.

"Yes, I believe so, if he does not see you. In fact, you are his hostage in Monterey."

"My husband can attend to his business here," replied the wife, resuming her calm manner.

"Come to dinner," invited Mrs. Cooper, hospitably. "Our cook has prepared some hot tamales."

The party sat at table and the hostess entertained her guest with anecdotes of New England which brought the sparkle to her guest's eyes.

On the arrival of Lieutenant Nietos at the Governor's office with the report that Dona Ysabella was lodged with Captain Cooper's wife. Echandia allowed Fitch to depart, with the injunction not to visit her. He was rowed swiftly to his brig and met the mate.

"Here is a letter from Mrs. Fitch,"

said Hatch, passing the note.

"She is true as steel; her spirit bends, but will not break. We will bide the enemy's time," he thought, placing the letter carefully in his pocket.

Secretary Zamorano went home to his wife that evening with an added line on his fine brow. "Whom do you think has arrived in Monterey, Luisa mia " he queried.

"Tell me quickly," demanded Dona Luisa.

"Dolores' sister, Ysabella, is here."

"Ysabella! Holy Virgin! How came she here?"

"She came with Captain Fitch in the Venture."

"I must go on board and visit her."

"She is not on the brig," informed the lieutenant.

"Not on the brig?" repeated Luisa, with lifted brows.

"No; the Governor ordered Lieutenant Nietos to take her to Captain Cooper's house."

"Why?" pursued Luisa.

"Reasons of his own, carisima. Doubtless he claimed they were not married," suggested Zamorano.

"Madre de Dios! Ysabella would not go away with a man without marriage," exclaimed Dona Luisa.

"That remains to be proved. Presidente Sanchez has sent an order for Captain Fitch to present himself at San Gabriel for trial."

"So! The church has taken up the matter. I will tell Dolores at once," declared Luisa. "Agustin, come with me to Dolores' home." Dona Luisa wound her silk rebozo around her head and shoulders and Lieutenant Zamorano replaced his chaco on his head, and taking his wife's arm, the couple soon reached the house of Commandante Pacheco.

"Dolores mia, do not be startled. We have news for you," informed Luisa, kissing her friend's cheek.

Dona Dolores' eyes dilated suddenly, "Is it—of Ysabella—you have news?" asked Dolores tremblingly.

"Yes, cara mia, your sister Ysabella is in Monterey and in trouble."

"My poor sister! I must see her at once. What is her trouble? Has Captain Fitch deserted her?" she asked.

"Not at all! The Americano captain is at the capital, but Governor Echandia has separated him from Ysabella," informed Zamorano.

"Ysabella mia! What was done with her?" asked Dolores breathlessly.

"Your sister was lodged at Captain Cooper's house. Captain Fitch has his liberty with the injunction not to attempt to see her," explained the secretary.

"I know not what to think," reflected Dona Dolores. "Romualdo, come with me to Captain Cooper's house." Dolores threw a shawl around her shoulders, and, taking her husband's arm, they walked swiftly to Ysabella's lodging.

"Dolores mia!" exclaimed Ysabella, joyfully embracing her sister. "I am so glad to see you, and you, too, Luisa," she added.

"Ysabella mia, tell me quickly! Where were you married?" asked Dolores, apprehensively.

"We were married in Valparaiso. Did you hear of our elopement?" responded Ysabella.

"It was the talk of California," replied the sister.

"We sailed with Captain and Mrs. Barry, and she was my duena," informed Ysabella.

"Did you not sail on the Venture?" questioned the sister.

"Not till we reached Valparaiso," assured Ysabella.

"I am so glad," exclaimed Dolores, embracing her sister again.

"The demon of revenge has followed us," moaned Ysabella.

"Why did you come to California while Echandia is here?" inquired the commandante.

"We thought Governor Echandia would be in Mexico by this time," replied Ysabella.

"His successor, General Victoria, has not yet arrived in Monterey," explained Lieutenant Zaborano.

"Ah! Echandia is holding the of-

fice for his successor," returned Ysabella, grasping the political situation.

"Yes, unfortunately for you," replied the secretary.

"I believe he is glad of the opportunity of punishing you," suggested Commandante Pacheco.

"Probably," replied Ysabella. "The judgment of my husband's conduct rests with Presidente Sanchez now, I believe."

"The Presidente judge has taken the authority from the very zealous governor," suggested Commandante Pacheco wisely.

"The vicar will be inclined to be more lenient with Captain Fitch than Echandia would have been," prophesied Lieutenant Zamorano.

"I am glad to know that," replied Ysabella.

"Why did you run away secretly?" asked Dolores.

"Surely you knew of the Governor's decree regarding the marriage of foreigners in California," interrupted Zamorano.

"What a tangle, Ysabella mia!" exclaimed Dolores, sympathetically. "Is that your baby? He has your eyes, sister."

"And his father's curls," added Ysabella.

"We will go now, Ysabella mia," announced Dolores, "and we will come again tomorrow. You will tell us about your travels?"

Ysabella nodded.

"You have my best wishes in overcoming your difficulties," offered Commandante Pacheco.

"And mine," echoed Lieutenant Zamorano, as the visitors passed from the dwelling.

Mrs. Cooper led her guest to a room which was hung with English chintz.

"This is pleasant," remarked Ysabella.

"I hope you will have a good sleep. Do not worry. No one shall molest you. And the Governor dares not offer indignity to your husband," comforted the hostess, leaving the room.

Captain Fitch rode to Mission San Carlos de Rio Carmelo and secured five hundred hides. The superintendence of curing and loading occupied much of his time with the visit of the Missionary and the purchase of Boston goods. He exchanged letters with his wife by means of Captain Cooper; but he did not go to her lodging which was under surveillance of the Governor.

In the meantime the Leonar anchored at San Pedro and Virmond visited Mission San Gabriel Arcangel. Father Sanchez received his visitor cordially and examined the marriage certificate which his guest produced.

"I will investigate this matter by trial," informed the vicar. "Fiscal Palomares shall be summoned to try the case."

At this moment a vaquero entered the vicar's sala and, saluting him reverently, handed a letter to him enclosed with the official seal of the province. Father Sanchez broke the seal and read the letter. "Governor Echandia desires to know my wishes regarding whether Captain Fitch shall travel by land or by sea," he explained to his guest. "The culprit objects to traveling by land."

"Was he arrested?" questioned Virmond.

"Yes, by my order," replied the president.

"Captain Fitch has much business up and down the coast and doubtless objected to wasting his time in traveling by land."

"If I was sure that he would present himself here for trial, I would grant him the privilege of traveling by sea," proposed the vicar.

"In my dealings with the gentleman I have found him always a man of his word. If he promised to present himself at San Gabriel, he will do so," declared Virmond, emphatically.

"Do you think so?" queried Father Sanchez.

"I am sure, and to prove my statements. I will give bonds for his arrival," replied the self-appointed diplomat.

"That would be a proof of your judgment. I will accept your bond.

The culprit shall travel by water."

Don Virmond produced a heavy, leather purse and deposited five hundred dollars in gold on the table. "If that is not enough, you shall have my diamond ring." The don removed his ring, set with a large white diamond, and placed it on the pile of gold.

"This treasure expresses your confidence in the accused," remarked the vicar. He took up a quill, wrote a letter, folded it and lifted a wooden knocker on the table, summoning an attendant.

An Indian page appeared at the door of the sala.

"Pedro, tell the messenger that I wish to see him," directed Father Sanchez.

The boy disappeared and soon the vaquero from San Fernando came into the room. "Ave Purisima!" he saluted.

"Take this letter to Padre Ybarra at San Fernando and ask him to forward it to Monterey with all despatch. Take some refreshments before you go," directed the president.

The bronze Indian with the letter kissed the hand of the Missionary, and soon was riding swiftly to San Fernando.

"I will relieve the Governor of ecclesiastical matters, and this case will be settled according to clerical judgment rather than private spite. Justice shall be maintained," declared the president. "Come and lunch with me."

The friar placed the gold and jewel in the pocket of his habit, and leaving the sala with his guest, entered the refectory.

During the meal the priest and guest discussed the Supreme Government of Mexico, which was a subject of great interest to the Missionary. The secularization of the Mission was a question of vital interest to him and consumed the time to the exclusion of other topics. Don Virmond was able to inform his host of conditions in the Mexican government to which the Vicar listened attentively At the conclusion of the meal Father Sanchez took the guest's diamond from his pocket and offered it to its owner. "Your word is sufficient guarantee for your friend, Captain Fitch. I was simply proving your sincerity of speech," he explained benevolently.

Virmond laughed, thanked the president for hospitality to himself and leniency to his friend and departed from San Gabried Mission, wearing the offered bond of the diamond ring.

When Father Sanchez was alone, he removed a brick from the floor of his private room and laid the don's bag of gold in a cavity, where other treasure reposed and the large receipts from hides, tallow and grain found a secure hiding place beneath the floor.

To be continued.

On the desert trail

A Border Wizard

By Howard A. Sturtzel

THERE was Crooked Knife, the Apache, of silent movements and sleepy eyes; there was Frek Muldoon, rum-hound and frontier wizard in various ways; there was a troop of black cavalry, having great good-nature, orders from Washington, and several other handicaps; and there were hot mountains, smothering valleys and dust-devilish deserts of borax dust which bit its way into a human membrane and caused a gallon-greed which only drowning would assuage. All this down in a few square miles in the salt sinks of southern Arizona.

It began forty years ago when a young Indian buck started out on a lone war against the whites. On that memorable summer when the great Cook gave the death blow to the worst band of Apaches the southwest had known, in a canyon of the Salt River, a four-year-old Indian male child was one of the handful of survivors. His father had died shrieking defiance at the whites; his mother was crushed by a blow from a stone hurled down into the canyon. A rifle ball had grazed the throat of the child, leaving a deep, bleeding welt. When the fight was over, a panting red-haired cavalry man bound a piece of his salty undershirt about the baby's wound; tucked a bare foot in each of his saddle bags, and rode forward laughing. That laugh was unseemly.

All this time there was no whimper

from the captive. He stared sleepily from troop horse to trooper, from the trail to the skies, meanwhile clutching tightly with his tiny fingers the blue shirt of the soldier. Even then his eyes were sleepy eyes, for he was Crooked Knife.

The remnants of the great race which had adhered to lawlessness since the days of Cortez had little fight left after Crook's killing. They began to go "doggo," and put on the armor of righteousness. Soon they were planting corn and training melon vines. Instead of famine and thirsty, bloody raids, heathen orgies and lupine trailing with a death at the end of each trail—there came a season of intensive agriculture. The demon unrest slowly died, and the desert scourge that had been the Apache nation learned to breathe within boundaries.

All this would have lasted for a thousand years had it not happened that politics reached the territory. A gang of "jumpers" and bribe venders from the Dakotas influenced Washington to send the Apaches south to the sand wastes of the San Carlos, where there were singing flies, fever and foul water. And here, in the midst of his decadent people, a sullen savage with sleepy eyes grew to manhood plotting and hating.

This brings us to Captain Bradshaw, and his Black Cavalry. Bradshaw was Nick Bradshaw of the memorable 9th, still remembered in border lore. He was a fighter, a soldier and disciplinarian, in fact a regular army man. It is because of that that he wasn't fitted for the job they had given him "back East." Washington had ordered him to ride through the Sand Hills of San Carlos, putting the fear of God through all the reservation bucks of the Apache nation. Incidentally, every one knew that half a hundred picked "tar babies," under Captain Bradshaw were equal to a whole average regiment under any other man in the border service. But that meant straight troop duty. In this instance, however, the fifty were up against a different proposition—new country, new redskins—and Crooked Knife.

The first day in San Carlos there was work for Bradshaw and his Buffalo soldiers, and much work it proved to be. Out on the Cinnibar trail, not ten miles from town, the rancher, Frisbie, his wife and one herder, were found quickly and quietly murdered there. Nothing was stolen. The marks about the ranch showed that one Indian had done the work, but the trail was lost in the river.

Bradshaw and his outfit rode out of the post with two days' rations and a joyous impression that they would return within that time with the mutilated body of the murderer over the back of a led pony. They were gone four days, and came in hot and savage and ravenous, without having seen even a trail. Meanwhile a sentry left behind had been cut down, also two sheep herders outside the town. There was wanton devilishness in the carving in each instance. Some young buck had gone doggo, or was on the road to glory, that was evident. The black troopers began to exchange long, silent glances and make the sign of the throat cut, while the former routine of the camp was hopelessly shattered. Open war with an open foe would never have disturbed darkey humor, but now the darkey humor was sadly disturbed as day after day news came in of fresh killings with still no trail, no motive. A cloud of superstition was rapidly settling over the outfit.

On the fifth day Captain Bradshaw took a ride over to the reservation. There were anxious eyes cast after him as he spurred past the last sentry. Over in the reservation he found a sullen, silent throng. Something was smothering the encampment, nobody could tell just what. There was a vague under-current of excitement. The scrawny flocks and scrawnier crops on the hillsides fared but ill, and a student of the aborigines would have declared that the tribe was expecting a Messiah or rain maker in the near future. Captain Bradshaw concluded that a mighty secret was being cov-

A camp on the edge of the desert

ered in the dusky breasts of the people, probably as to the identity of he who had committed the butcheries in the San Carlos district. Probably every responsible buck knew the murderer and admired him for his crimes, but Bradshaw knew there would be no telling.

Next day there was another march into the mountains, which ended in a blind canyon. By this time the press correspondent at Tucson had forwarded the news to Washington in the form of an Indian uprising. A few hours later Captain Bradshaw was cursing at a list of wholly unreasonable orders from frock-coated men who had never seen mountains, streams or desert trails. Already he was sorely overworked by forced marches through a heat that beat down at python pressure.

It was just at this juncture that Frek Muldoon rode into San Carlos and proceeded to concentrate everything wet in sight.

The entrance created quite a stir in the town, for Muldoon was a well-known border character, a scout trailer and desert rider who knew the southwest as other men knew their cattle ranges. A small man of jockey build, he was, and he reminded one somehow of the thwang of a bow string, so taut and weathered. A bit of whalebone done up in sharkskin was Bradshaw's size-up as he looked over Muldoon in the Canteen bar.

Bradshaw made inquires. He found that Muldoon could ride longer than any man in Arizona, white, red or black; and moreover, he could do it on less grub, less water and less tobacco. In the field, Muldoon was a raw, red demon, in a town—a fool. Altogether interesting, Bradshaw thought.

Muldoon was at home anywhere in the reservations, in the desert, in the Gehenna and Death Valleys. He was dangerous when sober, treacherous when drunk. He drank tizwin with the Indians, pulque with the Mexicans, mescal with the troops, and red-

eye with all the world. It was a common saying that Muldoon was half-wild. He had perfected what is called the "pulse shot" with a heavy .44, a shot that was neither from the hip nor at full; simply a draw, as easy and infallible as the pointing of the finger. He was noted for never carrying a canteen on the hottest, dryest day, nor had he ever been known to beg a drop from one who did. He was like a camel—drinking appallingly when the time was propitious and making it last.

Just such a man as this, Nick Bradshaw needed. But down in the town was Muldoon going through a pile of the long green at the Canteen, his services not for sale. Bradshaw was warned to bide his time, but it was through personal contact that he learned the calibre of his man.

Forty-eight hours later the trailer was looking wise and fish-eyed, which meant to those who knew that he was nearing his second wind. The first relay who had started out with him had dropped out one by one, but Muldoon was still going strong. Those who were on their feet drank when Muldoon drank, or fought. Bradshaw had the Irishman watched.

Grey dawn had come into the little doorway of the 'dobe hut on the fourth morning, when the harassed troop commander sought his man in person. Muldoon had broken at last under the strain and had been put to sleep in his quarters with a bed-slat. Bradshaw pushed in past the ancient senorita who owned the hutch, and leaned over his man, shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"What t' hell," growled Muldoon, rolling his head in the other's direction.

"I want you, Muldoon—want you to get into the saddle this afternoon and lead the troop out after this murderin' devil of an Apache. The whole province is askin' why I haven't got him strung up before this—and full of holes. Will you get into action for us to-day?" The last was asked in a tension.

Frek had turned on his back, fixing the other with his pale blue eye, without winking, without emotion. Bradshaw shifted in spite of himself under that stare. He knew the type. He had seen Muldoon drink, seen him fight. Under the mask the rum had put there he saw a man after his own heart. Muldoon, however, in his present state was not even the property of his few friends, some devil of contrariness that crept in when the bars were down.

"Listen." Bradshaw drew up a chair. "I'll give you ten dollars a day bonus for the devil's carrion." There were streaks of grey on Bradshaw's temples.

"No," snarled the trailer.

"I'll give you fifteen a day. You know, Muldoon, you're the only man in the country who can find a flaw in a dew-drop."

"Lemme alone," said the other. "I've got money left. I'm going over to the Canteen again, and neither you nor the devil can stop me."

"I'll give you twenty a day—if half of it comes out of my own pocket," Bradshaw said, rising.

"No, damn you."

"Then go to hell." The Captain turned on his heel. It was not Bradshaw's nature to get on his knees to any one. The thought came that he might have Muldoon's money taken away, or the doors of the Canteen closed. It was entirely within his rights. But Bradshaw was a regular army man, not a shyster shark. He ordered a trumpeter to sound reveille, and forty minutes later the black troop was in the saddle again, without Muldoon.

That night, tingling with shame and rising anger, they spurred back again, and still there was no body lying across the led pony. It was the third time. It was late that same night that Frek Muldoon dropped down on his bunk in the 'dobie hut—broke.

* * *

Much brooding and much hate had turned the head of Crooked Knife, the Apache. His faith in himself knew no bounds, but years of bondage had cast

On the edge of the mountains

a strange spell over his people, and he over-hoped. In vain he had tried to rouse them with oratory, moving secretly up and down among the reservations. But he had seen that the time had come when deeds must tell —hence the murders. Great was the zeal of the Crooked Knife, but misguided. He had assumed the superhuman role of avenger and Messiah of his people, and now was approaching the crisis. The coming of Frek Muldoon to San Carlos was a thorn in the flesh to the renegade.

The trailer had been known to Crooked Knife before he left the Salt River Country. The wily savage knew that he could outwit Bradshaw and his "tar babies" for a thousand years if need be, but the drunken Irishman from Texas was a different proposition. Of all the whites along the border, Muldoon was the one most feared among the reservations. Crooked Knife waited until the scout showed signs of action—then took to the mountains.

"Do you mean to say," Captain Bradshaw asked wrathfully, "that you knew Crooked Knife was the murderer all the time?"

"If I told you to ride over to the reservation and arrest the buck who was plowin' the hardest," Muldoon said mildly, "I'd have about seventy-five cents coming. And you'd get your man about like they run in a pick-pocket back East, and nobody'd be satisfied."

* * * *

In spite of the fact that Muldoon had been through a three days' grill that would have ended in the madhouse for many men, he was in the saddle at the head of the outfit when Bradshaw sallied out for the fifth time on the trail of Crooked Knife.

All through that hideously hot day he led the outfit southward along the banks of the Catalina river—the trailer himself splashing through the bed of the stream most of the way. What he saw among the pebbles of the bottom and along the rocky banks, no one knew, but he never wavered. By noon the darkeys were spurring constantly, and the mid-day heat stung like a horde of gnats. In the Sand Hills country the desert throbs as from an underground furnace, and the shimmering air stirs in quivering strata. The very constituents that made men

of the troopers seemed to be sucked out of their pores and turned to dust. Captain Bradshaw seemed to be thralled in a mighty fascination as he bent forward in the saddle watching the strange pony and the stranger rider ahead, Sadie, the first sergeant of the troop, one of the best Buffalo soldiers in the army—a darkey who could sing like an angel and curse like a coal passer—was applying his talents in the latter direction now. Many of the throats behind him were too dry to even curse.

Often Frek Muldoon would turn a sneering face back at the troop and quicken the pace of his deathless cayuse, watching meanwhile the havoc he was creating. Now and then Captain Bradshaw would give a husky word of cheer to keep his men in the saddle, but his thoughts were far removed from the tenure of the expedition and the growlings of his men. His reputation hung in the balance, yet he was powerless to make or mar his fame. All depended upon the inhuman devil ahead, who sneered back at his men through the molten heat. Captain Bradshaw fell to wondering what manner of woman had mothered that tireless creature in the saddle ahead—that he could be so unlike other men that nature showed him secrets as on a scroll. Captain Bradshaw dared not doubt, but he hoped passionately.

About two in the afternoon Frek whirled his pony to the right and ambled up the west bank of the stream, making for a range of foothills. Once he retraced the hoofprints for a hundred yards; then started off at a tangent. The horses were dragging their hind feet now and lolling their tongues. The men were slumped forward in their saddles, gazing fixedly, unseeingly ahead. They named Muldoon a fiend, and believed deep down in their hearts that they were not far wrong.

The town in the little valley

A sheer mountain slope rose ahead, the sun sinking on the far side, when they halted at last for flapjacks and coffee. Mutiny was beginning to heave in the brains of the blacks. They had been thirteen hours in the saddle without a pause for grub, and they were hourly drawing farther from San Carlos. The trail they were on was admirable for a mountain goat—or an eagle.

That night they fell upon the rations

like a swarm of crows, all but Muldoon. He picked up a couple of hard tack and a slice of bacon and went apart. He munched slowly, seemed to want no more. In silence he appeared to be communing with the dusk and the desert. Wolf, his wicked little pinto, was just as tough and ugly as himself, and just as reclusive. He was built like an Arab, and all day he had scrambled like a cat over rocks, gulleys and shifting sands. With the exception of Muldoon, Wolf bit and kicked at every one who came near. Bradshaw fell to musing upon these two outlaws, savage, unsentimental, physically flawless, morally zero.

* * * *

Grub over, Muldoon dragged them on for another four miles. The young moon found them at the entrance to a rocky, desolate pass, leading up into the Mohair range. Frek Muldoon suddenly wheeled his pony about and faced Captain Bradshaw:

"What do I get," he asked sullenly, "for the carcass of Crooked Knife?"

"I'll recommend the payment of five hundred dollars for that carcass," Bradshaw answered softly, "and what's more, I'll see that you get it."

"Stay here till I come back," Muldoon answered, "and feed your tar babies. It may be two hours or four hours—or all night with me. And keep quiet while I'm gone."

He turned Wolf's head to the left, and two minutes later was lost in the defile. The troopers breathed again. The horses were picketed and fed, fires lighted and tarps spread. Half an hour later, true to darkey nature, the mutiny had given way to dicing and charity for all the world as pipes began to glow. Sentries say that Captain Bradshaw slept not a wink that night, but paced steadily along the picket line—his ears straining for the hoof-beats of Muldoon's Wolf.

* * * *

The Captain was not rewarded. Dawn broke on the little command without a sound or sight of the trailer. Two hours of daylight passed, and Bradshaw's face had become anxious and haggard. At length he ordered his men to saddle, and when all was ready he took up the trail Muldoon had left. That was a bitter climb. Top Sergeant Sadie can describe it to you vividly. The time came when the troop horses could go no farther, and the men pushed forward on foot. It was mid-day before they heard far up in the heights a sound not unlike the bleat of a ram.

Not long afterward the panting cavalrymen found the body of Frek Muldoon, master of the trail. There was a bullet hole in his breast, and the spotted cayuse, Wolf, was standing guard with lowered ears and untamable eyes. A little farther on was the body of Crooked Knife, Messiah and avenger of his people. There was a bullet-hole in his bare breast, and his body had been mutilated by the heels of a pony. Ten paces beyond was a gorge where all trails ended. An eagle could span it, but not a man.

When Captain Bradshaw and his Buffalo soldiers rode through the Apache reservation on the way back to the post, they found the Indians applying themselves with most amazing activity to their flocks and farms.

Five Years on a Homestead

By Mrs. J. C. Osborn

(Continued From Last Month)

CHAPTER II.

ONE of our near neighbors was an Englishman who had come from Illinois, where he still had a wife living. She had heard "dreadful" stories of the hard life of the women on the Dakota homesteads, after her husband had taken his, and absolutely refused to come to him, as had been their intention. Living alone, with his disppointment, had made him what the "boys" called "kind-a queer." He had invested too much capital and energy on his homestead for him to be willing to leave it, and resented that "Kate" would not come where he could provide a home for her. For weeks he had no companions but his dogs and horses, and he got to thinking of them as almost human, or better than human beings, perhaps, so he talked to them, and in time began taking them into the house. The boys all called him "little Joe," and that is the name I shall introduce him. Try to imagine a little man, scarcely five feet in height, dwarfed from a child in an English coal mine, arms much too long for his short body, with hands that hung below his knees, his upper front teeth broken off so the lower ones had grown long to meet them; a face that was wrinkled and scarred by burning caused by a gasolene explosion in a coal mine, pale blue eyes, drooping long mustache, and you have little Joe.

We used to call him the "missing link." His shack and barn were well in sight of us, with only one claim between. That one was L-shaped and joined ours on the west and north, eighty acres each way, and was owned by a young bachelor, whom we shall call Bingo Bill. In contrast to little Joe he was a tall man, with splendid physique, handsome face, clear brown eyes, abundant bushy brown hair—a man who looked well dressed in even a pair of overalls, and who could have graced any drawing room. On the contrary, he did not care for society, and spoke with a strong German accent, of which he was sensitive to such a degree that he shunned ladies and good company, and lived for the most of the time at a coal mine about seven miles from his homestead. He lived on the homestead only enough to "prove up."

Often he would have some of the mine boys with him in his shack, and they would have some "blind pig" whiskey and a keg or two of beer, until they would become "glorified." Though North Dakota is a so-called prohibition State, I've never seen as many drunken men.

Isolated as so many of these poor fellows were, on claims or in the coal mines, with no women within miles, sometimes, no shows, theatres, clubrooms, nothing to read but a week-old newspaper or month old magazine, what wonder their attention was drawn to cards and liquor. What else had they to do?

Seeing and knowing what I did, I felt so much pity for these young fellows I asked them to board at our house. I wanted to try the experi-

ment of sane and cheerful surroundings. I did not and do not yet believe that many are really depraved, but rather victims of environment.

Joe was the first one who came to board. The summer after Inez was born I boarded him and did his washing, and in return he gave me all the eggs his chickens laid and the milk from his cow. He staid until the fall. Then he went away on the threshing rounds, and when he came back, husband said something concerning his beloved horses. "Them colts" he called them, though they ranged in ages from six months to sixteen years. Joe became so insulted he would have nothing to do with us for a long time.

Then I took Bill to board, in exchange for coal. And with him any "fellers" he happened to have with him, with the understanding to stay away from my house when they were drunk. I've often wondered at the splendid way they kept that promise, for they would become so drunk that they would drive over rock piles, and through barbed wire fences and sloughs of water, shooting and yelling until their nervous bronchos were quivering in terror. How they escaped serious injury or death will remain a mystery to me.

The coal mine where Bingo Bill worked was known as the Murray mine, and was owned by the Murray brothers, Cecil and Jack, and Bill owned a share. There were Adolph, John, Long Bill, a Swede called Ben, and others that came and went, so I have nearly forgotten their existence. I close my eyes: again I hear some of them singing, just as I did then, in the evening twilight, making those everlasting great waves of green hills ring with the melody of their rich voices; so let me say right now there is a pathos and charm in the singing of a half drunken coal miner or cowboy that one cannot find again, though they search the world through. One of their favorites was "Three Wishes."

"Just to be a boy again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her kindly words of sympathy."

And:

"Just to feel her dear, soft fingers in my hair,
Oh, there's nothing in the wide world can compare:
Just to be a boy again."

They were not illiterate, these bachelor boys of mine. Many were the interesting arguments we had together on religion, science and politics; one or two knew the Bible as well as many a preacher.

I learned to play cards, thereby keeping them at our little shack many an hour that would otherwise have been spent in some low dive, drinking and gambling. Always my dear husband spoke to them of the utter folly of that kind of life, and in trying to show them they were only losing the greater happiness by the grosser diversion of the moment. He tried to draw them from the debasing kind of life, with what success I will later say.

The summer of the third year one of the bachelor boys, who I shall call Fuzzy, for lack of a better name, had secured final proof of his homestead, and taken a trip into Canada in search of more homestead land. Not finding anything that suited him, and after traveling about a couple of weeks, in many different ways, in trains, by wagon, or on foot, and eating of many varieties of foods, he came back to our neighborhood, not feeling well. Some one had started a protest against his proof of homestead, which also made him depressed in mind. Day by day he grew worse, and husband found him lying on the ground near his own shack, very feverish and sick. Husband brought him home to me. Though we had only two rooms, we found a way to take him in. The first night we put him in our bed, and we lay on a mattress thrown down on the floor. The poor fellow groaned and called for water nearly al night, and a heavy rash began coming out on his face. "Measles," I said, but both husband

and he said it could not be, as he had reached the dignified age of twenty-three. He was too old—by far too old.

I then insisted that a doctor be called to learn the worst.

Poor Fuzzy had become so sick at that time as to be very near delirium, and insisted on having his particular choice of doctor, one who lived full sixteen miles away, off the beaten track, with no telephone near. He wished an uncle of him to know, also, of his sickness, and as the uncle lived only a mile or two from the doctor both could be called at the same time. Right after breakfast husband started out, across the trackless, treeless prairie, with a fog hiding the face of the sun from view, making everything a dull and cheerless gray. Though he had never been over the country before, he found the uncle's house. A cousin, or rather a brother-in-law, of Fuzzy's, went on for the doctor, promising to get him to our house that night. So husband came on home with the uncle, arriving at five in the afternoon.

In the meantime Fuzzy became so much worse I thought he would die with no one near but myself and three little children.

He was a large man, about six feet tall and well proportioned; strong from living a clean out-door life. Just what he would do if violently delirious I could not tell. I knew that when I had had the measles when a child my parents had covered me and packed me in hot things, so I ran to the grainery, got bran, heated it, poured it into little bags and placed one at his feet, others at his sides, one under the small of his back, where he complained of so much pain, and placed a mustard paste over his chest.

I told him if any of these things caused him any discomfort to let me know, but he could only groan and turn his eyes in mute appeal to the water glass; he wanted water almost constantly. His breath grew so short I sat beside him fanning him to keep air going into his lungs without too much effort on his part.

Thus he lay, unconscious of the large blisters the mustard paste was causing his chest, and the bran bag to the middle of his back.

Along in the afternoon, before help of any kind had arrived, he began to feel much better. He could talk again, the intense fever became less, the rash broke out well all over, his breath came again quite regularly, so at last I had a minute to look after my babies who had played around all day with only a slice of bread to eat.

At midnight the brother-in-law and doctor came, both hungry from a long drive. We had put the tent up outside, borrowed a bed-spring from Bingo Bill, and husband made a sort of frame for it, so it served for our bed until such time as the sick man could be moved, which was about ten days later. I have never slept better, however, than I did on that makeshift bed in that tent.

The doctor said: "A case of measles or smallpox; I can't tell which till daylight, when I can see better," meaning perhaps when he had slept off the effects of "drug store" whiskey, of which he smelled rather strongly. "Measles" it happened to be, even though the boy was "so old."

The doctor left the next day, giving medicines for lungs, stomach and kidneys; also for fever when too high, complete instructions for his convalescence. The uncle staid on, however, taking the night care of the patient, while I nursed him through the day. Altogether it caused me quite a lot of extra work, and discomfort, but while the boy lay weak and had been so near the Dark Valley, I found it a favorable time to impress upon him the only way to get the most out of life, thereby also preparing for the life beyond. With what success I do not know, except that Fuzzy went back to New York, from whence he came, and married a good girl there. I do not think I lost anything by what I did for him. Neither husband nor I would accept money in payment for what we did. Fuzzy came back to us in

the fall and helped to harvest and thresh our wheat crop, which was the best that year of any year on the homestead, netting thirteen bushels to the acre: not much of a crop as wheat crops go, still the best we ever had. I will also mention that Fuzzy did not lose his homestead. After the matter was thoroughly looked into, he was found to have fulfilled the requirements of the law, and was left in undisturbed possession until he made the largest loan upon the land he possibly could upon mortgage; eventually the loan company got the land (for interest, taxes, etc.), as they have done with many other homesteaders.

All three of my little children contracted the measles, and one of them was dangerously sick, with a temperature that stood at 108 deg. for several hours, in spite of all I could do, with no chance to get a doctor: all the doctors within calling distance were away attending a medical conference. God was good, and the little one's life was spared, though probably through my great efforts.

As soon as they were well I had to help husband in the hay. He would help dress the little ones, "do" the dishes, sweep, etc., then we would all away to the hay sloughs, not fields or meadows, but the dried-out sloughs of spring time, and I learned the intricate problem of making a hay stack with "pitch" enough to shed water, without bulging sides that would slide out; also how to load so it would not be top heavy. Those were joyful days, too, in the warm sunshine, tempered with those delightful Dakota breezes. There's nothing like a Dakota summer breeze to invigorate one, to fill one with energy and the pure joy of living; that, and coupled with the continual companionship of the "one man in the world" can never be anything but a joyful memory.

Some of the hay was eaten by our animals, some burned by the prairie fires; the hills and sloughs are far away, but the memory of those happy days are with me still, and ever shall remain. Husband is undemonstrative, and it is safe to say I did all the talking and became so engrossed in that occupation on several occasions that what with the driving from hay cock to hay cock, at last I would look up and have no idea of direction whatever. I've heard people talk of the dead monotony of the unchangeable prairie, yet it seemed to me it is forever changing. The rays of the early rising sun cast a different gleam of lights and shadows from the setting sun, the glare of the mid-day summer sun is as different from the dull gray of a cloudy, foggy day as sunlight is from starlight. The very hills seem to change shape, and a lone coyote out on top of one, sniffing the breeze, his long, lank body silhouetted against the sky, the quick, oncoming, demolishing thunder storm, with its weight of wind and hail, or the death dealing, as equally quick coming blizzards of winter—all are shifting scenes on the reel of "change."

By the time we had lived the third year on the homestead, we became acquainted with our neighbors with families. There were three or four Norwegians, some American, one Russian-Jewish family that eventually became our firmest friends. The Russians were homesick, lonely, discouraged, when I first began to call on them, the wife and mother seemingly making no effort to keep up house and home. There was soon a noticeable difference in everything about the place, after I started to call there, and induced others to do so. Having spent so many lonely hours myself I well know how the sight of new faces, cheering words, example as to dress, manners, language, etc., left its lasting effects on the homesick, lonely woman, in a foreign land, and even more so on her eldest daughter, Dora, then about thirteen, now a beautiful, sweet faced, sweet voiced, lovely charactered girl, who could, and undoubtedly does grace some city ball room. With no one to teach her but her own eyes and ears, the eldest daughter in a family of nine children, much of the care of all of them resting on these frail shoulders, and what with sewing, milking, wash-

ing, working in the fields or catching an unsaddled, unbridled colt on the open prairie and riding like the wind, this remarkable girl has become a beautiful, fashionably and handsomely gowned young woman.

We met once, twice or three times a week at the shacks of these, our good neighbors; but most of all at Nordeen's, our good Norwegian neighbors, who had six or seven children, and one more every two years or so, and proud and glad of that. We would play cards, or little children's games, sing, eat lunches, with strong coffe; anything for a good time. Never have I found people get so much enjoyment out of the simple things of life, never such faith in the All Good; so much courage to go on and try over and over again, after failure, and then some more failure. Such genuine, heart to heart affection for all mankind, such tolerance for the wrongdoer, so little of class or caste feeling, as amongst these dear homesteaders of North Dakota. I have learned from them to understand the meaning of these words: "Except ye become as a little child," and again "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." Indeed, where else can one find the Kingdom of Harmony? And when one is in tune with the Infinite, in love with nature, family, home, friends, what need of stretching out hands towards a Heaven beyond the grave, when we have so much of Heaven here?

Chapter III.

One day in early March of our fourth year on the claim, another little son came to stay with us. The roads were impassable, with snow melted away in places, and in places big drifts remained. How a mother's thoughts always love to dwell on the coming of our darlings! And how eagerly the little ones will question about the all-important day of their coming! "Who dressed me first, mamma?" they will say. The nearest woman neighbor dressed my little Orin, and whatever else there was done as to nursing myself—cooking for the children, etc.—fell to husband, as usual. With no nurse, maid or cook, except my devoted husband, who always did his best, fearful that the toast would be too brown, or not brown enough, who saved every egg the hens laid for me, without any of the usual comforts of civilization, I still had a heart full of thankfulness and joy. My boy was such a fat, sturdy little fellow, I called him Orin, meaning "child of the sunlight," but Mr. Nordeen called him "Flinch," that being the leading card game which we all played during the previous winter. My greatest gratitude was that I had suffered so little, and comparatively was so strong. Another little woman that lived within sight of our shack, had a baby girl two days younger than my boy. She suffered for fourteen hours before a doctor could reach her, and still another woman left out in the hills was found by her husband with her new-born babe frozen in her arms. The husband had been away to work, for money was scarce with homesteaders, and every new expense must be met in some way otherwise than waiting three-fourths of a year for a crop to be sowed, harvested and turned into cash. The man had been delayed by a storm and arrived a few days too late.

Think of this, some of you gently-reared, city-bred mothers, who, ensconced in a beautiful hospital bed, with callers and flowers every day, doting mothers, grandmothers, sisters, aunts, cousins and what not? Soft-shod nurses to wait upon your every whim; think of what this lonely prairie woman must have suffered, alone, with no one near to give her a drink, a bite of food, or cause a ray of light to pierce her gloom: the fierce wind howling without, shaking the shack almost from its foundations; the frost hanging from the rafters in ever-increasing ropes, or strings; the window panes inch deep in ice, while inch by inch the terrible cold numbed the senses, until at last a merciful sleep, from which there is no awakening, came to her relief. Perhaps even that first sleep

was troubled and awakened by the babe she held so tight to her breast. Think of this lonely prairie woman, and instead of relating the terrible trials of motherhood, thank God with all your heart for your many blessings. You, comfortable men, with your good cigars, autos, motor boats, clubs, and what not, bare your heads in honor of Universal Motherhood. It is especially to the Pioneer Mothers we all owe our present ease and luxury. Every mother knows she is risking her life to give life to another, but it was the Pioneer Mothers who most often gave theirs.

For awhile Bingo Bill had not visited our shack. He came back, however, when little Orin was but a few days old. I was able to walk then across the room once more. I took my baby into the largest room, which served as living room, sat down before Bill, showed him the baby, and spoke to him about the joys, the pains, the hopes and expectations of a mother. His voice shook with emotion as he said how much better off were we, with our four little ones, than he, with no one to care what became of him. "But your mother cares just the same now as ever, Billy," I replied.

He laughed a scornful laugh. "I guess you don't know my mother," he said. "She always said I'd not amount to nothin'." His voice broke; what more he intended to say was left for me to understand without words.

Oh, the pity of it! Could it be the mother had turned against the child? I knew his sister, and a lovely girl she was, too, who had visited him the summer before, and had tried in vain to win him from drink. Disappointed, she had returned to her Wisconsin home.

No, it could not be! It was only a misunderstanding. "Why, Bill," I said, "your mother and Carol care for you. The boys, Charlie and I, the children, we all care for you. Just as you are; and we know you are not one-half what you might be, if you only would try. Why don't you stop drinking, save your money, have a wife who would help you, and a sweet little son or two like this one?"

A few days later Bill went back to the mine, and we did not see him for many days. In fact, the time became so long that we were worried about him, and wondered if he had done something to cause his arrest. When we could stand the suspense no longer, husband went to see what had become of him. Bill had gone to Minneapolis to take the "cure." It was with tears of thankfulness and joy I heard this news. Not only for Billy, but for others, who, quick to respond to the power of suggestion, had gone with him; some others, amongst them another of "our boys." Ben made a solemn vow to quit the liquor I have not heard of any of them breaking it.

It was while Billy was away that I received several hundred dollars through inheritance. The better crop of the year before, the acquaintance of neighbors, and therefore decrease of loneliness, made me not only reconciled to living there, but happy, with roseate dreams of the day when all this should be changed from wild prairie to a model ranch with a wind-mill, basement, barn, modern house, improvements all around.

So when the money came, just as a budding of what was to come, we had another room added on to the house and a concrete rubble chimney. We bought another horse, a cow, a much needed wagon and blacksmith's outfit, so that husband was enabled to do all his repair work at home. He hired Ben to dig the rock off several acres of land, in time for the summer breaking plow.

This was the state of affairs when Billy returned from Minneapolis, completely cured of the liking of any alcoholic liquor, even the smell of it, and looking so clean and fine. He bought out all the shares of the mine, but one small one, and had a lot of the fellows working for him either there or on his claim, making improvements of many kinds at both places.

It seemed so good to see Billy his real self again: the real man I always

knew existed there, and by all that is just and right he should have succeeded in making the home he hoped to have.

There was some forecast of a drought about this time. I was so busy cooking for the men; at times there were five besides my hubby and my little ones. The baby was so young, none of the four children were old enough to dress themselves, so with garden, milk and milk dishes, little chickens and ducks, sewing, washing and cleaning, from early morning till late at night, ceaselessly, I scarcely realized what a Dakota drought could be like until it was upon us.

After a day of heat that registered 104 degrees in the shade, with a wind at from sixty to seventy miles an hour blowing all day and at night, it seemed that we people were thoroughly seared and blistered.

Looking over our fields of wheat that had promised so much, in which we had hoped and planned and pictured such dreams of peace and plenty in years to come, we saw nothing but drooping plants and the old drill marks of spring.

Oh, if it would only rain tonight or tomorrow, or even soon; the crop might still be saved.

But days passed, and the sun shone, the heat continued intense, and ever the south wind blew, and never a cloud the size of a hat come in sight. There were times in the evenings when black clouds gathered in the west, thunder and lightning roared and flashed, a few drops of water fell, and that was all; there was not rain enough to settle the dust. The wheat fields turned black in color, except where the dried stalks made a dusty red; a little around the sloughs, where the ground was wettest, there was a faint green. Fires started up; no one knew from what cause. People turned their cattle out of the barren pastures into the fields; the cattle were growing thin; the wells were going dry. The Mouse river was dry in places, and dead fish lay along its banks. Sloughs that had contained water to the depth of twelve feet the year before were as dry as a barn floor.

We had one well of unusually good water and it was lasting pretty well. People were coming so much to it that we found it necessary to lock it down. We had never locked the granary or barn, or even the house, but we put a padlock on the well.

No use! People came in the night, loosed a board and stole the precious fluid.

The wild ducks came, unscared, into the very dooryards, looking for food and water. Everywhere, when people met, the topic for conversation was always the same: "Would it rain soon?" How would it end?

South Dakota had gone dry, too, with parts of Canada. That was the summer of 1910, called the comet year, and many people believed Halley's comet the cause of the drought; but I think that scarcely likely, as the year following was an equally dry year, as others have been before and since then.

It seems to me that I have never had more need of my faith in the All Good than at this time. To keep cheerful, to look for a favorable end of our troubles, while others went insane from the heat, drought and worry, was not only a duty to my family, but to others. The young men who boarded with us laughed and joked; husband kept up a brave front. They asked each other how it would seem to live on the prairie brush, or wear green goggles and put them on the horses, so things would appear green, there being no reality in matter anyway. No doubt the mind would be served just as well.

Many were the schemes and plans of getting out of the country, some five hundred miles of dry territory. Some neighbors suggested walking, some riding on their bronchos; some suggested wiring the Governor to send in a special train to take us settlers out of that locality. Always there was much merriment as to what we would do in order to live in case we were compelled to get out, without home

or money. I knew then, as I know now, that if I had given up my cheerfulness, it would have plunged the rest into despair. Some of the neighbors fell sick, and my knowledge of simple home remedies was of the greatest service. Some of them were grown children, ready to lean upon maternal arms. I was but a young woman then; some of these men were older than I. Still the great maternal instinct within me, my great love for the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind! They, in their materialism, unconsciously turned to me, while I learned to lean upon the Everlasting arms.

Our water on the farm was almost gone, for four days the cattle had not had enough, and what they did have was thick with mud, scraped from the bottom of the well. People, too, had nothing but muddy water to drink.

Then the great eve of the 23d of July came; the rain commenced to fall, gently at first, then with greater force, and nearly all night it fell steadily, filling one of our wells two-thirds full, and a big increase in the other one, with water standing for hours in the low places of the ground, where the thirsty cattle drank their fill, birds sang and people rejoiced. The great drought and heat was broken at last.

That was the first heavy rain of the year, and although it came too late to save the grain, which did not yield the seed that was sowed, the cultivated crops took life and grew, so every one had potatoes, some root vegetables and flax straw, and a second growth of wheat straw for hay.

Soon after the rain Billy and his hired men, who had finished their improvements and hay making, went back to the mine. I was rather glad to see them go. I had worked so hard, so long, I thought I would have a chance for a comparative rest.

But alas for roseate dreams: how often they are in vain! Billy and his men were no sooner gone than my baby fell sick of that dread disease, cholera infantum. My great, fat, husky, jolly baby! He had stood it all so well. Always he had met the men with a smile. They called him "Boysie" and "Dutch" and laughed and played with him. I am sure his sweet good nature was an inspiration to them.

All my life I have been closely associated with men. I have never known more than one or two who have not loved babies. The physical weakness of the little ones seems to appeal to their strength, power and prowess. All the jibes, sneers and cutting remarks, all the holding aloof of silken skirts, the proud and sneering looks on account of my large family of small children have come from my dear sister women.

To be continued.

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Birth of the Russian Democracy," by A. J. Sack, Director of the Russian Information Bureau in the United States.

The purpose of this book is to present to the American people, first, the great movement which brought Russia to the revolution of March, 1917, and then, as far as documents, the development of the revolution from March up to date. The author shows that the revolution of 1917 was the outcome of a great movement which started a century ago, immediately after the Napoleonic war, and in which the best representatives of Russia's mind and soul participated from generation to generation. The first revolutionary uprising in Russia was the so-called "Decembrists" revolt, December 14, 1825, organized by a group of young army officers who had visited Paris in 1814 and had become infected with the idea of the French revolution. Several of them were executed and the rest transported to Siberia. When Russia's great poet, Pushkin, sent his greeting to the exiled Decembrists, they answered him from Siberia, "The spark will burst into a flame." This prophecy has been fulfilled with the acts leading up to March, 1917. At this moment Russia is in a state of temporary disorganization, according to the author. Whatever happens there the foreign friends of Russia should not be pessimistic. Russia is not an old man dying; she is a child that has slipped and fallen in her first effort to walk independently. She is young and strong and has learned a great deal through the recent cruel lessons. With the help of her friends Russia will emerge from her prostration just as the French nation did during the period of the Terror. The efforts of Russia to find herself through a series of revolutions has been set forth in this volume by the exceptionally well informed author. Scores of photographs of revolutionists and of dominant leaders illumine the pages which throw a light on Russia's course in revolution to date.

$2.65 net. Published by the Russian Information Bureau, New York.

"Out of the Jaws of Hunland," by Private Jack Evans.

Corporal Fred McMullen, joint-author with Private Jack Evans of "Out of the Jaws of Hunland," twice escaped from his German captors, once while clad in a civilian uniform secured from German soldier-sentries, in return for bits of soap, only to be apprehended and brought back again to the same awful privation, harsh treatment and galling conditions. Finally, by stepping at midnight over two sleeping sentries and crawling through two trap doors, he got away again, and after a series of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures, made his way into Holland.

Private Evans tried three times, unsuccessfully, to escape, on one of these occasions getting within two hundred yards of the Holland border when apprehended. Finally he, too, after going through privation and almost unimaginable dangers, managed to get "out of the jaws."

Putnam & Sons, New York.

"Over There," by Captain R. Hugh Knyvett.

Here is the sort of thing the modern scout must do as told by Captain R. Hugh Knyvett in "'Over There' with the Australians."

"I was responsible that our portion of the line should be guarded from surprise, and fear of some unknown calamity that might spring upon us

from the dark made me so concerned that I lay pretty nearly all day on top of the parapet covered with sand-bags searching every inch of No Man's Land for a sign of the cause of the nocturnal activity of the Boche. The setting sun revealed something shining that looked like the barrel of a Lewis gun. After dark, when I went out, I found I could not get near the place, for a machine gun was playing round it to discourage curiosity. Next morning I donned a green suit and with a snail's progress crawled through the long grass and discovered that the Germans had laid a five-inch pipe from their trenches to within fifty yards of an indention in our own. They would be able to enfilade us with gas before we could don our masks. I thought if we blocked it up the enemy might not discover it and put through gas which would come back on himself. I took out a bucket of concrete and dumped it over the end of the pipe in broad daylight without having a shot fired at me or being seen. Afterward I found crawling in the daylight in No Man's Land to be less dangerous than at night."

Scribner's, New York.

"Love Songs," by Sara Teasdale.

Columbia University, for the first time in its history, has awarded a prize of $500 for a book of poetry. The university offered this prize for the best book of poems published during the year 1917. Three eminent critics acted as judges. The award has been made to Sara Teasdale (Mrs. E. B. Filsinger), of New York City, for her volume entitled "Love Songs."

Sara Teasdale, although one of the younger American poets, is well known to all lovers of poetry, and her work is widely appreciated in England and Canada, as well as in this country. Her poems are highly lyrical, and are considered by many critics to be the best examples of this kind of poetry written in America today.

Arthur Symons, the famous English poet and critic, was one of the first to point out the clear and song-like beauty of this poet's work. As long ago as 1907, on the publication of her first book, he wrote enthusiastically in praise of it in The London Saturday Review.

Many of Miss Teasdale's poems have been translated into French, Spanish, Danish and other languages. It is because of their universal feeling that it has been possible to translate them so successfully.

The Macmillan Co., New York.

"The Biology of War," by Professor G. F. Nicolai.

Reports of the severe punishment inflicted on Professor G. F. Nicolai of the University of Berlin for publishing his work, "The Biology of War," a translation of which will shortly be issued by the Century Co., have recently been confirmed. Dr. Nicolai, despite his having been not only one of the most celebrated scientists in Germany but also consulting physician to the imperial family, firmly opposed the war from the beginning, and, as a consequence, was interned in the Graudenz fortress, where he wrote most of his book. Furthermore, this punishment was not meted out, as was falsely asserted by the German government, "because Professor Nicolai had sent his work to a Swiss publisher after evading the particular regulations laid down by the censor." On the contrary, the manuscript of "The Biology of War" was in Switzerland before its author could know that the German censor would not agree to the publication of this important scientific work. It is also a fact that the publication of the book was arranged by interested scientists without any personal assistance from the author. The Progres Medical of Paris notes: "We recall that Professor Nicolai refused energetically to have anything to do with the making of bombshells to contain the germs of cholera or plague bacilli, and to inoculate Russian prisoners with bacteria."

The Century Company, New York.

"The Quest of the Face," my Stephen Graham.

As in much of Mr. Graham's writing, the spiritual note is beautifully sounded in this work, which is reminiscent in a way of "The Priest of the Ideal." Witness the following from one of the introductory pages, which well gives the keynote to the entire work:

"We are all seeking a face. It may be the dream face of the ideal, our own face as it ought to be, as we could wish it to be, or the face that we could love, or a face we once caught a glimpse of and then lost in the crowds and the cares. We seek a face of such celestial loveliness that it would be possible to fall down before it in the devotion of utter sacrifice. Some seek it desperately, others seek it ever hopefully, some forget and remember and then forget again and remember again. Others live their life in the consciousness of a promise that they shall see the face at some definite time by and by. The vision of it seems completely remote from some, and they live their life hardly and darkly, but there are others who are perpetually in the light of it, and they see all the common sight of the world transfigured by it.

"Each has his separate vision of the face. And as there is an infinite number and diversity of mankind, so the faces of the ideal are infinitely numerous and diverse. Yet as in truth we are all one, so all these faces are one, and all the loveliness is one loveliness."

The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Florida, the Land of Enchantment," by Nevin O. Winter, author of "Mexico and Her People Today," etc.

A literary and artistic treatment of the "Land of Flowers," including accounts of Ponce de Leon and his search for the fountain of youth; De Soto and his wanderings; the French Huguenots and Fort Carolina; historic St. Augustine; the provinces of East Florida and West Florida; the pirates of the Caribbean and their swamp retreats; Lake Okeechobe and the Caloosahatchee River; the Everglades; Chief Osceola and the Seminole War; the modern Seminoles; the St. John's, Oklawaha and Indian Rivers; Palm Beach and the East Coast; Tampa and the West Coast; Pensacola and her wonderful harbor; Key West, the doorway to Cuba; the disappearing alligators and deep-sea fishing; a bird paradise; the growth of citrus fruits, and the general development of our most tropical state.

Eight plates in full color, 48 pages of illustrations in duograms.

$3.50 net; carriage $3.85. The Page Company, Boston.

"Russia in Upheaval," by Edward Alsworth Ross.

Professor Ross spent almost the whole of the revolutionary year 1917 in Russia. He visited every corner of the empire, including Eastern Siberia, Turkeston and Georgia. "Russia in Upheaval," his new book, is at once picturesque and philosophical, a remarkable commentary on the Russian people in their hour of great change. An interesting light is thrown on German methods of civilization by the following passage: The virtues of the Russians are to be credited to the goodness of their nature, rather than to their acquired standards. In the language of an American long resident in Russia: "It seems as if this race has in some mysterious way fallen heir to the chief Christian virtues. save chastity. They are kindly, forgiving. tolerant, and charitable." When talking with Lutheran pastors who insisted that the moujiks were superstitious, but not religious, I asked, "How about their kindliness and brotherliness?" The reply would come, "Oh, that's a matter of race, rather of indwelling Christian spirit."

It is a discernment of these precious traits in the Russian nature that causes all Americans who know them well to prophecy a great future for the Rus-

sians after they have come into their own. We recognize that in some ways their instincts are better adapted to a co-operative and democratic social order than are ours. But just at this point appears a significant divergence of opinion between American and German observers of Russia. All the educated Germans I sounded, from Courland landlords to Lutheran pastors along the Volga, harped on the low state of culture among the Russian masses and their anarchic tendency, called for a firm hand to hold them in, and predicted that an immense time would lapse before they could attain the strength of character, steadiness of purpose, and capacity for self-determination of West Europeans. Generally, "two or three centuries" of tutelage was deemed necessary.

On the contrary, Americans with equally full knowledge of the people attribute their backwardness to specific and recently-operative causes such as isolation, autocracy, serfdom, ignorance and the communal system. They anticipate that under good conditions the mentality of the masses may be speedily improved, and they never put off the date of "arrival" of the Russians later than the end of this century.

$2.50 net. The Century Company, New York.

"Democracy Made Safe," by Paul Harris Drake.

The arrival of a book, such as "Democracy Made Safe," is an important event. It marks an epoch in the field of social science. Such a book promises to create a profound impression and to provoke widespread comment.

The author has grasped a big idea, which, for sheer audacity of conception, clearness of insight, and convincing exposition surpasses anything in this realm that has come to light for a generation.

In this book what the author conceives to be the coming society is outlined in unmistakable and attractive detail. Here is both an indictment of modern capitalism and a prophecy of the "good to be." The book fairly radiates faith in humanity.

The reader should prepare to be astounded and, probably, to readjust many of his opinions when he opens this particular book. Unlike most productions in the economic field, this work is free from technical phrases and confusing references. The style is lively and invitingly readable. It is a book to be read and pondered. Thoughtful people everywhere will welcome this most original and illuminating contribution to the literature of the new order.

"Democracy Made Safe" is a book for all time. It deals principally with truths of a transcendent and permanent nature. Clearly in advance of accepted social theories, it anticipates a society in which democracy can safely thrive—free from the artificial limitations of a decadent capitalism. This volume belongs to the pioneer order. At this vital period and in a time of intense searching, like the present, every institution of society is on trial for its life. Our social structure is being shaken to its very foundation.

All forms of autocracy and plutocracy are being discredited and are tottering. The millions are asking, "Where will it all end?" Evidently, the author of "Democracy Made Safe" has answered that question.

$1.00 net. Le Roy Phillips, Boston, Mass.

Speech and Silence

By Juan Zorrilla de San Martin

I.

SOMEBODY (perhaps it was I myself) once said: I have never repented of having kept silent; and how often have I not had to repent of having spoken!

Either I am much mistaken, or the majority of people will say in their heart the same thing or something similar. It is a fact.

In harmony with it is the profound utterance of Kempis: "Said one. 'How often have I been in the midst of men, and made myself less of a man.' This is the way we feel every day when we talk too much."

We have also the saying of Pascal: "Very often all a man's troubles spring from his not being able to remain quiet in his room." La Brueyre tells us that "all our evil proceeds from our not being able to be alone: whence gambling, dissipation, wine, woman, ignorance, evil-speaking, envy, disregard of self and of God."

Finally, Solomon, in the Book of Proverbs: "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."

Well and good: it is proper now to learn, yes or no, what ought to be deduced from such judicial observations, or, more properly, the ideal or form of conduct that they all suggest to us.

II.

Shall we adopt the purpose of interposing silence between ourselves and other men, refraining from speech always, or whenever it be possible?

It is easier, as Kempis himself says, to keep silent always than it is not to run to excess in words.

This is very true: it is more easy for some; less difficult for others. How well we understand the extreme relativity of this case. It is as easy for a loquacious man to be loquacious as it is for a silent man to be silent. "We hope," says Carlyle, "that we Englishmen shall preserve for a long time 'notre grand talent pour le silence.'"

Our great talent for silence! The talent is nothing else in this case, as I conjecture, than temperament, idiosyncrasy, disposition, or whatever you wish to call it, formed by manifold causes: it is the basis of character, and it ought not to be confounded with character itself, which is energy of disciplined will. Upon disposition or temperament the will exercises its action: if the latter dominates the former, we have character; if the former dominates the latter, we have mere passion.

But it is not always in our power to follow the easier war: what is most contrary to our genius or personal tendency is binding upon us at times.

"It is not always a question," says Pascal, "of examining to see if one has a vocation for retirement from the world, but rather whether one has a vocation for remaining in it. In like manner, one does not hold debate with himself as to whether he is called upon to depart from a pestilential or burning house."

III.

Silence then, not being left to our determination, shall we incline to the celebrated aphorism of Fichte: "Let us tell the truth, even if the world sinks!"

I, for my part, can only say that I have always found him merely emphatic. Of what truth is this man

speaking who makes so great an outcry? Perhaps of the opinion that each one forms regarding this or that thing? We should be in a fine state then: the whole world would sink several times a week, if not several times a minute, and we ought to be pleased that the equilibrium of the planets does not depend upon the truth spoken or left unspoken by the inhabitants of our planet. It is not such a great thing—let us say, this globule of clay of ours illuminated by a sun.

A discreet author of our region of the rio de la Plata, who has just written a book, counsels us: "When we feel the necessity of saying something that we believe favorable to the progress of ideas or to the recognition of truth, we ought not to remain silent; as it is better to expose ourselves to the censure of others than to our own contempt."

I do not see very clearly the wisdom of this counsel either. It is indisputable that a man of truth ought to fear his own censure rather than that of another; but it is not a question of that, but of knowing precisely whether keeping silent always leads to self-disdain, by the mere fact of keeping still, when we feel the necessity of saying something that we believe favorable to progress. As for me, I am persuaded that nothing has more hindered the progress of ideas and made more skeptics than the improper defense of truth and its proclamation without rhyme or reason.

If any importance be attached to Alfred de Vigny's opinion, a literal reproduction of the England: "Seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse." And if we are to take into account the impression of Emerson, we ought to have little faith in the efficacy of human speech. "Destiny enters so much into life," he says, "so much irresistible impulse or temperament, and of unknown inspirations, that I doubt if we are able, out of our own experience, to say anything useful to anyone." This doubt has not prevented Emerson, let it be said in passing, from teaching us many things, some of them useful, without a doubt, and a few harmful, in several volumes of fine print.

As for me, I am going to say what I judge to be not wholly useless for my fellow-creatures concerning this intricate subject.

IV.

The respect and appreciation that a man has for himself can be measured by the regard he has for his own utterances. "Nakedness of soul," according to Bacon, "is not less indecent than nakedness of body; a little reserve and circumspection in words, behavior and acts will elicit respect." And the Book of Proverbs says: "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

The tongue of man, says another, is a sacred organ; and man sets himself forth in philosophy as speech incarnate.

He who lavishes and wastes his words despises them; and he who despises his words belittles himself. He, however, who withholds his words from avarice or egotism, perhaps because what we have said is no longer ours, and because what only one knows always has greater value—this economy of the soul is not always a virtue, and may well become a vice.

Speech is par excellence constructive of human society, and it is also par excellence destructive; it is the element that unites and harmonizes souls by truth and by love, and the one that separates and disconcerts them by falsehood and hatred; it is a title of glory and it is a title of dishonor; it is also the most baneful of the creatures that fly. He who wounds with the tongue, says Saint John Chrysostom, makes a deeper wound than he who wounds with the teeth," "A few words worthy of recollection," says Joubert, on the other hand, "may be sufficient to enlighten a great spirit."

Man, a plant that speaks, emits in words the subtile essence of himself from which is formed the moral at-

mosphere we breathe, as a plant gives its myterious emanation to the physical surroundings upon which we are nourished, in the same way as things impart their color to the universe we see. Color, some one has said (if I do not remember ill), is the spirit of things. A man, like a plant, like things visible, emits more or less of his spirit in his speech, according to his own character or personal qualities. There are men who do not speak, as there are flowers that have no odor; there are people who are almost invisible, as there are colorless things that are confused with the medium in which they exist, with the earth and the sky and other things. There are some men, on the other hand, who are seen and heard, because by nature they are luminous and sonorous.

However, just as the visible man is not wholly prevented from hiding himself by avoiding the discord of his being with the surroundings, so the invisible man can never be so invisible as to make the envelope of his spirit completely impenetrable; it is transparent, to a greater or less degree, but it is always somewhat so. Also a man shows through the chinks of his exterior. To think is to live; to live in the sensible world, is to burn, to sound, to be tangible or palpable. Only the dead are invisible: death is nothing else, in brief terms, than ceasing to be visible.

Emerson tells us that Confucius exclaimed: "A man conceal himself! How is it possible for a man to conceal himself?"

"Thoughts," he says elsewhere, "come to our spirit and issue from it by portals that we have never left open voluntarily."

Social environment is formed of this life of spirits: they are the "innermost word," and they have inevitably endless perceptible emanation in the infinite ether.

What is important then for a man, both in his own interest and in the interest of others—which at length reflows also into him—is not so much to imprison his speech, which, like his look, his attitude or his environment, is the form of the emanation of his thinking and affectional being, as it is to see to it that the formation of what his being emits, in any manner whatsoever, shall become a beneficent plant.

"If you do not wish it to be known that you have done a thing," says Emerson, "do not do it."

There is an effective means, it seems to me, of speaking without having to repent of having thought, imagined, felt, desired. There is a proper way not to feel less of a man for having been among men: to be an intense man, deeply rooted in one's self, as much the master of his roots as of his leaves and flowers. There also exists a means of not leaving one's room: to go out with one's room and all, to be one with it, to live in it perpetually, like a snail.

Create silence then in your thought, and you will have it in your mouth; create it in your imagination and your looks will be silent.

It is not right therefore to shut yourself in with a double key; you must venture to come out of yourself, if you are to live a human life. It is well to fare you forth; and do not absent yourself too much; never let yourself be lost to view. Live in the presence of yourself, and above all, in the presence of the Lord your God. Set a sentinel upon your thought; put a bridle upon your fancy; do not leave it alone; let it not give birth to wild creatures that may bring you dishonor; always have a light kindled in your heart, in order that your desires may not take form in obscurity, like poisonous fungi.

And then speak to your fellows according to your character.

Not only is silence great: much greater is the silent and well-nurtured word.

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TWELVE VIEWS OF CALIFORNIA SCENERY

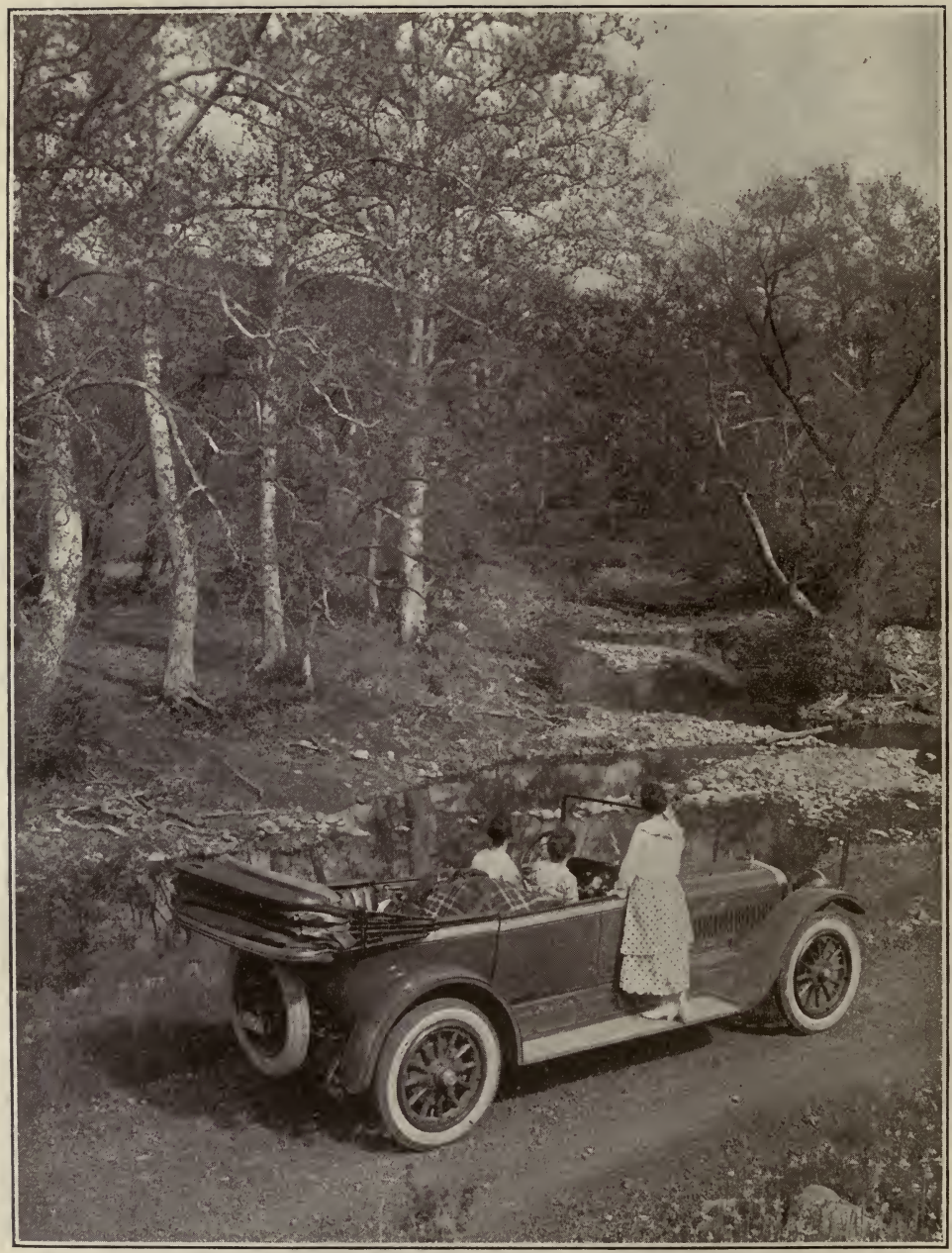
The Entrance to Arroyo Mocho.

The Everlasting Snows on the High Capped Peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California.

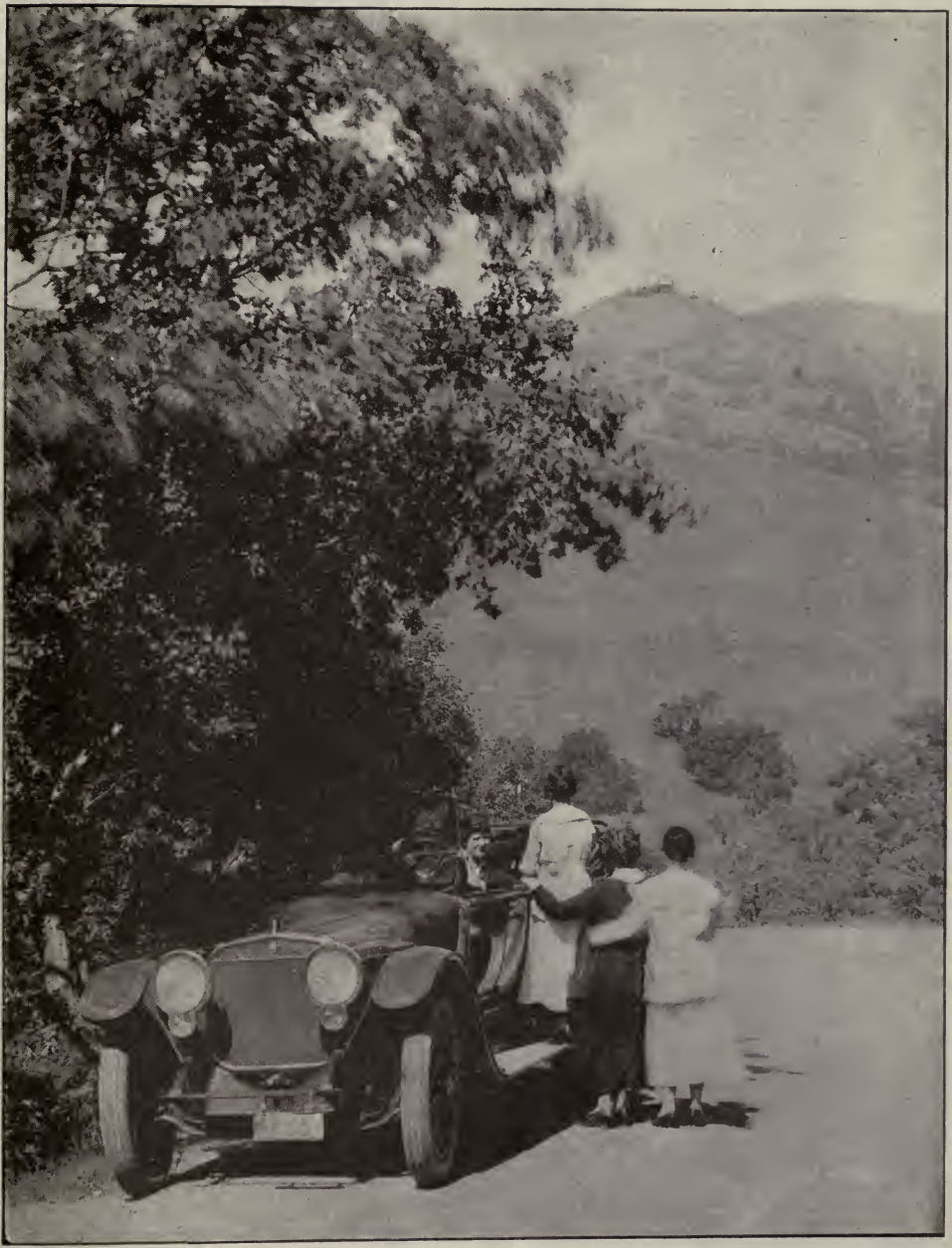
Skirting the Pacific Ocean Shore, Northern California.

Gathering Wildflowers on the Famous Uvas Road, Near the Coast Shore.

A Luncheon In "Happy Valley."



A Bit of the Winding of the Picturesque Uvas Stream.



A Last Glimpse of Mt. Hamilton on the Coast Range. Lick Observatory on the High Peak.

Wonderful Waterfall In the Sierras on the Road Near Cascadia.

The Hair-Pin Turn, Half Way Between Cascadia and Huntington Lake, in the Sierras.

An Avenue of Palms, Southern California.

In a Stretch of Pine Forest on the Sierra Highway.

A Peep at the Rising Sierras.

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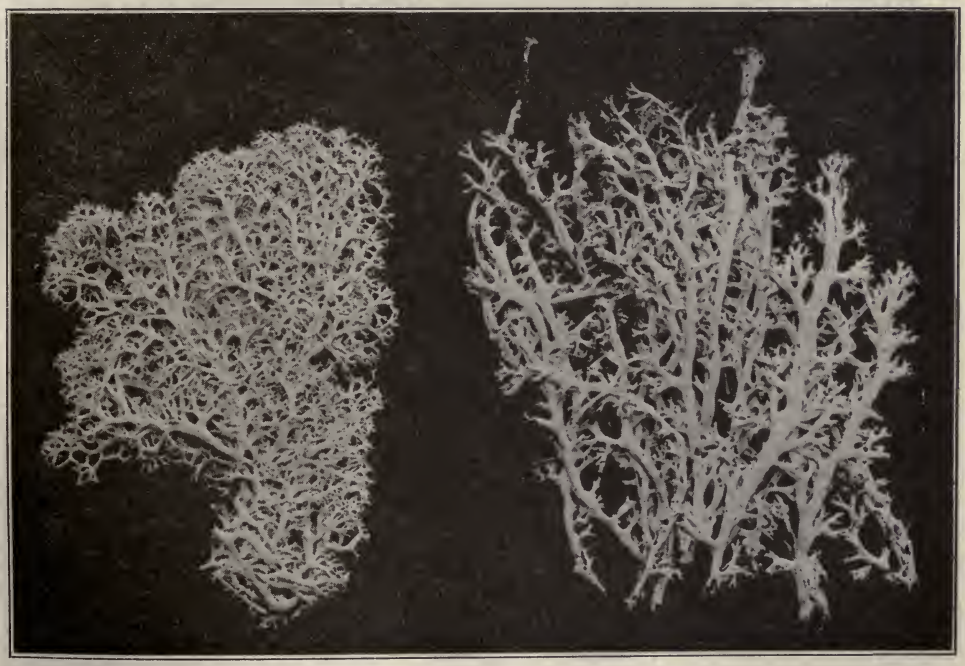
Reindeer Meat as Beef Supply

By David Gove

THE war has made most of us all think of food, especially of beef, and the tendency of the beef supply in the United States is to decrease, while the population is increasing. Beef cattle were decreasing before the war and the abnormal conditions caused by the great conflict has made the beef situation still more acute.

Many solutions have been put forward to solve the meat problem. Whale meat and catalo beef, horse flesh, reinder, etc. Whale meat or horse flesh sound rather repulsive to the average American.



Two Species of Lickers, or Reindeer Moss. This Forage Grows Abundantly in the North and Is the Principal Food of the Reindeer in the Winter Time. It Usually Grows to be Three to Six Inches Long.

The Reindeer Is the Hardiest of Beef Animals. Note Their Wide Hoofs for Traveling Over Soft Snow or Boggy Tundra.

With considerable camouflaging, however, whale and horse meat may be used in this country to a limited extent. What is needed is a staple that is palatable to the epicure of the average American. The catalo is a hybrid, a cross between domestic cattle and the buffalo. They were supposed to live upon the arid lands of the country but as yet they have made little headway as beef producers. The reindeer therefore are the only beef animal in North America that gives promise of filling the gap in the meat supply.

There is a movement on foot in Canada to devote the northern part of that

Miss Ampher, a Lady Stenographer at Nome, Petting a Sled Reindeer After a Lively Drive Over the Snow-covered Tundra.

country to raising reindeer. The northern regions of the eastern hemisphere have been raising reindeer for centuries. In 1916 Germany imported from Sweden alone 43,500 carcasses of reindeer meat. And Canada proposes to raise reindeer upon the Canadian territory that lies in the same degree of latitude as Northern Europe and Siberia.

The area where reindeer can thrive on this continent amounts to over two million square miles, nearly two-thirds the size of the United States. This enormous area comprises a large part of Alaska, Yukon territory, Northern Territory of Canada, Quebec, Labrador and Newfoundland. In this area there is estimated to be forty or fifty million caribou. Caribou and reindeer are specifically the same species of animals. Reindeer are simply domesticated caribou. The habitat of the caribou is in the same degree of latitude as the reindeer and they both live on the same kind of food. At present the 105,000 reindeer in Alaska and Labrador are of more benefit to man for food and other necessities of life than the forty or fifty millions that are running wild.

To replace the millions of caribou with domesticated reindeer could not be accomplished in a few years, but will require a steady constructive effort over a period of time. With a population such as exists in Northern Europe, and a system similar to what the United States has for the reindeer industry in Alaska, should make the territories north of the agricultural belt as meat productive as the cattle countries further south.

Miss Edna Cameron, School Teacher at Nome, Occasionally Takes an Outing Trip, Riding a Reindeer.

The bureau of education is working wonders in Alaska with reindeer, first they saved the native races of that country from starvation, now they are shipping consignments of reindeer meat to the United States. There are over two thousand sled reindeer in Alaska doing general freighting work, carrying mail, etc. Many of them are trained that they will go into the barn like horses to be fed or harnessed. The

method of harnessing them consists of a collar and light harness from which two traces go back to a single-tree. W. C. Shields, the superintendent of education at Nome, had some of his sled reindeer shod with iron shoes like oxen to enable them to haul freight more easily along the shore ice of Bering Sea and over the frozen rivers of that country.

To a certain extent reindeer in Alaska are taking the place of dogs as their food can be found mostly

In 1914 a company of business men at Nome was formed to engage in the reindeer business. These people have decided to make their homes in Alaska and have gone into the reindeer stock business quite extensively. They will try to improve the breed by a systematic line of breeding. Their idea is to increase the size of the animals and to breed the horns off. At present the big horns take much nourishment from the body of the reindeer.

In 1915 Mr. W. T. Lopp, chief of the

A Fall Round-up of a Reindeer Herd at Kotzebue, Alaska. They Stand as Peaceful as a Herd of Cattle on a Middle-West Farm.

wherever one is traveling. Many of the Alaska reindeer are beautifully spotted. The short haired fall skins sell for five to six dollars apiece. They are used to make coats and other articles of clothing. The reindeer antlers are very large in comparison to the size of the animal. The females also have horns, although not as large as the males. The antlers are shed in March and April after which a new pair immediately starts to grow. The antlers are shipped to the States and are used to make varied articles.

Alaska bureau of education, started a system of reindeer fairs to be held in the different districts in Alaska. These fairs last for several days. Everything that pertains to the reindeer industry is competed for. Last year at the Noorvik fair a single reindeer pulled 2,242 pounds on a sled, at the same fair an Eskimo with a reindeer hitched to a racing sled ran ten miles in 37 minutes and 8 seconds. Lassoing contests are also indulged in and prizes awarded for the best dressed reindeer carcasses.

A Prize Team at One of the Reindeer Fairs. Note Their Large Feet, which Enables Them to Walk Over the Soft Snow and Boggy Tundra of the North.

The principal food of the reindeer is letchin or reindeer moss as it is commonly called. It grows from four to eight inches in length, and is found in vast areas in Alaska and Northern Canada. The crops of reindeer forage never fail in the north. The frost remains in the ground throughout the summer months, which gives up moisture and fosters the growth of arctic vegetation, thus eliminating the uncertainties of draughts and rains. If

Reindeer Carcasses in the Abattoir at Nome, Preparatory to Being Shipped to the States.

Herders With Their Traveling Kit on Their Way to Another Band of Reindeer.

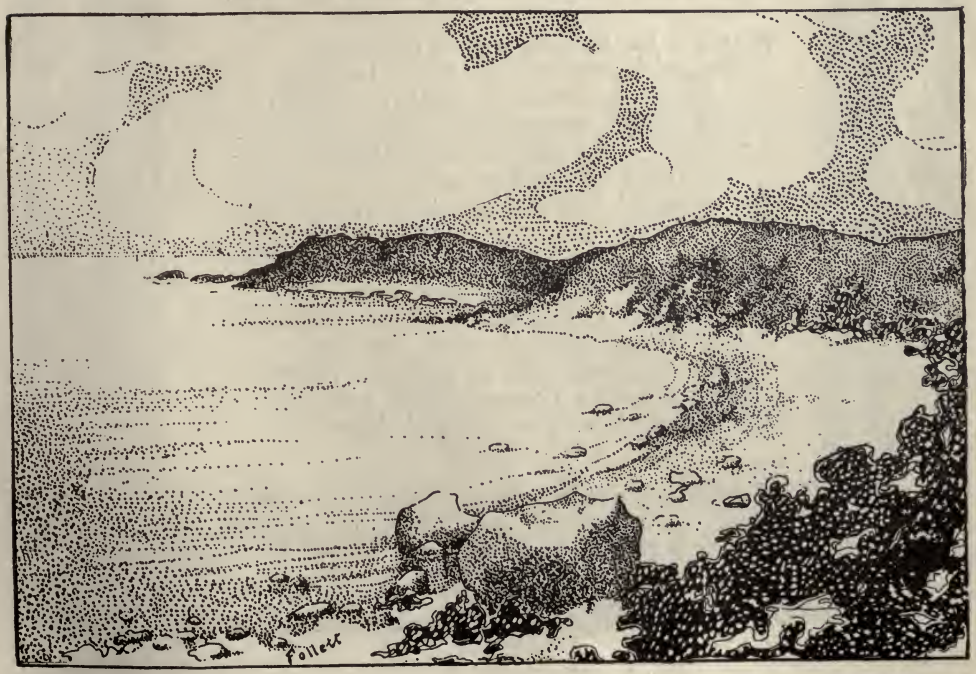
the snow is too deep and hard for the reindeer to dig for their food, they will go to where the wind has blown the snow off the ground and there they will graze in the coldest kind of weather. In the summer season in addition to the reindeer moss they eat arctic grass, the shoots of young willows and mushrooms.

Reindeer cannot be branded like cattle as their hair gets very thick and heavy in the winter season. To establish the right of each owner's deer a small aluminum disc, stamped with the owner's brand, is fastened into the ear of each deer. In Alaska a brand book is kept in each district and the different trade marks are also registered with the department of the interior at Washington, D. C. Where a sale is made the seller simply removes his brand disc and the buyer attaches his.

The reindeer have unusually big feet. Their feet are as large as the hoofs of a domestic cow, though they only weigh about half as much. It is estimated that for each square inch of the reindeer's feet they only have to support two pounds of their weight. This provision of nature enables them to walk over soft snow or boggy tundra without sinking down to any great extent.

The largest reindeer herd in Alaska is at Kotzebue and contains 4,000 deer. The caribou are found in herds from ten to one hundred thousand. A few years ago a herd of half a million caribou was reported northeast of Dawson. It was estimated to be ten miles long and five miles wide.

There is no question but many millions of reindeer can be fed upon the waste territories laying north of the 58 degrees. By transmuting such a vast amount of otherwise useless vegetation into food that can be used by man would be an almost incalculable benefit to the people of North America. The reindeer has always been an important beef animal. The dawn of human history is known as the reindeer epoch. At that time reindeer was the chief food of primitive man, as it stands today the reindeer from the boreal regions of this continent offer a splendid prospect of becoming a big factor in the supply of meat which will be a staple article of food.



What You Call Freedom Men Call Piracy

By Henry Van Dyke

United States Minister at the Hague, 1913-1916

You dare to say with perjured lips,
"We fight to make the ocean free"?
You, whose black trail of butchered ships
Bestrews the bed of every sea
Where German submarines have wrought
Their horrors! Have you never thought—
What you call freedom, men call piracy!

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave
Where you have murdered, cry you down;
And seamen whom you would not save,
Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown
Of shame for your imperious head,—
A dark memorial of the dead,—
Women and children whom you left to drown.

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard
The gold, and corsairs called to keep
O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward,
And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,
Shall men and women look to thee,—
Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea,—
To safeguard law and freedom on the deep.

In nobler breeds we put our trust;
The nation in whose sacred lore
The "Ought" stands out above the "Must,"
And Honour rules in peace and war.
With these we hold in soul and heart,
With these we choose our lot and part,
Till Liberty is safe on sea and shore.

Tahola, an Important Indian Village on the Route.

Canoeing Down the Quinault

By A. M. Walker

IN the northwest corner of the United States lies the Olympic peninsula, one of the wild spots of our country, rich in the beauty of its mighty, untouched forests and the grandeur of glacier-clad Mount Olympus (8,200 feet).

In August, 1913, I was one of a party of a hundred hikers that explored its wilds under the guidance of the "Mountaineers" of Seattle. The announcement of the expedition stated that the last part of the trip would be "forty miles down the river Quinault, with Indians, in dugouts." That was the temptation that I could not resist. I must go.

After our splendid tramp for three weeks through the dense forests and up and down Mount Olympus, one warm August afternoon we came to placid Lake Quinault. There we saw a big house in which was a store, so we knew that—alas!—we were again near civilization. From here down to the ocean we were to be taken by Indians in canoes, twenty-three of them, all dugouts. As to costumes, we hikers were a motley crowd, and I felt that the Indians rather liked us.

The next morning we were up early and had our dunnage ready at the river bank. The bags were so placed in the middle of each canoe that they furnished "Pullman" backs, as it were, for us. Four passengers were usually allotted to each canoe, two facing downstream, the other two upstream. Silently curious regarding what might happen, we took our places very cau-

Maneuvering the Boat Around a Log Jam on the River; Passengers Get Out Here and Walk Around the Jam.

tiously as directed, carefully obeying our instructions to lean neither to the right nor to the left. When we entered the current at the end of the lake, it was indeed thrilling to glide quietly and swiftly down past the big trees, with nothing to do but gaze and wonder at the beauty of it all. The canoes were started at intervals, and made lovely pictures as one by one they

Coming Down the Quinault Forty Miles a Day. Twenty-three Canoes Make up the Party.

Getting Afloat After the Noonday Luncheon.

passed around the bends in the river, forming what to us hikers was a unique procession.

It is wonderful to see what an Indian can do with a canoe and a pole! Each quartet of our party that had an Indian canoeist felt a kind of exclusive pride in him, regarding him as without question, the best of them all. The few white men who had the manage-

A Placid Strip of the Quinault River.

ment of canoes were not the favored ones this time.

"What shall I do when we come to the first rapids?" I wondered. As it happened, we were in them and out of them before I had done anything! Yet my secret thought often ran: "Whew! those rocks down there below the boat did look pretty close that time!"

We drifted on, all of us quiet and happy. Like the silent Indian, child of Nature, we observed and thought. Not a house nor a building of any kind was seen during the day—just forest, river, sky. Of course we had our real excitement. Log-jams—we saw many of them on this journey. At one of them our party had to land and walk around the obstruction, while the Indians took the canoes with our baggage through the rapids. Then, too, the huge fallen trees lying across the river! When we came to one of these we had to lie down flat in our canoes to pass under the natural but by no means serviceable bridge. At noon our guides pulled up on shore for lunch, after which we put back for the long afternoon trip, floating merrily to the sea. As the current carried us now to this side, now to that, more than once a canoe ran aground on the shoals. When that happened the paddler had to get into the water to push the stranded canoe off. I wondered what we could have done without those faithful attendants. The Indians told us that it takes several days to get the boats back from the seashore up the river against the current.

The region that we traversed is an Indian reservation and at the mouth of the Quinault river is the little Indian village of Tahola. Before evening we came in sight of the village and the ocean. We were put ashore near great piles of driftwood and huge logs that lay in masses on the beach. There we slept in our sleeping bags, on this, our last night out, in the great Olympic peninsula. Next day, before starting homeward, we met the old Indian chief Tahola and shook hands with him. Then we left the peaceful Indian village and walked eight miles up the beach to the railroad station at Moclips, thankful for that last day's inspiration, passing in our canoes down the Quinault waterway.

Wm. P. Henderson's Paintings of American Indian Dances

By J. Nilsen Laurvik

Director Palace of Fine Arts.

HAS the primitive origin of the Greek dances been finally discovered in the ceremonial dances of the American Indian? That is the question that occurs to one and persistently reoccurs as one views the rhythmic flow of movement in Wm. P. Henderson's very expressive paintings of these dances now on exhibition in the old Chase gallery in the Palace of Fine Arts.

At all events, Henderson's interpretation of these dances is invested with something of that same pagan spirit which we have come to associate with the early Greek ceremonial dances. Have we not here, perhaps, something akin to the origin of the Greek drama, the sincere religious folk dance closely associated with the life of people in connection with the crops and with their family life. The paintings were made after a prolonged study of the ceremonial dances of Tewa and Karasan tribes of Indians in New Mexico, and have been interpreted with a profound understanding of the religious motive underlying all these dances, as well as with a keen appreciation of their aesthetic value.

Artistically regarded, they are by all odds the most interesting records of the ceremonial side of the Indian's life that has thus far come to our attention. Henderson has successfully caught what most artists who have attempted to do this very thing have failed in: Namely—to reveal the deep sense of art with which these dances are imbued. In view of the fact that these dances are fast disappearing and the very limited knowledge in regard to them, it may not be amiss to give a brief survey of their origin and significance.

These dances are all prayers, either rain prayers, prayers for increase of the crops, or prayers for children. The attitude of the people in their dances is one of absolute sincerity. In some of the Pueblos, the Catholic religion has a strong hold, but the church has always allowed the dances to continue, so that today we even find them in some instances dancing in the churches following the Catholic services.

Each of the Pueblos has a feast day—the feast day of the saint of that village, and their big dance is held at that time of the year and is turned into a holiday, to which come the Indians from all the neighboring Pueblos. This dance is always the dance of the season of the year. The costumes symbolize the season. Tablitas adorn the women's heads, and when you see them coming across the plaza in the "green corn dance," both the women and men holding boughs of evergreens in their hands, with the sunlight shining on them, it really suggests the waving corn.

In the "snow-bird dance," the black and white costumes of the men, the little white feathers scattered through the women's hair and put into the black painted on the men's faces (which represents the bird's bills, as though with new fallen snow caught there), have a naive suggestion really astonishing,

Snowbird Dance at Tesuque.—By William P. Henderson—In the Palace of Fine Arts.

particularly when you see them dance with snow-covered mountains for a background. The rhythm of the dance, the intonation in the singing and the magnifying of the men's stature, through the addition of buffalo heads, the light shining on their black, grease-painted bodies, altogether conveys a tremendous effect of the buffalo herds as they sweep across the plains with the Indians after them, even to the vibration of the earth as they stamp in the dance.

In the "eagle dance"—the men wearing a white, soft head-dress with a green tassel hanging across the face, the bodies painted gray, the face, arms and legs a mustard yellow, and large wings of black and white feathers, with a vermillion accent for the beak painted across the yellow face, convey a vivid expression of the bird. The swaying figures, moving in rhythm, first to one side and then the other, the way in which their feet cling to the ground, the quality of the music, voices and drum that goes with it, and the power of the personality that the men dancers possess, evokes an emotional effect perhaps more barbaric but fully as artistic as Mme. Pavlowa in the swan dance.

The "summer sun dance," the "turquoise dance at concheti" and the gray painted dancers from the North Keva, suggesting summer and winter at the full time of the crops, have a wonderful symbolism associated with the changing season. The bodies of the dancers, painted blue in the summer dance, among the dark garbed women with their rich, warm coloring and accents of vermillion, seems almost to bring the sky down to the earth. And the gray dancers as they come across the plaza in harmony with the music, when following the brilliant blue-bodied men, really suggests the coming of the fall.

The comedy dances, in some cases

Comanche Trail Dance, Santa Clara—By William P. Henderson—In the Palace of Fine Arts

borrowed bodily from other tribes, perhaps from the Omaha grass dance, as in the case of this Tesque dance, which has its origin in a begging dance, is an extravaganza of the most amazing kind. The costumes imitating the white man are an extreme exaggeration. They ride horses into the house, two and three men on a horse, at the risk of being bitten by the women and soaked with water; they stop in the middle of the dance and give imitations of animals and birds, and a dancer will leave the line and go over among the audience and make fun of everybody present, even getting a little raw. The costumes and head dresses in this dance are remarkably striking. The combination of colored feather, exaggerated squash flowers, and gold and turquoise patterns worked out in the crown-shaped structural leather forms is simply amazing. The women do not take part in this dance. The whole thing comes to them as a complete surprise, and the entire pueblo is in a gale of laughter all day. In spite of the fact that most of the sallies are not understood by the foreign element in the audience, the great beauty of the aesthetic side of the dance is as obvious in this as in the other dances.

This aesthetic side of these dances is perhaps the thing which has least been handled. The archeologist has thoroughly exploited his field, the musical side of the dance has been touched upon time and again, the costumes have been closely noted and are even preserved in museums today, but the great beauty of the aesthetic appeal has remained almost untouched. The pity of this is apparent when we realize that these dances are fast disappearing, that they have no support from the Government. In fact, many of the Indian agents have done everything possible in their power to discourage them. In spite of this, since

it is a religious ceremony, the Indian has clung to it through all these vicissitudes.

The beautiful rhythmic movements and rich color of these dances is depicted by Henderson with a forthright frankness and directness that retains, to an unusual degree, the effect of naive savagery, which emphasizes their potential artistic qualities. In this whole series of dances, the artist reveals himself a brilliant and masterful colorist, who has given a masculine vigor to the insubstantial medium of pastel, which hitherto has been thought only fit for the effeminate and ladylike artist. These rich color harmonies are executed with a vivacity and certainty of touch which finds a varying expression in landscapes, figure studies and designs for decorations. In all these, he shows himself a true artist, sensitive to the painter's first appeal—light and color—and in these two words is summed up the charm of Henderson's art.

I Dreamed My Happy Dream Away

The gods have children who from birth
Subdue the wayward glance of love
All souls that wander here on earth
Or hover in the air above,
No matter how or where they meet
On land or sea by night or day,
Bow gladly to their gentle sway
And bring rich tribute to their feet;
They practice no insidious wile
Our senses softly to beguile,
They need not speak, they need not smile,
But lips and eyes with magic art
Are weaving round us all the while
The golden chains that bind the heart,
And I have met with one of these,
But when or where I cannot say,
On some blest isle in dreaming seas
Or when a happy boy at play,
I knew nor time nor place that day.

When Aphrodite from her bed,
Of ocean rose divinely fair,
She o'er her chosen favorites shed,
A subtle essence from her hair
A spell of powers beyond compare
And I have met with one of these,
But where or when I cannot say,
While still a happy boy at play,
Or when an exile far away.
I sailed to the Antipodes,
I know not what I did or said,
Nor where my roving sails were spread,
I did not think of place or day,
But dreamed my happy dream away.

By General E. L. Huggins.

The Rearguard

By Boyd Cable

ALL day long Papa Laval had been wandering about the streets of the little town, listening restlessly to the distant thunder of the guns, questioning eagerly the first of the fugitive peasantry who came streaming through in their flight towards safety. Papa Laval, with his one arm and cripple leg and his tales of '70-'71 was naturally an authority on matters of war, and his fellow-townsmen listened deferentially to all he had to say about affairs. Papa was scornful of the first tales the fugitives told of a German victory and an Allies' retreat; but the first rumble of heavy transport wagons through the cobbled streets in the middle of the night brought him quickly from his bed and down the narrow stairs to find out what it meant. He could learn nothing much because the transport drivers were English, could only take some comfort from the calm with which they steered through the crowded street, laughed and called jokes which none of them understood down to the staring townsfolk. But Papa had seen too much of war not to understand the meaning of the swelling tide of transport, to mark as the light grew the jaded horses and the sleep-worn looks of the drivers. His dismay grew when the khaki regiments began to flood through after the toiling transport, while out behind them the growling thunder of the guns rolled louder and louder.

And by noon he was in utter despair. The streets through the town was by then choked from end to end with a seething mass of men and cattle and vehicles, military transport and ammunition wagons, soldiers, old peasant men and boys, women with children clutching their skirts or wailing in their arms, country carts piled with bedding and furniture, squealing pigs and squawking leg-tethered poultry, with huddled clinging old crones and round eyed infants. And when Papa was told that the road was blocked in the same way for miles back, that the Germans were coming fast, that the whole army was retiring as fast as it could, he groaned in despair. He watched the slow torrent struggling and scrambling along the choked street —the impatience of the officers and dull apathy of the men in the marching regiments as they progressed a few yards and halted for the head of the column to clear a way; and he pictured to himself visions of a squadron of Uhlans swooping down on the crowded road back there and the havoc they would make in the packed masses under their lances.

About noon he found a new interest and fresh food for thought. A regiment arrived, and, instead of pushing on through the town as the others had done, sought billets there and halted. Six men were billeted on Papa Laval, and between the smattering of broken French that one of them spoke and Papa's equally broken English it was possible to hold some conversation and glean some understanding of the recent battle. But the men were too worn out, too dead beat, too utterly fatigued to talk much. They ate and drank and then flung themselves down to sleep, and all that Papa learned was that in truth a big battle had been fought, that the Germans had been held, but that for some reason the English were retreating. Fugitives from Maubeuge direction had told a similar tale of the retreat of the French, and Papa

groaned again and wandered out into the street to curse impotently as he watched the struggling tide of fugitives that still poured with desperate slowness through the town. "Perhaps it would be better," he told his daughter at last and very reluctantly, "for you to go away while there is yet time. Not for yourself, but for the sake of the little ones. There will be fighting here, as I see it. This regiment remaining while all the others pass through means a rearguard action, an attempt to cover the retreat of the others. But that is a plan without hope. There is only a handful of men left to hold the town, and they are worn to the edge of exhaustion with marching and fighting. The Germans will attack in force, they will sweep through the town and take the bridge. That no doubt is the plan, and holding the town and the bridge they will sever the English army and the retreat will be a rout. Yes, my child, you had better go now."

But the woman refused to go, to leave their little house, to drag her children out into the crowded roads on the way to nowhere; and after a little Papa gave up trying to persuade her.

It was a bare four hours after the weary men had found their billets when the alarm came that the enemy were coming. Papa shook his head as he watched the six men in his house rouse slowly and reluctantly, yawn and stretch and rub their eyes. "Four hours," he thought. "Of what use is a little four hours to men exhausted by battle and marching? If it had been eight hours' sleep now, who knows—they say these English are good fighters, and they might have held the town a few hours. But four hours——"

The men themselves took it differently. "That shut-eye done me good," said one. "If I'd a decent wash now I'd be as good as ever."

"Glad we're goin' to 'old 'em up here," said another. "This retreatin' game don't suit me none. I'd sooner stop an' fight it out."

"Dunno wot the blank we retreated for at all," grumbled a third. "They couldn't 'ave pushed us out o' that last position in a month."

"They do say the Frenchies on the right broke," said a corporal, the man with the smattering of French, "an' we had to fall back 'cause they'd left our flank open. Fancy it must ha' been something o' that sort, too."

They were hastily buckling on their kits when Papa came in to them. "Cheer up, Daddy," they told him. "We're not letting 'em come any further. But there's goin' to be a scrap here an' you'd better keep your tuppeny tucked well in or you may get hurt by a stray lump o' lead."

"Noos restey ici—compronney?" said the corporal, and Papa nodded his understanding. "Mais not posseebl' for to make victoire," he demurred. "Anglais ver' few; Allemands plenty, ver' plenty."

"Don't you believe it, Daddy," said the corporal heartily. "Beaucoo Anglaise to stop—haltey les Allemong. You'll see," and he got his men together and hurried off.

Papa had to admire the smart and business like fashion in which the town was set in a state of defense, the houses commanding the roads loopholed, the street entrances blocked with barricades of transport wagons, the men distributed to the various vantage points. But he had little or no hope of the result, because he saw how few the men were, how they had to be split up into small companies to cover all the many points which might be attacked. It was true that the defenders held the advantage of cover in the houses, but that would avail little against artillery; and the enemy had the advantage of being able to choose their point of attack and mass on it against the weakness of the distributed defense. Papa gave the defense half an hour at most to hold out after the real attack developed. As it happened, he was perfectly right in his surmise that a mere section of the defense would have to bear the brunt of the attack, although he was quite

wrong as to how long they could withstand it.

At first there was a quick rumor running round that a mistake had been made, that it was a French column that was approaching. It may have been this that deceived the defenders into allowing the enemy to come almost to hand grips before the fighting began, and anyhow it is certain that the first sounds of conflict that Papa heard were not, as he had expected, a long-drawn rapid rifle fire, but one single and then a few scattered shots, shoutings and the clash of steel on steel. For the moment it looked as if the first rush was to swamp the defense and break through it, since a seething mass of men fighting fiercely with butt and bayonet eddied slowly back and actually into the street of the town. Rifles began to blaze and bang from some of the upper windows, and then with a wild cheer a rush of khaki swept out from a side street and plunged into the fight. The fresh weight told, and although the defense was still out numbered by two to one, it was the stronger at close quarter work, and the attack was driven slowly back and back until at last it broke and ran, leaving the street and the road about the outside of the town heaped with dead and wounded.

Papa Laval ran out into the street and began to give what help he could to carry in the wounded British, when he heard a whistling screech and the crash of a shell on one of the outer houses of the town. He ran crouching into the shadow of one of the houses, and presently his straining eyes caught the quick leaping flash of the German piece, and another shell hurtled over and burst in a hail of shrapnel about the entrance to the town. Papa ran back, and in a side street found a young officer and a dozen men breaking in the door of a deserted house. Papa guessed their intention, and since the officer fortunately was able to speak French, Papa could tell him a better house to choose, one taller and with a better and more commanding outlook on the point of attack. He led the way to the house and to the upper rooms, and pointed out the best windows, and watched them pile bedding at the windows and break out loopholes in the wall. All the time shell after shell was smashing and crashing down somewhere outside, and now the Germans began to fire star-shells that floated down in a blaze of dazzling light, blinding the defenders and exposing them as visible targets to the hail of bullets that came drumming and rattling in from their unseen foes.

Then came another fierce rush against the barricaded streets and the rifle fire rose to a full deep-noted roar, punctuated by the crashing reports of the shells and the boom of a gun that began to fire back from somewhere in the town. Down in the street the attack pushed home again to the barricades, and men pulled and dragged at the overturned carts and leaped and scrambled to cross them, and fired in each other's faces; and, where the barricade was gapped for a moment, thrust and stabbed with the bayonet and smashed with the butt and tore and beat at one another until slowly the attack gave again and the barricade was made good. In the rooms upstairs where Papa Laval was, the men pumped bullets from the loopholes and the windows down onto the struggling mass that pushed into the barricade, until a machine gun was turned on the house and hailed a storm of bullets back and forward, across and across its front. The storm caught several of the men at the windows, and they fell back killed or badly wounded for the most part. A group of the enemy turned from the barricade, ran across and began beating at the door and the barred and shuttered windows. Half a dozen of the garrison, on a command from the officer, jumped from their loopholes and poured clattering down the stairs, just as a rifle thrust into the lock and fired blew it away and the door swung open. As the Germans rushed in they were met by the men plunging headlong down the stair, and in the passage and about the stair-foot commenced a wild

and desperate hand-to-hand scrimmage. Somewhere outside a building had caught fire, and in the dim light reflected into the house-passage from the leaping flames the fighters scuffled and raged, scarcely seeing each other, stabbing and striking and singling friend from foe by blind instinct. The passage was a pandemonium of shouts and cries and oaths, of trampling scuffling feet, of clashing steel and thudding blows, with every now and then the thunderous report of the officer's revolver reverberating in the confined space. The advantage of numbers was largely with the Germans, but the narrowness of doorway and passage made it difficult for this weight of numbers to come at the defenders and beat them down; and the British were not only holding their own but were even driving the invaders slowly backward, when the sound of rapid blows, the riving and crashing of woodwork, the clash and tinkle of breaking glass told that one of the shuttered windows had been forced.

"Get back! Get back and hold the stair," the officer was yelling; and his men, with one last fierce rush, drove the Germans further along the passage, turned and made good their retreat to the stair-foot. Then when the position looked to be too desperate for hope, there came from outside a burst of rifle fire, a fresh clamor of fighting noises, a hoarse yell of English cheers. A mixed mob of the fighters swirled past the open doorway, and a rush of khaki swung past and licked in after it, followed closely by a line of British swarming across the width of the street and running forward with bayonets at the level. Inside the house the panting remnant of the defense slammed the door shut, piled a tangle of furniture, tables, chairs, chests of drawers—into the passage, busied themselves resecuring the broken window, wedging a big table and the heaviest articles of furniture they could find against it, and making all ready for a renewal of the attack.

But the attack was not again successful in reaching a point level with the house. Another attempt, made twenty minutes later, succeeded in coming almost level with the house, but it was too fiercely swept by the fire from the barricade, by a tempest of bullets from a couple of machine-guns placed in position in some of the houses commanding the approach, and had to fall back without any result beyond an increase in the piled bodies littered about the street, the wounded crawling and writhing away as best they could out of the line of fire.

The fighting continued throughout most of the night, but never reached again the savage ferocity of the first hour, never came within such measurable distance of success for the attack. And at dawn the enemy withdrew and left the defense time to collect its dead and make all ready for continuing the fight.

And when Papa Laval came back an hour after to his daughter's house he found her busy making coffee for the corporal and one other man—the only ones left, as it turned out, from the six who had billeted there. The corporal's head was tied up, his sleeve and skirt sleeve were slit their full length and stained a dull brown from a wound, the red-wet bandage of which showed round his upper arm when the slit sleeve fell back from it.

But he was quite cheerful and turned triumphantly to Papa Laval when he came in. "Wot did I tell you, Daddy? Ici noos restey, eh?"

"You 'ave skip true," said Papa warmly. "Ze Anglais—ah, zey are ze brav mans—mos' brav—magnifique. I no tink it posseebl'—it was not posseebl', but zey do heem, zis imposseebl', and make ze victoire."

"It was a good scrap," assented the corporal modestly. The Frenchman assented warmly after he had had the meaning of "scrap" explained to him.

"Good, ver' good," he said. "I, Papa Laval, who have seen much fighting in '70 and '71, say it was ver' good. So much Allemands an' so leetle—so not-much Anglais an' so fatigue, so tire they. Ver' much kill, ver' much blesses, what you say

wounds, but zey fight on an' zey make victoire. I see ze Anglais to-morrow —no, yesterday—an' I say ze grande armee anglaise is feenish, is defeat. Mais, now I onnerstand heem no defeat, heem yet make ze good fight."

"Oh, we'll make a fight all right when the time comes," said the corporal.

But now the coffee was ready, and the two men drank it hurriedly and ate hastily of the meal the woman set before them. Papa Laval was concerned about this haste. He would have had them sit down and wait till a good breakfast was cooked and then eat it at leisure and in comfort. The corporal shuffled a little uneasily. "You see," he said, "we got to be movin' on. Orders, voo savvy—less instruckshions a marchey; noos continuey le moshion a la sud."

Papa stared at him in bewilderment. "Mais—zat ees ze retreat," he stammered. "Pourquoi ze retreat apres la victoire."

"Wot's 'e say?" asked the other soldier through a huge mouthful of bread and butter.

"Says why should we bolt again after lickin' the Germans," explained the corporal.

"An' that's exackly wot I wants to know," said the private disgustedly. "We 'as the bloomin' company near wiped out, an' B Company the same, and stands off the attack all right; an' when we've chased 'em off good an' handsome we has to up stick an' run away again. Bloomin' rot, is what I calls it."

"Steady on," cautioned the corporal. "You don't want these bloomin' French people to get no wrong notion about our runnin' away. Look 'ere, Papa, it's like this: Up there," he waved his hand towards the north, "we have le grand fight, battle. We win, voo savvy, la victoire c'est a noos I dunno why we retreat after it—je ne comprong pas pourquoi le retreat, but—I mean, mais les instructions they says retreat. (Dashed if I know the French for "they say.") Voo savvy, noos make le retiremong because—— (An' I've forgot the word for "because" now! Oh, dash this French language!)"

"I onnerstand, m'sieu," broke in Papa. "Ze ordaire it is retreat and' parbleu! ze good soldat he obey ze ordaire. Quand ze ordaire ees fight, ze good soldat he fight; eh, is it not?"

"Egg-zackly," said the corporal. "Certimong, Papa."

"Bien," said Papa. "I know you spik true. I have seen ze Anglais fight. Zey are keel, peut-etre, mais nevaire—how you say it?—run away. I have seen and I know. I go now to spik it to ze peoples in la ville who is disconsole, peut-etre, when ze retreat continue."

"That's it, Papa," said the corporal. "An' you tell 'em this army is never goin' to run away. When the order is retreat we retreat, even though we don't like it. But one day the order will be to advance, an' then we'll show 'em. You tell 'em not to be afraid. The French is bound to win this war. We've come over to see it through with them, an' we're not goin' 'ome till we've chased every dash German back to Germany. You savvy, when the time comes, en avong is the order, an' avong we goes."

It is very doubtful if Papa caught all the meaning of this harangue, but he got the sense of it and the last words at least.

"En avant!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Vivent les Allies! Vivent les Anglais!"

"If you two 'as finished 'andin' out bookays to each other," said the private, "p'raps you'll ask Madam 'ere if she's got a spare loaf we can put in our 'aversacks. There's the fall-in sounding."

The Wishing Stone

By Georgia Wilde

A PEACEFUL and exclusive domesticity governed the household of Emilia Pacheco, the last of three generations of Emilias to end their days behind the adobe walls of the ancestral home. It was from the first Emilia, always referred to as Dona Emilia, that the other two had received in succession the snug corner in San Gabriel Valley, reduced to a hundredth part of the original homestead. All three, born Castro, had brought into the family names as proud as their own.

The present Emilia, long widowed, and childless, had given a mothering heart to her hapless niece, Lucia, early bereft of parents, inheriting from her mother a likeness to her Aunt Emilia, and from her father, who was not Spanish, the blue of her eyes and a love of independence and freedom.

These two women with old Tula, who did the work, comprised the household. Any morning the year round, since Lucia's permanent return from Notre Dame, you might have seen, had you been able to look over the six-foot adobe wall topped with tile and over-hung by black fig and pepper trees, one or all of them in the shade of the broad veranda surrounding the patio.

Though Aunt Emilia had laid aside many of the cherished customs of her ancestors she was enough like them in appearance and manner and habits of thought to dissipate any lurking fancy that there could no longer exist genuine expression of the Spanish Occupation in a land so receptive of and so exploited by modern necessity.

Lucia was thinking this in a hazy way one bright morning in June when they were together on the veranda. The air was full of perfume and bee-murmur; geraniums blazed in the sun, the angel trumpets, which sent forth their fragrance only at night, hung limp cones of white under their heavy foliage. The enclosure of patio and garden seemed much smaller than it really was, the purple shade of fig trees by the wall, and grape-arbor and pepper trees with their lacy patterns stamped on the walk, closing it in on all sides. Aunt Emilia, fat and middle-aged, a dark down on her upper lip and a family jewel as large as a butter plate rising and falling in the laces on her bosom, was pattering about in her usual leisurely way watering the roots of the little potted plants with drops from a cracked pitcher.

Lucia had been noticing with a feeling of tender amusement the small arched feet and ankles too slender to support comfortably the heavy body. In youth they had carried Aunt Emilia with abandon through many a fandango to the thrum of guitar and clack of castanets, but they were not so serviceable for "these sober middle-aged uses." They seemed useful only as a reminder, these and the slumbrous eyes with laughter tucked in the corners—eyes that could still dream or smoulder or flare as occasion required. Aunt Emilia surely belonged to the past. Lucia, who loved her with all the zest of an ardent nature, often felt vexed at her resistance of new ideas, and wondered at it. Surely at Notre Dame, where not so long ago she, too, had received an education, she should have learned to keep up with the times. Lucia did not know that the passion of Aunt Emilia's life was to keep the old order from dying out, and having no child of her own, her

ambitions centered in her niece, whose black lashes shaded the blue which betrayed already too great a departure from the prescribed course.

Aunt Emilia paused in the process of plucking dry leaves from the musk and said with a soft drawl which did not fail, however, to convey her meaning of finality:

"Now that you are through with school, Lucia, you must marry. I have selected a husband for you."

"A husband for me!" echoed Lucia, the languor slipping from her face, leaving mouth and eyes wide open. Aunt Emilia nodded over a pink begonia. "But I don't want a husband—that is, not yet."

"Nevertheless you must have one," drawled Aunt Emilia; "and I have selected him."

"Selected him!" moaned Lucia.

She well knew when Aunt Emilia spoke in that way everything was settled and argument useless.

"Yes, Lucia, my child; I have selected him, and you are to be ready for your wedding a month from today."

"But I don't want to be married," pleaded Lucia, tears filling her eyes.

"No, not yet," said Aunt Emilia, dropping into a chair shaking her little fat finger. Her speech had a trick of suddenly coming to rapid utterance with a sharpening of the consonants. "You want, I suppose, to wait until you are an old maid, and no one will have you. You are nineteen and getting along. Spanish girls all marry young. I was seventeen. It is the way to do."

"But you married for love, Aunt Emilia. I want to marry for love, too."

"Yes, but I was fortunate," said Aunt Emilia, folding her hands over the place where her waist used to be, her eyes tender. "Love came; I was fortunate. With you it is different. Love comes; but what do you care? You only laugh and flirt. So I have arranged a fine marriage for you, for I am certain you will never marry of your own accord. Perhaps you will love afterward; it is often the way."

"Yes, perhaps," sighed Lucia, dubiously. She could not disobey Aunt Emilia. She could not disregard her wishes. "Am I to know who it is you have selected for me?" she asked, drying her eyes with the tips of her fingers.

"It is the adopted son of an old family friend who lives in Chihuahua. His name is Juan Antonio Gonzalez. He was adopted not so very long ago by Senor Gonzalez, with whom he had been employed as secretary for some time. As the son of Senor Gonzalez he will inherit a large fortune."

"A Mexican!" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her hand to her breast and rocking back and forth.

"Well, what of that," said Aunt Emilia, with a shrug. "They are fine people just the same, and like our people. And a month from today everything will be ready for your wedding. That is why I am telling you this morning. Father Luis will marry you in the chapel. He is so old, Lucia, and has married so many of us, in that very chapel, too. How happy he will be to marry you also, and to the heir of Senor Gonzalez, whom he knows well. How happy he will be, poor old man; think of that, Lucia, my child."

"Did you ask this—this—Juan Antonio, whatever his name is, to marry me?" asked Lucia, fearing to hear the answer.

"It was arranged months ago between Senor Gonzalez and myself. The young man feels highly honored and will be here in a few days to see you."

"Bah!" cried Lucia, springing to her feet, her eyes flashing. "I will not; I tell you I will not!"

Aunt Emilia smiled—a peculiar enigmatical smile.

"Be calm, Lucia, my child," she said, settling her head in the cushions of the chair for her morning nap. "You know those who love you do everything for the best."

Old Tula, brown and wrinkled as a walnut, took the child in her arms behind the door and mumbled in her toothless way some incomprehensible

words of endearment. There was nothing to be said. Tula would have wept had not the fountain of her tears long ago been dried, leaving a glaze over tired eyes. Life for her meant toil and disappointment and sacrifice —anything but defeat. It was sad to see the young embarking and not so bad to be one who knew that just around the corner waited the spirit of eternal rest.

She let Lucia slip through the little iron gate and get away—something never allowed. She knew that Lucia was going to the "wishing stone" on the crest of the low hill looking toward the Sierra Madre, and thought that this time, probably the last, she would let her go alone. Tula had been there with her many times, and knew that on momentous occasions she indulged a fancy for wishing there, as she had learned to do in childhood, invoking the aid of the Sierra Madre—the Mother Mountain, the shadow of which hovered over the spot. The idea had been adopted from an old legend gathered from the Indians making a sort of game the children played and laughed at when they grew older. But Lucia had clung to it, declaring that her wishes always came true and that never yet had any one been able to slip in beside her and "unwish her wish," which was part of the game.

It was pleasant, even in the heat of the day, to climb the hillside through the long grasses and mustard grown higher than the head, full of droning bees and the twinkle of white butterflies, and stand on the level elevation lost to everything in the world save the field of yellow mustard against a sapphire sea on one side and the Mother Mountain robed in aerial blue on the other.

The wishing stone was something more than a mere stone. It was a well carved cup of granite four feet in diameter that had once been part of a fountain in a home garden. Its bowl was dry now, a receptacle for wind-blown leaves and grasses, all evidence of its former surroundings obliterated. When Lucia placed her hands on the broad brim it was hot to the touch. But she resolutely spread her palms there, and, closing her eyes, raised her face to the Mother Mountain and the sun and wished.

She wished first of all as she should to be an obedient and loyal child; then she wished to be brave and unafraid of any created thing; then she wished for cleanness which comes from the earth and the air and the water. All this was in accord with the legend, and she wished with great fervor to make sure of herself. At last she made her own wish, saying out loud slowly three times:

"Oh, Sierra Madre, let it be that I can love Juan Antonio Gonzalez."

Without opening her eyes, she crossed herself and had bowed her head and turned to go when she became aware of a presence beside her. Opening her eyes very wide she saw a bronzed young man whose bared head shone like a raven's wing in the sun. He was standing as she had done, palms spread on the stone, eyes closed and face raised to the mountain. At first he seemed strange, but she quickly recognized her old playmate who had gone out of her life several years back, declaring that when he became a man and rich he would return and claim her. Many a time, when children, they had stood together like this wishing for all sorts of impossible things and laughing at the extravagance of their wishes. Before she could voice her astonishment he began to say:

"Oh, Sierra Madre, let it be that I may have Lucia's love."

He said it slowly three times; bowed his head and crossed himself.

Lucia's eyes were lowered when he opened his, and took her hands between his own, and tears were on her cheeks. It was natural that he should kiss them away, and hold her close in his arms. What else could she expect of Jack, who had always been her comforter, Jack who, strange to say, she had fancied had forgotten her. She had not known for a certainty, but she had suspected, that Aunt Emilia had

been careful that no word from him should reach her. Without name or fortune he could not enter Aunt Emilia's plans for her future, and might readily have been recognized as a possible obstacle.

"Well, Lucia," he laughed, his white teeth gleaming, "I'm here as I said. Are you ready?"

She clung to his side and whispered. "Did you hear my wish?"

"Yes, I heard," he answered, pressing her close. "But what of it? My wish comes first, doesn't it? You remember how it was for the one who could wish unseen beside another?"

And they laughed together at the memory. Then she told him about her betrothal and he looked serious, but determined.

"You are mine, Lucia," he whispered, and her eyes consented.

On the way home they decided that it would not be safe for Aunt Emilia to see him, lessening their chance of meeting. So it happened during the days that followed, while Aunt Emilia was busy edging garments with lace and old Tula was preparing the wedding feast, that Jack and Lucia stood many times in the shade of the trees by the wall, which proved not such a formidable obstacle after all.

Juan Antonio Gonzalez came one evening when the moon was bright and the night-song of the mockingbird rose from the valley. Lucia heard the purr of his motor at the gate, and from her window saw his quick passage along the walk to the entrance where old Tula admitted him. But she locked herself in her room and refused to see him, pleading a headache. She went to bed with a very heavy heart, knowing that Jack had probably stood for hours under the trees waiting for her. This happened a number of times until Aunt Emilia grew harsh and angry, threatening all sorts of terrible things.

"Appoint a time," she demanded, shaking Lucia by the shoulders. "Do you not know this young man will not be treated so? For shame! Tell me at once, when will you see him?"

"When I stand before the altar; not till then!" declared Lucia, stamping her foot, setting her little teeth and looking like a vixen.

"Mother of God!" cried Aunt Emilia, throwing up her hands and sinking into a chair. She had never seen her child like this, and it set mind and body quivering. But Lucia was already relenting with face and arms pressed to Aunt Emilia's neck.

"Please, please, Aunt Emilia," she pleaded, "don't make me see him till then—till I have on my wedding dress and stand in the chapel before Father Luis."

And Aunt Emilia, fearing to see her so distraught, soothed her and consented. She was obliged to tell Juan Antonio and brought word to Lucia that he would be considerate and stay away until the morning of the wedding.

It was then that Jack and Lucia began to make plans for themselves. Jack consulted with Father Luis, who was his friend, and it was arranged that on a certain evening Lucia was to slip through the gate and meet him in the chapel just over the hill.

It was a dark night sparkling with stars only three days before the time appointed for the wedding with Juan Antonio. All day there had been steamstresses and a buzzing of plans and excitement. Aunt Emilia had retired early with a damp cloth around her head to ease a pain. At precisely the time when Lucia had planned to escape, the dressmakers, about to leave, demanded a final inspection of the wedding gown, and there was nothing for Lucia to do but put it on, veil and all. When she was about to snatch it off, it occurred to her that it was the very thing to wear at the moment; so, gathering up the white fluff, she managed to glide swiftly and softly, like a wraith, through the dark, odorous garden, along the shade of trees outside, and over the short stretch of white road open to the stars, meadow-sweet and alive with meadow music. She quickened her pace when she passed between the crosses and

stones where her father and mother were sleeping with many others; but lingered, facing them, at the door of the chapel, palpitating like a bird, her hand as cold as the stone on which it rested, and said a prayer before going inside.

Within was as quiet and cool as a cave and not much lighter. Jack was waiting at the altar, Father Luis facing him between the tall candles and vases filled with roses. When all the sacred words were said and Jack had kissed her, and Father Luis had pressed into her hand an ivory-bound prayer book, they went into the sacristy to sign their names. Lucia signed first, scarcely able to hold the pen. Her happiness was clouded by thoughts of Aunt Emilia, grown very dear indeed, wrenching the heart with longing. Saddest thoughts, the great debt to her must go forever unpaid.

Turning, supported by Father Luis, she saw her standing nearby, dressed in her purple silk, her eyes brimming and mothering arms out-stretched. Beside her was a tall smiling gentleman stroking his grey mustache, and back in the shadow stood old Tula, mumbling over her beads. Looking over Jack's shoulder, Lucia saw him write in a firm hand: Juan Antonio Gonzalez.

A SUMMER FANCY

I would not be a buzzing bee,
  Equipped with sting—and strive
To store up honey all day long
In eager haste, my only song
The ceaseless hum of industry,
  My home the teeming hive!

Rather this butterfly, care-free,
  To seek the sky on fragile wing,
So like a soul; or spend glad hours
Among the fairest bright-hued flowers—
  A happy, beauteous, blameless thing
That has no greed of gain, no strife,
That knows not toil nor pain in life,
  And dies without death's sting.

By Mary D. Barber.

The Heart of the Cow Country

By A Sailor, U. S. N.

THE ancient Greek thought that the gods on Mount Olympus ruled the day's events. The ancient Persian, standing on the flat roof of his stone house under the black, star-studded vault of midnight, bet ace high on the juxtaposition of the planets. The old Saxons in the past held that an aged woman sitting alone in her hut on the edge of a wind swept English moor, brewed, in the pot bubbling in the embers of a dying fire, the fate of any she might choose, while today there are those of us who tremble like a Roman slave in fear of the consequences of an overturned salt-cellar, a broom falling across the door, or the sight of a new moon over the left shoulder.

Coincidence is a strange thing. Each day has its illustration in everyone's life. Some call it fate. I know of a house-maid who still declared that if the front door bell had not rung at just the precise moment it did, the handsome ice-man would have invited her to the Ice Hawlers Grand Ball, but as fate decreed, he did not wait, but went on and took the maid from the next house on his route, whom he subsequently married. Figure it out for yourselves who pulls the strings.

I first met Jack Murray in Salt Lake City shortly after the United States declared war on the Huns. Each of us had come from our separate way to take the final technical and physical examinations which precede the oath of enlistment. He was slowly ascending the steps to the naval recruiting office as I was descending. He was tall almost to slenderness, yet the broad shoulders and easy carriage showed that beneath the well fitting blue suit was a powerful frame. A heavy look as if the night before had been long and sleepless showed on his face, and the wistful expression of his gray eyes, partially shaded by the forward tilt of a Stetson caught my attention. Instantly I knew he was from the cow country. His spare form like that of a well trained-down race horse was only met with in people who are used to the open. His swarthy skin, too, was only the result of facing hot winds and freezing blasts, and the clear, penetrating eye, of clean living and rarified atmosphere of high altitudes. Each hesitated slightly as we came abreast, for the fires of fraternity, lighted by the gongs of war, were beginning to glow: we found ourselves suddenly humanly sympathetic.

I smiled and he nodded.

"Going up to swear your young life away?" I asked lightly.

"Yep," he drawled in a pleasing voice without changing expression. "I reckon I'd better."

"Good! There is a common reason for it now," I continued, leaning against the hand rail, welcoming the relaxation of even a short talk with a kindred soul, "and that one is patriotism."

He glanced up at me quickly, then his lips parted in a smile, showing two rows of white teeth.

"Of course, of course," he said, "every one has that reason—but don't you think some might have two?"

This reply was so unexpected that I murmured, "Why, certainly," and after passing the time of day, he went up and I on down the steps.

As I wandered about the wide streets gazing in admiration at the wonder city the Mormons had raised

from the desert waste, and the mountains hovering like guarding angels over it, my thoughts returned again and again to the fellow I had passed on the steps. Why had his gray eyes snapped like quickened fire at my bantering question? I reached no satisfactory conclusion.

That evening when we embarked for the training stations at San Francisco we were placed by chance in the same Pullman section, and still later on in the day after a leisurely supper in the diner, sat smoking on the observation car as the transcontinental train sped across the great Utah desert. Conversation, at first somewhat animated by a discussion of the war, gradually lagged, as each, perhaps, thought of all that every mile we traveled placed farther—perhaps forever—behind. It had been a clear day—clear as only desert days can be, without the trace of a cloud in the sky. A golden sun was sinking toward the west, and the vast expanse of gray country filled with a golden haze, and as it sank lower took a deeper tone, until it loomed like a huge copper disc just touching the tip of a mesa. Back of us the distant mountain peaks were tinted with ochre, and the snow covered tips slowly changed to pink and red. White clumps of sage brush turned to indistinct blotches of purple, and the ever lengthening tracks behind us faded into dust and twilight. The few tourists now that dusk obliterated the scenery from view, withdrew into the car and left Murray and I alone.

"Isn't it grand," Murray said decisively, after some minutes, waving one hand toward the kaleidoscopic view.

"Wonderful," I answered, thrilled by so lovely a sunset.

"It makes me lonely in a big sort of way," he continued. "I never left the mountains but what I left my best friends behind. Even when I was a kid on the ranch, I got to calling an old bald peak my big brother. A little later I wanted to go to the city to make a name as a doctor, just like a Horatius Alger hero, but once I got there I discovered I hated it like a maverick hates the rope. It is the city—the close objectionable touch of the evil smelling crowd—that sets me on edge."

"You are from the range," I said. "I noticed that when I first saw you this morning."

"Yes. Wyoming—the northern part."

"I'm from Montana—the southern part. Shake."

He leaned forward and took my hand in a firm clasp, after which he slid down into his seat, took a deep puff from his cigar and laughed.

"What strikes you as funny in the situation, may I ask?" said I.

"Oh, everything. Lately I have been—now will you please notice I admit it—a little skeptical. What appeals to my sense of humor now is the incongruity of the situation. Two like us—out on the deep blue sea."

"Well, that has made me laugh—to myself."

"Please, sir, don't take exception to my remark. It's entirely impersonal, y'u know."

"Certainly." Then I lapsed into silence, eventually breaking into the click-clack of the rails by asking him what branch of service he had entered.

"Hospital 'prentice," he answered. "You see, I spent one year at Michigan before I hit the trail back to the ranch and unpacked my kit for a permanent camp. I used to find my education of use when one of the boys 'd get a bad fall. And you?"

"A machinist. I had a friend who went to Michigan, by the name of—"

"It is a big place—I never mixed much," he interrupted hastily, as if to dismiss the subject.

I said nothing, but mused on why such a fellow as Jack Murray was, tall, athletic, handsome, could not have become a popular idol had he chosen. The sun's red disc slid down behind the black mesa and twilight grew deeper. Murray puffed a huge cloud of smoke which twirled away in the rush of air.

"Wonderful evening," I remarked.

"Yep."

"It reminds me of sunsets along the Big Horn—and one so similar that I'm tempted to tell you of."

"I also remember several—and one. Sort of mark off the calendar in red letters, so to speak," Murray put in.

"The one I refer to happened near your country about a year ago. It isn't much of a story, but——"

"It will be an hour before the porter makes up our berths. Shoot," said Murray, and I wanting a chance, no doubt, began:

"A party of ten were camping in the valley between Pryor and Big Horn mountains through which the Big Horn canyon cuts its way. The wooded slopes of the Pryors rose up behind our camp and in front of it, the open, treeless, yellow stretch of dry country that separated us from the canyon. And the canyon lies there a great open gash in the belly of the earth, curling and twisting, silent and mysterious. You crawl to the edge of the rocks and peer into its depths—far below you some three thousand feet is a little silvery thread half lost in the blue haze. An eagle soars in a spiral from out of it and disappears into the clear blue sky above, and you, listening without a movement, hear only the faint whisper of the wind tearing through the scrub pine at the bottom of the canyon. On the other side of it the foothills gradually give way to the mighty swell of the Big Horn mountains, seemingly, locking you in from the outer world.

"We had an interesting party. There was an old mule wrangler from Missouri that we picked up in Bridger to care for the camp, whose language was an inspiration to me and a shock to the ladies. Another of the party was a blonde school teacher, a likable athletic sort of girl and a wonder in the saddle. She had a cousin along who had a studied pose like a movie cowboy and who thought he had a claim to immortality by doing a little surveying north of Yellowstone. All joking aside, he did think himself a dyed-in-the-world product of Powder river, and always insisted on leading the party wherever we went. The chaperon was a trump, fat and forty, but game as anyone in the party and I believe she enjoyed the actions of her pink-tea nephew as much as any of us, besides she could kid him openly and get away with it, while the rest of us had to veil our pointed remarks almost to the point where they didn't apply."

"I know the breed," Murray put in contemptuously.

"Wonder if he'll enlist," pausing a moment in my narrative at this irrelevant thought, mentally seeing his scholarly and anemic face before me. A sudden lurch of the car as the train made a bend brought me back to my story.

"There were five or six others of the real red-blood sort—and taken all in all, it made up a rollicking good party. The day I speak of was the day before we pulled up camp to return. All of us wanted to go up into the Pryors to see the ice caves, but Blanche, and she in her most peculiar manner—"

"Who?" Murray asked quickly and I thought, a little sharply.

"The red-blooded girl I just told of—the blonde," I answered, and continued, "well, Blanche climbed onto her wild-eyed little cayuse and lowed as how she'd ride down for a last look at the canyon. The tenderfoot wanted her to go with the party to the caves and began a wonderful description in words of six syllables of the freak of nature, but Blanche said she could see ice any time she looked in the ice box and that freaks of nature weren't as rare as some people supposed. Then he seemed to get the idea and let her alone. The rest of us, in single file, took the trail up Dry Head creek after agreeing to meet at the camp by 6 o'clock. We did. But Blanche hadn't shown up by 7. At 8 we began to talk about her failure to return and the women got worried. I sneaked out to where old Jeff had the horses roped out, slipped the saddle onto the one I rode and started off on the trail to the canyon. I hadn't gone far before

Page, the tenderfoot, caught up with me."

"What did you say his name was?"

Again the staccato question struck me as queer.

"Rodney Page—why?"

"Oh, no 'special reason—only I like to keep the names in a story straight."

With that Murray viciously threw the cigar into the dark and a shower of sparks, diminishing in the distance, marked where it fell.

"What is the matter?"

"There is no satisfaction to a cigar." Then, taking a book of papers and some tobacco from his coat pocket, he rolled a cigarette, lit a match, shielded the blaze in the cup of one hand, and lighted it. The flickering light reflected for one brief moment on firm, set lips and narrowed eyes—then all was darkness again.

"As I was saying, I had rather he'd stay behind, but being a guest and in love with Blanche, he trailed along like a whipped pup. It was growing dark as we followed the faintly worn trail in the buffalo grass along an old drift fence. Off in the east the tips of the Big Horns glowed like burnt-out-coals and behind us the Pryors looked like blue cardboard on a yellow background of western sky. Rounding a hill we came in view of a fire over toward the Crow reservation and Page immediately became nervous. Guess his course in college must have held a study of the aborigines, for he had all sorts of wild ideas about Indian massacres and cattle rustlers and that rot you get out of magazines. I knew it was the signal fire at some ranch to give direction to riders out on the roundup should the cattle begin to drift.

Again I paused.

"Well?"—this from Murray—"and —the girl?"

"My story really does not get anywhere at all. About four miles out we met Blanche leading her limping horse into camp. Seems that it had stumbled on a sharp rock, cutting its leg and throwing her to the ground. Page was as tickled as the aforementioned puppy dog and lamented all the way back that one of the rangers, and not he, had chanced upon the scene in time to mend the broken saddle girth with a piece of his lariat and help eat her lunch. It appears, too, that in tying his bandana on the horse's leg the cayuse struck out and cut his face.

"Page was indignant. 'Why didn't he give you his horse to come back to camp with?' he asked. 'And can't you see that sometimes one must forego gallantry under circumstances? His cattle were drifting—and besides, I am perfectly able to walk to camp.' The reply was sarcastic enough that Page shut up. No, I guess my story doesn't have any point at all except that these sunsets were so much alike."

"What became of Blanche—and—er—Page?"

Murray rose and pushed back the chair.

"She went to Sheridan to teach in the high school—and didn't go back to Michigan to school. Being independently wealthy she could do as she pleased. Page followed her there and the last I heard was rushing her."

"Oh—I—thought—from your story that you were—in love with her yourself," he said, rather hesitatingly.

I laughed.

"Not at all—she was just a likeable girl for me—but Page—well, that is a different story, and he was as persistent as a New York bargain hunter —I often wonder if she fell for the little shrimp."

Murray stood for one minute, head thrown high, shoulders back, looking into the night. Then, with an almost careless laugh, he turned to the door.

"Guess I'll turn in," he said. "We'll be in the Sierras tomorrow—the Brete Hart country. G'night."

The door closed behind him and I was left alone. For a little while I mused on my poor quality as a story teller because it seemed that Jack Murray showed little interest and left so abruptly when it was finished. Then I, too, arose and followed his example.

The next day the train climbed to the tops of the Sierras and after passing through the smoky snowsheds

dropped down on the Pacific side. A few hours later we were out of them and pulling rapidly down to the bay. Late in the afternoon we parted at the Benicia ferry, I to go by stage to Mare Island and he on to Yerba Buena—or as it is most commonly known, Goat Island. Three months later I met him at the junction of Market and O'Farrell streets in San Francisco. The transformation was complete. Instead of the light blue English-cut suit he wore the regulation Navy uniform and the wide Stetson hat, the indelible mark of the plains and mountains, was gone, and in its place a little white hat was stuck jauntily on the back of his head. A broad grin suffused his face as we drew to one side of the crowd. We shook hands like long separated school mates, though in fact we had never seen each other but for two brief days in our whole lives.

"Navy life has bleached you," I said, noticing that the deep tan so marked before had given away to a healthy pink.

" 'D'—camp, you know—."

Both laughed again at the memory of those first days in detention, of regulations, inoculations, vaccinations and short haircuts, and I perceived then a small scar on his left cheek that previously the tan had hidden.

"The tan is all gone now—and I haven't been on a horse in three months. If the boys at the ranch knew that they'd probably say I was degenerating into a molly-coddle."

"But Jack," I said, "you haven't forgotten how you got it—"

"That"—with a touch of sadness—"Never!"

He glanced at his watch and hailed a passing taxi.

"Got leave to come to the bank on business," he said, "and now I have just eight minutes to catch my tug. Sorry I shan't be on liberty for two weeks. Can't you meet me then?"

"Sure—where?"

The car stopped at the curb and Murray jumped in.

"To the Ferry Building," he said to the driver, and to me, "oh, any place, say at the Defenders' Club."

"I've never been there," I remonstrated.

"Nor have I—but you can remember the place. Don't forget—s'long," he threw back at me as the car was lost in the rush of traffic.

I laughed heartily. We were both sailors now—Jack Tars, both of us. My friend had lost none of the real western pep. And so, laughing at the incongruity of a cow-puncher in a sailor uniform, I rushed in a frenzy of enthusiasm up the street until a bump roughly brought me to my senses.

"Better watch your step, Jack," said a friendly policeman, backing off.

Still laughing, I passed on up the street.

Through the grace of good fortune and the kindness of the commanding officer, I made 'Frisco liberty on the day set. Leaving the boat at the Monticello dock, I rushed up Market street in a delirium of expectation. There was much to do, lots to take in. There were cabarets and theaters, and T-bones smothered in mushrooms—and what of Chinatown, the beach, and the Cliff House? So thinking, at last I came to the building in whose basement the National Defenders' Club opens wide its doors to all men in uniform. Entering the mable-lined lobby I went down the stairs and through the swinging mahogany doors. Hardly had they closed behind me when I was confronted by two women, dressed alike, except for color, in big aprons that covered them from head to foot and little white caps on their heads, who welcomed me in and requested, if I had not previously done so, to register. Taking the pen in my hand, I looked up.

"I came to meet a friend," I said, smiling at the lady in the blue and white apron who stood before me looking down at the poised pen and waiting for me to register.

She looked up quickly and the motherly smile on her face meant more than words.

"If this is your first time here," she said, "I am sure you will."

My pulse quickened at such genuine hospitality.

"Now I am certain of it,"—determinedly—"and you are to be the first."

She looked as pleased as a debutante at her first party and turned as if to speak to the lady in the pink apron who had slipped noiselessly away to greet a khaki-clad soldier who followed me in.

"But I was to met a friend here—a sailor—called Jack."

A merry little laugh broke in a ripple from her lips and her eyes twinkled brightly.

"Jack! Why don't you know we call all of you that when we don't know your name, my boy?"

"I—I never thought. You see, I haven't been a sailor long—anyway, his name is Murray—Jack Murray."

"Surely you know his initials," she said confidently.

"Hanged if I do. But I will register and he'll be here soon if he is not already awaiting me inside the big room."

At that I hastily scribbled my name as so-and-so from Montana, and then, running my finger up the page, saw five lines above, in a big, round hand, "Jack H. Murray, Sheridan, Wyoming."

"That's him," I cried triumphantly, "sure he must be inside."

Bidding the lady in the blue apron goodbye, with a promise to stop and see her later, and a request to be remembered to the little lady in the pink apron, with white hair, who was still engaged in conversation with the soldier, I left.

The National Defenders' Club is maintained by the patriotic-spirited women of San Francisco. With only the aid of free rent, they have gathered books by the hundreds, soft lounges, billiard and pool tables, magazines and games, in an effort to make the leisure hours a pleasure for the man who has heard his country's call. It is an excellently furnished club, growing more popular with every rising of the sun, and its fame with every letter that is written on its free paper and sent to every corner of our land. There are pianos and Victrolas and a lunch counter off to one side, but better still, and the best above all, is the kind faces of the women whose unselfishness in giving days of their time has made this spot an oasis dear to the heart of every man stationed in its proximity. Let the homesick boy who is away from home for the first time leave his coat with the lady who sits knitting by the checkroom; his conversation will at first be in monosyllables and he will stand rather embarrassed, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, until the smile from the woman's face, so like the one which is far away, carries away his reserve, and in a few moments more he is pouring out to her all the little incidents of camp life and he suddenly awakens to the fact that here are friends—real, true blue friends. All day long they stream in and out—this time, I with them. Glancing over the room I sought the familiar form of Murray, but it was nowhere to be found. Confident that he was in the vicinity and would soon make an appearance, I slid into the crowd and, made bold by two weeks' abstinence of the delicacy, stood by the lunch counter and ordered ice cream. In due time it was placed before me and I fell to like a hot and dusty ranger partakes of the cool waters of a spring. A lady in a big white apron, busily knitting an olive drab sweater with red knitting needles, sat on a stool behind the cash register.

"Always my luck to get near the cash register," I said, slipping a dime across the counter.

"Am I to take that as a compliment or a complaint?" she asked laughingly, ringing up the money and resuming her knitting.

"The former, of course!"

"Thank you," she blushed. "But aside from all the nonsense isn't this your first visit here?"

I admitted it was. "But you women here remind me so of my own mother and sister that I am coming again—

every time they let me come ashore."

"I am glad you came."

"It is my turn to thank you now." My eyes wandered from the kind face crowned by a narrow fringe of gray hair, visible under the edge of the white cap, and the soft brown eyes, a trifle sad, I thought, but glowing and sparkling with the life about her, to the sweater rapidly fashioning under the skillful fingers. She caught my glance.

"You want one?"

"I have two now—more than my share. Somewhere there is a soldier who will wear the one you are making and I am sure that could he see the lady who knitted it he would call you his fairy godmother."

"You are Irish."

I shook my head.

"Or sentimental."

"Nope—just truthful."

She held up the sweater for my inspection.

"My twenty-eighth—so many come in without them. I can't get about as easily as the other ladies." She pointed to a cane leaning against the stool, "So I just sit here and knit. I want to do my share."

"You have already," I answered. In my heart I knew my words had a double meaning. "Why, you are a regular wholesale fairy godmother!"

"If I could only be that to them all. They stream through the doors all day long until you wonder where they all come from. Some stop—like you—and talk. Others slide over to the piano and play just as the mood strikes them, or curl up on the lounges and sleep, just like Joe used to do. Some are lonesome and some are homesick and some are in love—and I just want to hug them all."

Her eyes swept out across the room and then back to me.

"Joe—is Joe?" I began, looking up into them.

Her eyes grew soft again, though her lips smiled.

"That is my boy—my only boy. He's at Camp Lewis now—a sergeant, too. He gets lonesome sometimes, which he won't admit, but you know that a mother can always read between lines. The big house—it seems so empty now."

"And I'll wager that there is a little mother who won't admit she's lonesome, too," I said.

"Well," she confessed, the sparkle coming back into her eye," I must camouflage some—you remember that I told you I must do my share. It would be unbearable, though, if it weren't for an old friend who has come down to stay with me."

I said nothing, for, being a man. could only wonder at the strength of those who, behind the lines, were carrying their share of war's burdens. Restlessly my eye swept the crowd. Why had Murray registered and gone? Something unusual must have occurred, I figured, and he would be back presently to explain his delay. So, putting the thought out of my mind, I again turned to the little lady on the stool.

"Are all of you mothers, or wives or sisters of men away to fight?"

"Not at all," she replied spiritedly. "The young lady who stays with me hasn't a relative in the war. She is here three days and two evenings each week—and has beautiful blonde hair and big blue eyes—just the kind of a girl you sailors and soldiers fall in love with at first sight."

"Not I,"—laughingly—"I came to meet a friend, not Cupid. But—I can't find him."

"Which?" It was her turn to laugh now.

"Jack Murray, of course—not Dan Cupid! We shipped together from Salt Lake City."

"Why how extraordinary," she exclaimed, dropping the knitting to her lap. "I met him not half an hour ago. He is tall with dark hair, rather prominent nose, a cleft in his chin—and—and a scar on his left cheek—"

"Fits him to a tee," I cried.

"Blanche said that it was caused by a horse—"

"Who?" I demanded, leaning over the counter.

"Blanche Williams, the blonde girl I was just telling you about. She knew him in Wyoming," she replied, mystified.

"Where is she?"

Suddenly it was all clear—the darkness I had been traveling in faded to sunlight and many mysterious things stood out with startling clearness.

"She is gone now—went out with Mr. Murray."

And just at that point the little lady in the big pink apron, with the snow-white hair, whom I had passed at the door rushed up to me in a flutter of unconcealed excitement.

"I just noticed your name on the register. Here is a note that a sailor left for me to give you," she said breathlessly. "Think, I nearly missed you."

I seized and kissed the wrinkled hand that gave me the letter. A dull red tinged her cheeks and uttering a half stifled "Oh," at the unexpectedness of my action, fled precipitately back to her post at the door and eyed me from the distance. The lady of the red knitting needles gazed at the scene in open astonishment.

Tearing open the envelope and unfolding the sheet of paper, I read:

"Oh, boy—I am giving this to the lady at the door to make sure it reaches you. You remember that I told you there were two reasons why I enlisted—one was patriotism and the other a foolish lover's quarrel. I couldn't tell you I was that ranger that rescued Blanche's horse or that I knew her at college—for I didn't know where she was. I just met her here and I want to tell you Page didn't win her. We are going out to be married now.

"Wedding dinner at Tait's—eight o'clock sharp. Bring Mrs. Cardwell—you will find her at the club.

"JACK."

I turned to the lady at the cash register, whose brown eyes gazed at me in wide-open astonishment.

"You are Mrs. Cardwell, aren't you?" I asked.

She nodded assent.

"Well, I am going to take you to Blanche's wedding dinner."

Her eyes grew wider yet. I passed her the note.

"Read that!"

And we went.

A Girl's Recollections of Brook Farm School

By The Last Remaining Brook Farmer (But One)

I SHALL never forget the first impression that Brook Farm and its people made upon me. It was on a Saturday afternoon, early in June, 1843, that my mother, my young brother and I found ourselves at the door of the "Hive," the principal building at the Farm. We had come in the little one-horse bus that ran from Boston to West Roxbury, a distance of nine miles. On the way I had been dreading the entrance into a new life among a people far removd in aims and habits from our kindly neighbors in the little New England village of Weymouth, where much of my life up to this time had been passed.

My mother was full of enthusiasm. She had met and known some of the members of the association and had been touched and impressed by the new doctrine of the so-called "Trancendentalists" that was working like a leaven through all New England life in the late thirties and early forties. My father had recently died and to her, in her loneliness this new home where she was to find brothers and sisters ready to aid her, inspiration for ideals and higher thinking for herself and more than all, broader opportunities for her children, was most welcome. In her scrap-book I find an article written by her in January, 1845, on the "Purposes and Accomplishments of the Brook Farm Association," printed in The Harbinger, the weekly newspaper published at the Farm. Near the close of the article she refers most touchingly to the sympathy and kindness shown by the members of the community to those in sorrow, which have convinced her that "humanity has not left the earth."

Upon our arrival we were assigned to Pilgrim House, which for three years was to be our home, and here our community life began. The surroundings were very beautiful. The farm was in the center of what has been called "the wild flower garden of New England." It was surrounded by low hills and its meadows and sunny slopes were diversified by the orchard, the quiet groves and the denser pine wood. The latter was called the cathedral and was a favorite place for picnics, pageants and for religious services. Through the green meadow and by the "Hive," near the roadside, ran the brook that gave its name to the farm. No Brook Farmer ever forgot the meadow or the pine grove or the little stream that flowed so musically on its way to join the Charles river.

Much has been written of the famous experiment in social science which, more than seventy years ago drew most of the intellectual people of America, for a longer or a shorter stay, to the little settlement at West Roxbury. In his bibliography Lindsay Swift gives the names of eighty-six books, magazines and newspaper accounts that he consulted in the preparation of his scholarly and, in the main, satisfactory record of "Brook Farm, Its Members, Scholars and Visitors." Few of the writers quoted by Mr. Swift were residents at the Farm. From the men and women most closely associated with the inner life of the community and living at the time when he wrote

he secured but "an occasional lecture, an agreeable paper of a personal nature or some remembered conversation." Nearly all the older residents and visitors had found themselves too much occupied in the stirring scenes or in the consideration of great national problems in the years that followed, to record the story of the quiet, busy days that had been the formative period for most of them; a fitting preparation for the active duties imposed upon them in the days preceding and during our great Civil war. The story was written in their hearts, but such stories are very rarely given to the public.

George Ripley was often urged to write the history of Brook Farm and always answered, "When I reach my years of indiscretion I may do so," but he did not live long enough for that. "The Historic and Personal Memoirs of Brook Farm," by Dr. John Thomas Codman," "My Friends at Brook Farm," by John Van Der Zee Sears, and "Years of Experience," by Georgina Bruce Kirby, all contain reliable and valuable pictures of life in the community during the period of the residence of the writers. A few months ago Major Willard S. Saxton contributed an article to the Boston Evening Transcript under the title, "Last Remaining Brook Farmer (but one), Recalls Its Beauty." It is the story of a boy's recollections of the closing years of the great experiment. Many of the incidents and circumstances connected with our life in this delightful home have been recalled to my mind by Major Saxton's article and I have been urged to give a girl's recollections of Brook Farm School and my impressions of the men and women who composed the Brook Farm Community.

Probably to the present generation a brief review of the purposes and circumstances of the founding of the settlement will not prove uninteresting. The Brook Farm Community or Association, as its members insisted upon calling it, was the natural outgrowth of a spirit of democracy that characterized this period, not only in New England, but in the old world as well, which taught that "Life is finer and more beautiful, kinder and happier where men are devoted to each others' good and where the constant struggle for the means of subsistance is made less urgent and exacting." Probably as early as 1838 the famous "Transcendental Club" of New England had suggested plans for an ideal society where thoughtful and cultivated people should be brought together, where each person should do his share of the manual labor necessary for the physical wants of the community, where all should have time and opportunity for mental culture and where life should be simple and wholesome. George Ripley, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the two famous Channings, uncle and nephew, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clark, Elizabeth Peabody and a score of others met during the winter of 1840 and discussed plans for a practical application of these new views of life.

A few months before the project took definite form George Ripley had written a letter to Emerson in which he stated the objects that he wished to accomplish. "We purpose," he wrote, "to take a small tract of land, which, under skillful husbandry, uniting the garden and the farm, will be adequate to the support of the families, and to connect with this a school or college in which the most complete instruction shall be given from the first rudiments to the highest culture." The religious creed should center about the one doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Labor was to be honored and true democracy was to be practiced and "a fine enthusiasm for humanity" was to take the place of a selfish competition and a sordid struggle for existence. Individual property was to be sacred and individualism was to be a fundamental tenet of the association. Every man and woman who became a member was to have an equal voice and vote in the management of associational affairs and a strict account was to be kept of all business dealings with

members as well as of transactions with outsiders.

Early in 1841 George Ripley, his wife, and sister, Marianna; Charles A. Dana, Nathaniel Hawthorne and six others, bought a farm of 208 acres at West Roxbury, drew up their articles of association of the subscribers to the Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education, elected their officers and moved out to the one large farmhouse which was already on the place. The farm was to provide subsistence for the members of the association and give an opportunity for that healthy mixture of muscular and mental labor which, it was believed, would be conducive to the highest intellectual achievement. The meanest toil was shorn of its disagreeable features as all work was honorable and all workers were on the same level and received the same pay.

The simple, natural life, the hearty good-fellowship, the warm personal friendships, and above all, the elevated sentiment prevailing, tended to create an ideal atmosphere for the student and thinker. Much work of real value was done at Brook Farm by the men and women who found the surroundings conducive to literary thought and who were inspired by association with kindred minds, but the pride of Brook Farm was in its school. There has never been another such school in America or such teaching as was received by the young people at the Farm. Men and women who were soon to become leaders in the thought and life of the nation gave of their best to the little group of students that came to this wonderful school from all sections of New England, from New York, from Cuba and even from far-off Manila.

As the members increased additional accommodations were provided by the erection of new buildings and to these buildings swarmed the former occupants of the old farmhouse now known as the "Hive." During the second year of the association a house was built on the highest point of ground on the farm and was called the Eyrie. It commanded a fine view of the surrounding country and was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ripley. Margaret Fuller's cottage was the next addition to the association buildings. It was used by the music teachers, and contained two or three pianos. Not far from the cottage and opposite the Eyrie, was the Pilgrim House, so called because it was built by two brothers from Plymouth. Rooms in all these buildings were occupied by members and students, but all assembled for meals three times a day at the "Hive," and in this building most of the social activities were carried on.

Upon the afternoon of our arrival the "Hive" was a scene of activity. A dance was to be given that night and all the girls, several of whom were near my own age, (I was just fifteen), were to wear wreaths of wild daisies. The forenoon had been spent in decorating the dining room and making the wreaths. As we entered the hall of the old-fashioned house we were welcomed by friendly, smiling faces and greeted in the most familiar terms by the girls, led by Fannie McDaniel, whose sister, Eunice, later became the wife of Charles A. Dana. The girls made a wreath for me and were so cordial and kindly that all feeling of strangeness left me and from that hour I was entirely at home. At supper a welcome beamed upon us from every side. Such faces as were gathered about the rough, plain tables in that low-ceiled dining room! There were men and women from the most select literary and social circles of Boston and New York, scholars from many European countries and happy boys and girls that in a few years were to be leaders in the communities from which they had come and to which they were later to return. Conversation was lively, but the meal occupied less time than usual because of the dance. I assisted in washing the dishes and remember thinking that it was strange that I felt so much at home already.

Mother curled my hair with curling tongs and I wore a simple white dress,

as did the other girls. Some attention was paid to dress at Brook Farm, as I remember a few months later notice was given that at one of the weekly parties a wreath bought at a florists would be given to the best dressed girl. I received the wreath and was the happiest person at the Farm. My dress on this occasion was made by my mother. It was very simple and was trimmed with flowers.

The dance was over at 10 o'clock and after the tables were put in place and arranged for Sunday morning breakfast we returned to our quarters at Pilgrim House. Dancing was the favorite amusement in the community and Miss Amelia Russell, who had charge of the social life at Brook Farm, saw to it that there was opportunity for each member, young and old, to learn this accomplishment.

Early on Monday morning, after a quiet, restful Sunday, while the older members were engaged in the necessary duties of the farm and household, school work began for the younger people. George Ripley taught intellectual and moral philosophy and mathematics. His wife, Sophia Willard Ripley, for years before her marriage one of the most famous teachers in Boston, was instructor in modern languages and history. Charles A. Dana had classes in Greek and German and John S. Dwight imported a knowledge of music and Latin. There was an instructor in drawing, a lecturer on the theory and practice of agriculture and several teachers for the younger children, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Horace Greely, Bronson Alcott and indeed, most of the famous men and women of that day came to lecture to us or better still, to talk at their ease in the free, inspiring atmosphere.

The boys and girls of the school were many of them too young to appreciate fully the fact that we were the pupils and companions of men and women who were even then occupying a large place in the literary and civic life of New England. Through all its history the school needed no other advertising than that which was furnished by the names of those associated with it and many were attracted to Brook Farm School who had little sympathy with the fundamental principles of the settlement. Most of the older boys were preparing for Harvard, Williams or Columbia and their success in passing the entrance examinations showed that the teaching was thorough although it was carried on with more freedom in the intercourse of pupils and teachers than is usual in college preparatory schools. Personal influence counted for much and both teachers and students were animated by an enthusiasm that made study a joy and class-room work a delight.

When the school opened George Ripley had written, "We are a company of teachers. The branch of industry which we pursue as our primary object and chief means of support is teaching." He had been a minister for fifteen years in the Purchase Street Unitarian Church in Boston and was already a popular and voluminous author, but it was in his class-room with a group of interested students before him that he felt himself in his element. He was one of the sunniest persons I ever knew and a most attractive teacher. He never entered his class-room without something new or original to bring before us. One day he read to us with great delight one of Mrs. Caudles' curtain lectures just published by Douglas Jerrold, then at the heighth of his fame. His classes were never dull and his own brilliant thoughts appealed to us fully as much as the authors we read. We never thought of discipline in his classes, but enjoyed the utmost freedom so long as our discussions and digressions were under his control and if we wandered too far from the subject he brought us back by some witty jest or skillful turn of thought.

Charles A. Dana, on the other hand, was a stern disciplinarian. You could hear a pin drop at any time during his recitation and when he spoke we knew that he must be obeyed. We

stood much in awe of him and were greatly impressed by the fact that he was said to be able to speak ten languages. He was a musician, having been a famous flutist during his college days at Harvard. At meal times he had charge of the waiters and here, in his checked tunic, he was as stately and dignified as in his class-room.

In Mrs. Ripley's classes every moment was devoted to work. Her French had been acquired abroad and she was most thorough in her drill upon the fundamentals of the language. A half century after leaving Brook Farm I found myself able to converse with a visitor from France although I had had few opportunities to test my knowledge of the language in the intervening years.

The opportunity to study music under John S. Dwight and his talented sisters was one of the attractions of the school. Dwight was, later, one of the most famous musical critics in America. He, like nearly all the instructors, was a graduate of Harvard, and had been a Unitarian minister before joining the association. He was in sympathy with the purposes and practices of the community, but wished to choose his own time and consult his personal feelings in performing his share of unattractive duties. Mr. Ripley once said to Theodore Parker: "There is your accomplished musical friend who would hoe corn all Sunday, if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday." It is added that Parker replied: "It is good to know that he wants to hoe corn any day in the week." Margaret Fuller cottage was given up to the music classes during the day, but we were requested not to use the pianos during the evening without permission. We often persuaded Fannie Dwight to let us have little impromptu concerts or dances in the cottage between the supper and study hours.

Like the college boys and girls of today we were in the habit of giving nicknames to our teachers and favorite fellow students. Mr. Ripley was The Archon, Mr. Dana, The Professor and Mr. Dwight, The Poet. Miss Marianna Ripley had charge of the dining room. She was very tall and straight and the miscievous boys and girls spoke of her as "Her Perpendicular Majesty." Plump little Miss Russell, our dancing teacher, was "The Mistress of the Revels." We never nicknamed the dignified and dearly-loved wife of our principal, although I have heard her referred to as "Her Serene Highness."

Every pupil in the school, as well as every member of the association, was expected to devote from one to four hours a day to such manual labor as inclination or natural aptitude suggested, as farming, gardening, care of animals or some form of domestic labor, always under the direction of an instructor. For this work we were paid ten cents an hour and the amount credited to us was deducted from our regular bills. Brook Farm School was, I believe, the first institution in America to place industrial and intellectual training on the same plane. It was a vocational school of an ideal type and did much to impress upon residents and visitors a sense of the real dignity of the humblest necessary task and an appreciation of skill in the performance of the most commonplace duties. The workers were arranged in groups, changing occasionally from one group to another. I was at various times during the three years of my stay at the school in the dormitory group, the mending group, the typesetting group and in the dining room group. I liked the latter group the least, especially on pleasant summer evenings when I wished to go out for a walk in the groves or by the brook.

But our daily life was not given up entirely to study and work. There was an amusement group made up from the instructors and the older members, whose business it was to provide entertainment. Dancing parties, picnics, musicals, pageants, plays, rural fetes and tableaux filled up our leisure hours. The pageants were the most pretentious affairs attempted at the Farm. History was searched for

our settings and Scott's novels supplied us with many of our scenes. Costumes were either made by the members, hired in the city or borrowed from Boston friends.

Tableaux were favored above all other impromptu entertainments. Dickens furnished us much material for this form of amusement. On one occasion characters and incidents from Oliver Twist, then but recently published in America, were presented. My little brother represented the hero at that impressive moment when he dares the work-house authorities and asks for "more." The self possession with which he withstood the attempts of his mischievous mates to divert his attention and make him smile won for him much praise.

We often acted characters and proverbs and impromptu dialogues were encouraged by our teachers. The latter frequently gave Shakespearean readings or related the classic myths of Greece and Rome as we sat about the fireplace during a winter's storm. The "Twice Told Tales" were strangely familiar to all Brook Farmers when Nathaniel Hawthorne gave them to a wider audience long after he had left the Farm.

I wish that I could write at more length of the visitors whom I met; but I was young and we were having so good a time ourselves that we rarely thought much of the distinguished people that came and went. I think that I remember Horace Greely best of all. He was a strange looking man, quite unlike the other visitors. I sat at the same table with him on one occasion and I remember that he talked well and with a modesty and deference to the opinions of others that surprised me. The New York Tribune was at that time on its way to becoming, what it was a few years later, the most widely circulated paper in America. It contained many articles on Brook Farm and many of our members were regular contributors to its columns.

We had our own newspaper, too, at the Farm, the Harbinger. I had a file of this paper but after coming to California I loaned it to a friend and it was never returned to me. There are, probably, few copies now in existence but I believe that at the time of its publication it was considered to have a high literary standard. The editors and principal contributors were Ripley, Dana, Dwight and Albert Brisbane. James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Thomas W. Higginson, William M. Story, George W. Curtis, and in fact nearly all the literary lights of that age in America, were occasional contributors. My mother, like many New England women of that day, was a writer of verse and prose and several of her poems and sketches were printed in the Harbinger. She was very modest and usually left her articles on her desk, which was in a room adjoining the printing office, and the next week they would appear, signed by her initials, in the proper column.

Our life was exceedingly simple. In May, 1841, Hawthorne wrote to his sister, "We arise at half past six, dine at half past twelve, and go to bed at nine." This custom prevailed at Brook Farm throughout all its history and was varied only on evenings when dances were given. Then the hour for retiring was ten. The food was plain but wholesome. The favorite breakfast dish was "Brewis" white or brown bread boiled in milk. Meat was served once a day and vegetables were abundant. As many of the residents were vegetarians there was a "graham table" and we young people insisted that better food was served here than at the other tables. During the last year when financial conditions made it necessary to economize we willingly denied ourselves the more expensive foods. We had "meatless days" and butter was rarely served although students who could afford it bought small squares and took them to the table.

During the first year of our residence the women wore a convenient dress when about their work which years later became very popular and was known as "bloomers." For some

reason this comfortable working costume was soon given up and we returned to the style prevailing among our neighbors. The men from the beginning discarded the conventional dress coat and wore, on all occasions, a loose tunic about the length of the ordinary coat and confined at the waist with a wide leather belt. Men and women wore wide brimmed hats, the girls frequently decorating theirs with wreaths of wild flowers.

As I recall the relations of the various residents at the Farm, we seem to have been one harmonious family. There may have been jealousies and misunderstandings, but they were never allowed to appear on the surface and must have soon vanished in the cheerful, sunny atmosphere that prevailed. One of our visitors wrote after leaving us. "It would be difficult to conceive beforehand how much can be added to the enjoyment of a household by mere sunniness of temper and liveliness of disposition."

The free and natural intercourse among members and pupils never degenerated into undue familiarity. Under the watchful care of our teachers a reserve and personal dignity was developed that was never lost even in our gayest and liveliest moods. A kindly feeling ran through the entire family but, as is everywhere the case, little groups of friends were drawn together by taste and sympathy. Two of my dearest friends were girls of my own age. One of them, Rebecca Codman (Butterfield), died only a few years ago in Boston after a busy and useful life. Her brother, Dr. Codman, has preserved, in his Brook Farm Memoirs, the story of the relations of his family with the closing years of the association.

Louise Kleinstrup was, however, my closest and most intimate friend during the three years of my happy school life at Brook Farm. Her father, Peter Kleinstrup, was a native of Denmark, a man of considerable education and refinement and a botonist of some note. He came to Brook Farm with his wife and beautiful daughter and was placed in charge of the gardens, which soon became a delight alike to residents and visitors. Louise was wonderfully talented in music and Mr. Dwight and his sister predicted a brilliant career for her. When Jennie Lind was in Boston she heard of the little Danish singer and sent her one hundred dollars. She was an artist as well and I still have a dainty little fan which she painted for me. Soon after leaving Brook Farm she began to fail in health and within two years this "charming, tuneful girl" had passed from earth.

In the summer of 1844 it was decided that another building must be erected to accommodate the families that were joining the association in numbers. Plans were made for building the "Phalanstry" which was to be between a modern apartment house and a family hotel. There were to be suites for families and a common kitchen and dining room with two larger rooms for social and literary gatherings. A portion of the money necessary was secured; in August the work began and was carried on during the following year. In the fall of 1846 when seven thousand dollars had been expended, the half-completed structure was closed up to wait for the spring and additional funds.

Meantime the first great misfortune came to Brook Farm in the shape of a small-pox epidemic. John Allen, one of our most active members, frequently went to Boston on business trips, occasionally taking with him his only child, a beautiful boy of four years. A few days after one of these visits the child became ill and it was soon found that he was suffering from small-pox. The Margaret Fuller cottage was turned into a hospital and the child was placed there under the care of a nurse. Within a short time other cases developed until thirty patients had been cared for in the improvised hospital. There were no deaths and all except three cases were very mild. Our simple and sanitary way of living had saved us from serious results.

I was one of the earlier victims.

When the doctor decided that a slight cold and fever from which I was suffering were the symptoms of the dreaded disease Mr. Ripley came to Pilgrim House with the carriage, placed me in it and took me to the cottage, walking by the side of the vehicle and talking in the most cheerful manner all the way. I remained there three weeks. Each day my mother made cocoa for me and left it under a tree in front of the cottage. After she had gone I would go out and get it. The first case was discovered early in September and before the first of November the quarantine was raised and we were all at our work again although several students who had left in the early days of the excitement did not retrun.

The winter following passed in the usual way and although the attendance at the school was not quite so large as on previous years our instructors did not allow us to share the anxiety that must have weighed upon them at times. Spring came early that year and new hope was around. In some way money had been secured and the Phalanstry was to be completed. On the 3rd of March the carpenters opened the doors that had been boarded up all winter and placed a large stove in the basement to dry out the damp rooms. All were cheerful and hopeful and, as usual on occasions of special rejoicing it was decided to have a dance at the "Hive." My mother was at Weymouth visiting friends, but I went over with the other "Pilgrims," leaving my brother asleep in our rooms.

It was the gayest crowd that had gathered in months. Everybody was there. The older members were congratulating each other on the near accomplishment of a cherished scheme and the young people were delighted, as they always were, at the prospect of an evening of pleasure.

Louise was at the piano and the floor was filled for the first dance when someone called, "the Phalanstry is on fire." The dancing stopped and all rushed from the room. The sky was ablaze and the snow-covered ground was red from the reflection. I hurried past the burning building for I feared that the fire might reach our home where my little brother was sleeping. From the front of the Pilgrim House I watched the fire. There was no wind and it did not spread so the other buildings were safe, but our Phalanstry was entirely destroyed.

Fire engines came from the surrounding villages and even from Boston, but they were too late to be of any service. The baker had just taken the bread for the next day's breakfast from the oven, and this, with hot coffee, made and served by the boys and men, were given to the tired firemen. Mr. Ripley, determinedly cheerful as usual, made them a little speech. He assured them that they were welcome to the poor hospitality offered. He asked that they excuse its meagerness on account of the unexpectedness of their visit and assured them that if their hosts had known that they were coming they would have received a worthier, if not a warmer, reception.

When my mother returned the day after the fire she knew that the end was near. We stayed a few more weeks, but even the boys and girls felt that it would be impossible to keep things going through another winter. There was little money coming in, the credit of the association was exhausted and a heavy debt had been incurred which there was now no immediate prospect of paying. Within a few months after the fire the school closed, Brook Farm was deserted and we turned our faces from the happiest home we had ever known.

When Miner Meets Cow-Man

By Lucy Millar

YUMA Dan, he bee's little, ole man with long hairs on hee's haid, an' munchous whisker on hee's face. He is thinkin' it heem hee's muy bad mans, so he is puttin' on hees belt with munchous cartridge stickin' all around it, an' fix it long, sharp knife in belt. He is hang it beeg pistol on hees side, an' rifle on hees shoulder, then he bees cuss lots of bad tings in turrible beeg, loud voices at mens what is passin' hees minin' claim.

Two cow-puncher he is maik it a corral for hold cattle whaure Dan says bees hees groun'. Then when cow-puncher he bees goin' home at night, Dan, he is go queek an' tare down fences what them boys been maikin'.

Nex' day cow-mens is come an' findin' fences all down, but they bees startin' put all up again.

Dan he is see, an' is run out of hees cabin, shakin' rifle at mens an' tellin' it heem, "You git off my places muy pronto, or I keel it you queek." Mens, he go, but tell it Dan, "We comin' back an' put it up the fence in same places for the groun' bees ours."

Nex' mornin' two mens comes back, bringin' one nodder man. All hap beeg pistols hangin' at sides. Two mens, he tell it to uthro mans "You stan' by tree an' hold pistol, aimin' good, while we bees buildin' some more fences."

Poco tempo, Dan he is see it the mens, an' is come yellin' an' cussin' turrible, all time shakin' hees rifle an' callin' to new mans, "Get out a way, me I don't want for shoot you. I bees goin' for shoot it the uthro fellers. Get out, queek!"

Man he is jump behin' beeg tree while two cow-puncher he is sit on bronchos holdin' out pistols at Dan.

Ole brodder he is say to young brodder. "You shoot it, Dan, me, I don't like it to 'cause I got some wife an' little boy." "No, me I don't want it shoot, for I like soon to be maury to some nice garrul, an' she is feel it soury if I bees goin' to jail." So they bees jus' sittin' holdin' pistols; one is say "You shoot," an' uthro feller sayin', "No, you shoot, me I don't like it to." An' Yuma Dan, he is keep backin' slow, slow, back to cabin, an' darin' boys to shoot.

When he is get back to door of shack, he is jump in an' shuttin' door queek, for he didn't hap no cartridge in hees rifle and couldn't shoot. He bees jus' thinkin' it he is scare those mens.

Then, cow-mens, he turn queek hees bronchos an' gallop fas' to rancherio. One brodder he is go to Julian for to get cornstable an' bringin' heem back for arres' Dan an' lock heem in jails.

Cornstable, he go nex' day for arres' Dan, but when he is knock at door, it is come open, poco, poco, an' cornstable bees lookin' at beeg gun barl stickin' out at heem! He is turn, vamos pronto back to rancherio. He is say it to cow-mens, "What you think it I bees goin' alone for arres' that bad mans? No, I not do it, for he is like for keel me."

Then whole lots of mens is come ridin' up for arres' Dan an' sendin' heem to jails, but when they get there, Dan, he has hap pack hees burro an' vamos to Arizona an' he is not come back for mebby eight, nine years.

The "Humanity" of Cruelty

By Horace Hutchinson

THERE is an incident which stands out very distinct and clean-cut in the memory of my first days with a gun. There was a big sheet of water, and upon it a small flock, half a dozen or eight, of domestic ducks, and amongst them one wild pin-tail. Beside the water grew a single clump of those sharp assegais which the botany books call "the great sea rush." Behind the cover of this I crept, snake-like, in the most approved manner of the Red Indian "brave" according to Mayne Reid, till I was well in range of the swimming flock. I had to bide my time until the wild one, which was fair game, should be tolerably isolated from the tame, so that the farmer should not indict me for the slaughter of his innocents. Then I took deadly aim, and fired. And now, in classic phrase, "a strange thing happened," for I wounded the poor pin-tail—as afterwards discovered, I had winged it—and now that it was so stricken, and exhibiting its distress by the awkward and struggling manner of its swimming, those treacherous friends, its domesticated cousins, far from going to its assistance or affording sympathy, "went for it" in quite another sense. For they pursued the poor thing with pecks and hustlings so that they would infallibly have drowned it in the end, had it not saved itself by swimming in its unhappy lop-sided fashion to the bank, where I was able to seize it and so put it to a more merciful death. My turn was served excellently by the base dealing of these tame but false friends of the wild.

I troubled little then about the roots of the instinct which drove those ducks to a behavior apparently so unnatural, but I have thought about it many a time since, and I doubt not at all that they were just following out the instincts of gregarious animals which decrees that the weakly must be sacrificed for the good of the community. If the old wolf cannot go the pace of the pack he must fall out and he must perish. It is always the same motive which runs through all Nature's story—until it comes to that quite new chapter, "Man," in which something is introduced that never was in the tale before—that the individual has to go to the wall and give space for advance to the species. A new motive, a new kindliness and mercy for the weakling and the individual, is introduced with man—for the reason that he, and he only, has sympathy, which means the faculty of "feeling with" another, of realizing, more or less, his feeling by representing it to his own consciousness of himself and comparing it with his own feelings. It is not, however, merely to say this, which is much of a psychologist's commonplace, that I have told this anecdote and pointed its moral. Its moral really goes a great deal further—to a point which is not by any means so commonly recognized. This sympathy, which man has and which other animals have not, is really the root of the dreadful fact that he commits hideous cruelties of which they are perfectly innocent. This may sound like paradox, even like untruth. It is none the less both perfectly obvious and exactly true. It does not need to exacerbate passions already sufficiently alive by quotation of modern instances; it will suffice to cite words written long before our present tragedies were being enacted: "The atrocities of the trials for witchcraft,

the indiscriminating slaughter committed by the negroes on the coasts of Guinea, the sacrifice of human victims by the Khonds, the dismemberment of living men by the Battas, find no parallel in the habits of animals in their savage states." The quotation is from R. Hartmann's "Anthropoid Apes." If we consider the matter for a moment we must realize that he is right. The tiger kills, but he kills only that he may eat. Here and there we find apparent exception to this rule otherwise universal among the animals—the wolf pack surrounding a herd will kill as it can. But then we must consider that the case of the hunters in packs is peculiar. They may kill more than they can immediately eat, but each individual is killing for the herd. It is not for its own maw only that it is catering, so that it should cease to kill as soon as it has enough for its own need. It cannot "count heads," as a hostess does before a dinner party—the killing has to be done as it can, swiftly, before the prey escapes. The fox that invades our poultry runs kills more than he can carry off; the dog that reverts to the old call of the wild, and becomes sheep slayer, slays as if the slaughter itself were a joy, but in both cases we have to remember the near kinship of these creatures with the hunters in packs. It is not the same instinct resurging which leads to the free and indiscriminate killing by the wolf pack? So, when we speak of our nameless cruelties as "tigerish" and "brutal," and "inhuman," we have our epithets precisely inverted from the truth. To be cruel, and to kill for killing's sake, is neither tigerish nor brutal, but is specially human—the attribute of man.

Why is it, then, that man, uniquely, has developed this appalling attribute? Is it not obvious that it is by virtue of his sympathy—by reason of his power of representing to himself the feelings of another by comparison with his own—because he knows and can realize the sufferings he inflicts? Without that unique gift he would not appreciate them. Who is there of ourselves, good Christian gentlemen as we are, that does not roar with laughter when a fat old fellow like Mr. Pickwick slips up and falls when sliding on the ice? Laughter is our more or less civilized modification of the amusement which the savage finds in the torture of his victims. To be sure, in many a form of this killing and torture by the savage and the primitive man there is a blend of the religious ceremony and of sacrifice to a tribal god, but all the tales of all the travelers combine to tell us that, apart from that side of it, there is a pure human enjoyment of the sight of another's suffering. It is all the obverse, the bad side, of that blessed sympathy which is the cause of almost all that is best in our world—rather as pain is the obverse, the bad, of pleasure. The analogy is far from perfect, for pain has its uses, not to be denied—but it may serve. But let us not do injustice to our humbler friends—to the tiger, poor beast, and the rest of them who kill that they may eat—and accuse them of bequeathing to us a heritage of cruelty. Let us bear on our own heads our sins. To kill to eat is brutal—to torture to laugh is human, purely.

The Lapidary

By Mary Byerley

"Samples of stone, jet, breccia, porphyry,
Polished and rough."
—The Ring and the Book.

* * *

Out at Redondo Beach there is a man
Who keeps a booth in which are polished stones.
He polishes them. He even finds the stones.
Grey chrysolites, agates, lapis lazuli,
Up in the mountain canyons that he loves.
Often, for weeks, a strange man takes his place
While he goes off on his beloved hunt.

"See," he has said, holding to clearer view
A tourmaline, "In Inyo found I that,
Out of a rock smudged by old Piute camp-fires.
A strange, wild country, Inyo, dead and alive
With desert, rattlesnakes, prospectors' dreams,
Granites, bones, gems and wild mirages."
Yet nothing macabre there in the tourmaline.

"Here's a red blob they call Seyavi's tears."
It seemed a bit of pigeon-blood cloissonee,
So smooth, almost luminously alive.
"Down in Kern River canyon—blessed place!
I fish for trout, and cook them over fires
Of manzanita shrub and pungent sage.
Seyavi's tears? The name? An Indian tale
Of a rash maid who dared the gods to hurt her,
Loving a chieftain's son, riding to battle,
Amazing Amazon, to guard her lover."
Blood-red the little heart of the stone, luminous,
Darted through me its tremors of enchantment,
As though it held coagulated blood
From mortal wound of shadowy Indian maiden.

Lapis lazuli—"Tiffany's" I laughed?
He shook his head, "Topping the San Jacinto,
There is a hollow open to northern winds,
An eerie place of moans and sighing whispers;
A snowstorm caught me there once—almost died;
Stumbled through drifts, clutching this talisman.
I think a lot of it—the stone of faith;
I almost seemed to hurt it when I polished it,
My little friend, blue with its beautiful faith!"

"This agate brown? A wild cat's grotesque eye
Shot at near upper Stanislaus. The agate?
Oh, yes; on the same hunt I picked it, water-washed
From a stream bed."—Flashed to mind the agate pebbles
Pictured there in Da Vinci's great St. Anne!
Baleful stones, cat-like, treacherous.
Why did Da Vinci put them near St. Anne?

"And here is black obsidian from near Tahoe,
Crystallized lava fit for a mourning brooch.
I can remember all the crystal laughter
Floating from a party of joyous travelers
Out on the lake. And four of them there were drowned."

"Quartz, with its hidden virtues, do you know?
A funny man, a spiritualist, has asked me
To find him unflawed quartz quite large enough
To polish for him into a crystal ball;
Within its virtues he to crystal-gaze.
He's haunted 'round my place this many a day,
Yet never the unflawed crystal.—"

"Petrified wood
Drifted here from the Coconino forest;
A drunk prospector gave it in my hands.
Maudlin, said 'twas a piece of his petrified heart."

"Pale, this opal's picked from a sun-rise beach;
Wave-washed, weak, yielding, I hate the stone;
It holds the illusions of Life, and mocks at life;
It grasps tormented thoughts, tomenting years;
A glow-worm of clairvoyance; a will-o-the-wisp
Of a jewel! It reminds me of my wife:
She ran away and left me years ago."

"These garnets out of a vein of pegmatite
I found once with Muir in the Sierras.
Aren't they fit to decorate a cup—
Some drinking vessel found in Holy Church?
Ha! What's your religion? Polished, is it?
Renunciation and all the rest of it?
Mystical, flowery, magical bulwarks of deeds?
Mine's Nature. Cragged and snowy peaks I love;
Wild hillwoods, with an eagle soaring aloft;
The dreaming desert; mesa trails, dyed skies,
Faint perfumes from a sapphire lupine wash;
Granite—and these pretty ladies' stones."

I looked around the make-shift, tiny booth:
Stones and a life locked in magnetic beauty;
I looked at the lapidary, gray, unshaved,
His eyes, twin jewels in his honest face,
Holding high-lights of inarticulate splendors,
Of journeys, fleeting raptures, lasting interests;
Taking his stones, as jewels, off Nature's fingers;

Storied each finger with his human interests,
And all his human interests in his eyes.

No gold he needs. He is his own rough setting,
Unpolished, maybe, by his own loved work,
His booth unfrequented, his face scarce known;
Yet in the seven years since I have seen him
The hundred times his stones are strewn before me!
The thousand times his face flashed to mind!

A New Battle Hymn of the Republic

By George Vail Williams

I am living in the dawning of a bright and better day,
When the sun of human brotherhood with kind and genial ray
Shall banish tears, and tyranny from this old world away.
The world is moving on.

In the booming of the cannon I can hear the kingdom's knell;
And the doom of the oppressor in the shrieking of the shell.
Yes, the sword shall sweep its wielder to the flaming pit of hell.
The world is moving on.

Mid the dim and misty shadows of the dark and dismal night
There is rising now an angel that shall lead us to the light;
That shall overthrow the despot, and enthrone eternal right.
The world is moving on.

Now I see the toiler rising—he has rent his chains apart;
For the voice of hope has spoken to his long despairing heart.
In the worthy war for freedom, he will bear a noble part.
The world is moving on.

We will overthrow the tyrant, and will break his bloody blade;
We will make the spear a pruning hook, the bayonet a spade;
Then we'll live within a world of love, the hand of labor made.
The world is moving on.

Then the war drum shall be silenced, and be hushed the cannon's roar;
Then the lovely snow-white dove of peace above the flood shall soar,
And the reign of human brotherhood shall last forever more.
The world is moving on.

Then the clouds of superstition shall forever more depart;
While from the desert sands of doubt, the flowers of faith shall start,
And the love of God shall come to dwell in every human heart.
The world is moving on.

Five Years On a Homestead

By Mrs. J. C. Osborn

(Concluded)

Chapter IV.

MY BABY was ill—for hours lay unconscious. In the four years we had been in Dakota we had not found it necessary to call in a doctor, but now the time had come when we had no money, except the weekly cream check—our three cows were our only source of income) and that would only pay for the medicine. One call from the doctor would cost eighteen dollars. He came, and we rejoiced, for in a few hours the baby was much better. All the autumn months he remained delicate, so it became necessary for us to shut up a cow and feed her dry feed only, her milk producing correct feed for baby. He has never been so large and strong since. He is now a slender, fair-haired, girlish-faced boy seven years old.

After the baby was better there was wheat hay I had to help my husband to garner; then the potatoes and other vegetables; and at last came winter; husband in the house every day, helping me in turn with laundry, sewing, cooking. There were books for me to read to him and toys to make for the children's Christmas, a time of change, recreation and rest.

It was during this year that some one conceived the idea of a neighborhood Christmas tree. We all contributed a little, a very little money, towards candles and trimming—most of the trimming we made. There were bright tissue paper chains, cats, cradles, and whirl-a-gigs, strings of pop-corn and cranberries, post cards and booklets, children's toys, a doll for Mr. Nordeen; and, oh, but I must not tell, for my husband, from Mrs. Nordeen and myself, the prizes we gave them for besting us at Flinch all the season. The tree was at Nordeen's, and we were a little late in starting. The dusk deepened rapidly; a soft snow was falling, closing out any trace of light. When he had traveled for some time, we became aware we were off the trail. Lost! The whole family, out on the trackless prairie at night, in the cold and snow. Can you feel the helpless, hopeless terror of the thought! If you have ever lived on the prairie you can. With me it was only for a moment. The Good would help us again—and it did. Husband, accompanied by Jack Murray, a cowboy on those hills for many years, with a lantern went searching about for any landmark, however small; even a growing brush that would tell them where we were. Luckily, they found a sign, a rock pile covered with snow. They recognized its location, and in about twenty minutes we were back on the old trail and reached the meeting late, but happy. We had a very enjoyable time with several families there, and returned home by the light of the stars under a clear, cold sky in the early morning hours.

After Christmas the weather changed. I've never recalled such cold and wind in all my life. Every day the thermometer was from twenty-six to thirty-six below zero, with wind from the southeast one day alternating with northwest wind the next. Often I have marveled at the strength of such winds. It would cut out thirty feet of solid ice and snow from one side of a coulee one day and pile it back there the next. The "Lignite Limited," as our local train was called, made but four through trips with passengers and mail

in six weeks. The increased cold enlarged the appetites of the cattle and horses. Hay began to be very scarce, so much of it was covered with snow; the rest was of poor quality: it looked as if starvation would ensue. Our poor Jew neighbor took his team out one day to haul in a load of flax straw. One horse dropped on the way, never to get up. It starved on flax straw, with nothing for a balanced ration. The young bronchos, turned out on the prairie, would forage and keep alive, but heavier and Eastern bred horses, of which there were many in the State, would do nothing but run around the stable and yards, trying to get under shelter. We had two of this type: good, faithful old fellows that had been in our family for years. We had no more water in the wells, and were compelled to melt snow for water for all the cattle and ourselves. The two old horses were sick. How I remember poor old Sam? In his pain he had kicked loose the boards on the side of the stable; the cold East wind was blowing snow over him; not one spear of straw did we dare to give him for a bed; how pitifully he would turn his dumb eyes up to us; with what appeal for aid? A little raw linseed oil, hot enemas, a blanket over him, would get him on his feet again for a few days. Perhaps in the meantime old Bill would be sick for the want of proper food and water.

January! How long, oh, how long it seemed until sunny April came, with its green grass, warmth and sunshine! Could we keep them alive till then?

Husband said: "Let's shoot them and put them out of their misery." But how could we get coal, then? The coal was getting low; the first clear day husband must haul some more, or we would perish of the cold, and these, the heavy horses, were the ones that must be used. The light horses could not haul coal over seven miles in all that snow.

Husband was half delirious from suffering of migraine. I think he suggested the same remedy could serve for us all. I was not well. I think for a few hours that morning I was as near absolute despair as I have ever been. Something in my aching head seemed to say: "You have always got something to be thankful for," and something else would reply: "I wonder what, I wonder what." Round and round the different voices seemed to whirl, until in my agitation I accidentally knocked some of the children's agateware dishes from the table to the floor with a loud crash.

"Thank God," said I, very reverently, "that is neither cut-glass nor hand-decorated china," and I laughed outright, such a loud, rippling laugh, it brought a smile to my husband's worried face. And the next clear evening we all went to a neighbor's for a game or two of cards, while the children played their little games, joyously, little heeding the thermometer that was dropping down to twenty or more below zero.

The weather cleared enough to allow coal hauling sufficient to burn until late spring. The last of February came a big thaw, the warmer weather being desirable for range feeding. Our hay and straw had lasted until this unseasonable warmth, which came just in time to save our cattle. Neighbors, who would have a little more than absolutely necessary for their own animals, all gave us a little of their hay, nor would they be recompensed in any way for it. It was a time of give and take with us all. One neighbor who had a fresh milch cow, loaned it to another who had no milk for their little children; those whose hens were laying eggs gave to those whose hens were not. We had not had enough straw to spare to give our own hens a litter. Some of them had had their feet and combs frozen. But they started to lay eggs as soon as the weather moderated.

We had slaughtered one of the cows to save her from starvation, in the early fall, while the flesh was still good. We got flour and sugar on the credit system, the only way left to us. Coal came from Billie, in return

for summer's board. We had potatoes and vegetables from our garden, so in all, the manna came down from Heaven, like in the days of old.

Chapter V.

The spring following we had been told that seed grain was to be furnished to all poor farmers by the State or county. Imagine our surprise when asking for this aid we were told if we had anything left that was mortgageable to mortgage it and secure our grain that way. If we had nothing available they would furnish seed grain, providing we would give a note for the value thereof, with interest at seven per cent, secured by the growing crop. Benevolent government! how kind! We had to mortgage a team to secure the necessary aid; also accept aid from a dear relative, who was most kind in this our time of storm. We already had bills due at the general merchandise, hardware and drug stores.

With the sunny warmth of springtime overhead we decided to try again. The grain was all in, more acres than ever, almost a hundred, the garden planted and growing. There were a few showers of rain. Then the drought came on, just as it had the year before. The day of greatest heat was again the twentieth of June; the day of rain and deliverance again the twenty-third of July. In some ways this second year was not so bad as the first. The heat was not so intense. When the rain started it continued until we had almost too much of it. That meant pastures and hay for cattle. Water in the wells did not get so low, but as for grain, wheat, the Dakota farmer's greatest pride, it was a total failure.

I bought a little sick heifer calf that spring for a couple of dollars. It had been my hope to keep her for the mother of a generous herd. We turned her into meat when the first dry days came. My little calf I had worked over so hard, cured and was sleek with my care.

My niece, a large, uncouth country girl, came out from Minnesota that year to stay with us awhile. She was away helping a neighbor. The nineteenth of July another baby girl came to stay with us, with no one to assist the stork on her arrival but my husband, who was getting rather accustomed to these affairs. I think he did rather well. I feel sorry for these young mothers who have such a giddy whirl of doctors, nurses and relatives about. I think we enjoy these little nuisances so much better when there is no one about to hear everything we say, know all we do. Something sacred and holy to these two, bound together again by the everlasting tie of parenthood.

"I could get along fine if she would not kick so," he would say while dressing the baby.

To which I would reply: "They all do that; you will get used to it."

Then we would both laugh. The next time I would be able to assist; in a couple of days take entire charge of my baby. I think it was the next day after this baby came that one of the cows had her teat cut nearly in two on a barb wire fence. Husband threw the veterinary book beside me on the bed to see if I could find any information as to what to do for it. He never had the patience to read over the almost endless pages of symptoms in any difficulty of this kind, so it was always left to me. The cow became very feverish; it was with difficulty her life was saved. It seemed serious at the time, as the two cows, as before, were our only source of income. We had our family of five children, my orphaned niece, though a girl of nineteen, depended upon us for a home, when not at work, with husband and myself—a family of eight.

We decided to sell the two old horses at once. The terrible experience of the winter before was enough. It was for the purpose of selling them that husband started on a trip when the baby was scarce a month old. My niece was with me, but most of the chores fell to me. Husband was to travel east until he sold the horses,

no matter how far he had to go. He sent me a postal along the way, but he traveled all the time, so I had no means of reaching him.

South Dakota had "gone dry" again, and hundreds of people from there were scattered over the country trying to find work. Whole towns in that State were deserted. Thousands of head of cattle were left to die on the plains, there being not enough water to keep them while being taken out. People hauled water as far as thirty miles for drinking purposes.

Husband met many of these travelers, but no one who would buy a horse at any price. Some of the South Dakotains said they came from Faith, were going to Hope (Canada), but were living on Charity on the way.

After husband had been gone a week and traveled some couple of hundred miles, he got a chance to sell the team of horses, light wagon, harness and water jug for one hundred dollars. And we had been offered three hundred for the team, alone, not so many months before! He did not get cash, but had to take a promissory note, which was collected the next October, at a loss to us of one dollar, also some sleep, for these very horses were the ones we had mortgaged to buy seed grain with. Assuredly we lost no time in paying this debt when the money for the horses finally came, and in the meantime we let the neighbors think we had rented the team for threshing. Kind reader, do not harshly judge your brother! Such circumstances as these often make a criminal of a man, when he is only trying to fight out an existence.

When husband came back he found me on the verge of blood poisoning from a germ infection of the breast. It had been a little sore ever since the baby was born; grew worse daily. I did not know how to get to a doctor while my husband was away. I could not go alone with the little baby; my niece could not go and leave the other four children. I could scarcely take them all along. The "mine boys" were all at the mine. The other neighbors busy harvesting grain. Husband lost no time in taking me to the doctor when he reached home. I rode the eighteen miles to Velva, had the breast lanced and rode back again. I took the same trip again for another dressing two days later. And two weeks from that day I was pitching grain onto the stack. What little grain there was, around the sloughs, we cut and stacked for winter feed. Feed it in the bundle to chickens, horses, pigs and cows. There was no threshing that year.

My niece wanted to go to school. I was glad she did, as my Clarence was then six years old. He could go with her, and have a large, strong companion. It was a mile and three-quarters to the school house. Many a time I tied the woolen scarf about my little man's face, put on mittens, overshoes and leggins, and sent him off to face a cold northwest wind, with the thermometer registering from ten to sixteen below zero. Many a time I wondered if he would come back alive. I never could get over my dread of the blizzards. When husband would be gone at the coal mine, or town all day, and the wind would start up with that soft, low moan, how it would drive the chill to my heart. Then if the clouds would lower, the sky darken, with quivering limbs I would water the cattle, put hay and feed in the stables for the night and fasten all in place. Perhaps by this time the snow would be drifting, not really up in the air, but the lighter snow, worked loose by the wind, drifting, just blowing, blowing, blowing steadily, relentlessly.

Many a time I have fallen in the snow and pleaded with God, in my terror, to keep the storm back, to send my husband back to me alive and well. Were my prayers heard? Several times he got home, and got the team into the barn, when the storm broke in all its fury, and we would have the worst storm of the year, or perhaps of many years.

I remember one blizzard in particular. Husband was home all that day. There had been a light fall of snow in the morning—a sunny afternoon.

About four o'clock the wind began, at first softly, then with greater force, until at five it was a blizzard. But no such terrible blizzard as at eight o'clock. I stepped to the door to see what it was like. The force of it left me breathless, stunned. The powdered snow, frozen so hard, was like powdered glass. How any one could live in such a storm I cannot guess. Seventeen in our county were frozen; teachers and school children were caught on their way from school, people at the mines and in the towns, all out enjoying that lovely afternoon, going home at that popular hour; many were frozen pitifully when they reached places of safety; others fell in their own dooryards, to be found stiff and frozen the next day. How calm and beautiful that "next day" was, too, a world sparkling in a thousand lights and crystals in its pitiless white.

All through the month of December husband worked at the mine. He got coal to burn and coal to take to the stores to exchange for eatables. It was very little cash any of us saw those days. The doctors had to be satisfied with our written notes, with interest at twelve per cent. One of these we had owed for over a year. The note we gave the doctor he sold for a mere pittance to another. The other wrote us "please remit" letters until we thought he must have expended nearly the face value in postage stamps, but what could we do? We slaughtered our hogs and cattle for food; there was nothing left to sell that we could spare and no cash in the country in case there had been. Yet we planned to have a Christmas just the same. One cream check for about two dollars: we shipped our cream all the way to Minneapolis, and thus secured cash in payment for it—I decided to use for the holidays. I sent to an Eastern catalogue house for some two cent toys, and all the other things we made; husband, who came home to stay a few days before Christmas, niece and I. There were pin cushions, rag dolls, calendars, match safes, ties—toys of various kinds and descriptions, about fifty of them. The Christmas tree we trimmed as before. We put out bureaus, one bed and what we could in the snow, covered them with horse blankets. Now we had plenty of room.

We invited all the people for miles around. Perhaps it was a good thing that they did not all come. I am sure the shack would never have held them all. As it was, the most desirable people came—Norwegians, Germans, Russian Jews and Americans, all together.

We had a program. My dear niece, blacked, sang "Coon, Coon, Coon." She used stove blacking and got it streaked. She was not used to wearing men's pants. However, her act was a scream, but we did scream with laughter. And my husband! Well, perhaps I had better not tell his part. It was called "The map of Germany." He is the father of my children, and older and more decorous now. Let it pass. After the tree and program, there was dancing and eating and playing games. Two little girls that came with their parents and grandparents had been left out by Santa Claus. Money was so scarce, sickness had kept the parents from making anything. They came with heavy hearts to the tree, wondering if seeing other children receive gifts would be better than staying at home with nothing at all. I quickly changed the tags on two little two cent each fans I had had for my girls to these other little girls. How they clapped hands, laughed and danced for joy. They would climb onto a bench and jump down, and with every jump would say: "Look, papa, mamma, look what Santa gave to me." I am sure I have never spent four cents to greater advantage. Their joy was pitiful to see.

It was cold and windy outside, so the crowd stayed all night, from five in the evening until eight next day. Yes! and they had breakfast before they went. This was only a beginning. There were seven more such parties before spring. Some one would play violin or harmonica, every one danced. We all would furnish part of the lunch,

therefore the cost was practically nothing.

At the last party we all surprised by little Jew friend, Dora, and got her father out to dance, the first time in many years since he had danced in his native land. They were the old-fashioned quadrille dances: "Hang the man that stole the sheep," "Swing like thunder," and some more as lively. Rather too lively for my Jew friend, I think, for he said: "I shweat awful." They insisted we eat all the time and partake of raisin wine; fine and mellow it was, too. We all rejoiced together, and I am sure they thought their adopted land was not so bad, after all.

Now I come to the end of our five years' residence on the homestead. We had made all necessary improvements, and won final proof on the land. The coal, however, was reserved by the U. S. Government. There might have been coal of value on the land—there might have been. There was one hillside where pieces of good quality coal came up from the plow. We did not investigate farther, for that land was U. S. reserved, anyway. Now came the question: we had won the land—what were we to do with it? We owed notes to the doctors and all the stores. We were out one team and hogs and cattle, on account of the drought, and had no seed grain, for what little we had during the last year was not threshed. Our neighbor had had just as bad experiences or worse. Still he borrowed enough to settle all his obligations, from the Jewish Benevolent Association at a very low rate of interest, two, or at most three per cent. The Scandinavians borrowed from Scandinavians, friends or relatives in older States. The same with the Russians—all had friends to help them. We, Americans, in America, had no one but the loan companies, whose interest was twelve, or at least nine per cent. We would have liked to stick to the cattle business: our experience through the drought led us to believe it a paying proposition, even in the worst years. Why, our very lives had depended on those little cream checks from only two or three cows.

Already so deeply in debt, we hesitated before taking the several hundred dollars that would be necessary to make a success in the cattle business. The children were old enough to go to school. My dread of blizzards had not abated. So we decided to go while the going was "still good."

We made an auction sale of all personal property, with payments of cash up to twenty-five dollar purchases, and took notes secured by mortgage at twelve per cent interest on the rest. Well, things sold fairly well, not one-quarter their original cost, of course, but considering the bad years, rather well. We had money enough out of this sale to pay every cent we owed in the world, and left the State free from debt at least.

Only we took a mortgage for eight hundred dollars on the homestead, enough to take the family away, far enough away so the blizzards would chill me no more. Of course it had been our intention to redeem that mortgage and sell all that land at a much higher price. We reached California's sunny land, found that all is not gold that glitters, so we were not able to redeem our land; it became the property of the loan companies, as many another homestead has become, to be sold again for thousands to some "green tenderfoot from out East," who in all probability will pay nine to twelve per cent interest on part of the purchase price, just as we paid that exorbitant interest in the two or three years we tried to keep the land and failed.

Oh, for the rural credit system! May it prosper all over our fair land. Reader—can you not see the great need of this government banking system for the farmer?

Of the hundreds of dollars we had trusted to people for our cattle at our sale, we received but a very little. One cow we paid an attorney to take back from a man who could not pay for her. We were told that the State furnished him money to get into Canada with, if

he would promise to never come back. How true that is I do not know. But I do know our cow was nearly starved. The attorney fed her, and finally sold her for about half the purchase price. One horse and cow of ours, with some machinery, was spirited away in the night, presumably to Canada. The poor old Russian had had so many poor crops, was so thoroughly and persistently robbed, though legally, by the loan companies! Who can blame him for doing a little robbery of the unlegal sort, when pressed to the limit?

Rather hard for us and our children, who had no money to fight hard legal battles for our own. Another horse was struck by lightning, with its mate. We had had a mortgage on the two. Of course we were perfectly welcome to foreclose upon their skeletons. A colt we had owned was kicked by another horse, and died.

What, you will ask, have we for our five years of hardest labor, of suffering in turn with heat, drought, wind, rain and freezing cold? Financially, nothing! We have, instead, beautiful memories of white-haired babies running out to meet us in the fields, of days of constant companionship, husband and wife, while love lightened labor; of comradeship of neighbors who had about them the spirit of eternal youth and love of fellow-men; the kind who do not forget us; the kind we cannot forget. They paid—those five years—did they not, in something better than gold? Where are those friends now, I wonder, those friends so kind and true? My niece went back to Minnesota. I had started her in a matrimonial correspondence with a farmer bachelor—but that belongs to another story. Sufficient to say she is married and has two darling babies of her own. Bingo Bill rented our land the first year after we left. The crops were not the best; everything went against him. Four of his horses were killed, as they had faracy. He was compelled by law to keep open mine through the winter, though very few of his customers paid cash. There was no one to encourage him or give him help. When he bade us good-bye, he said: "I am going to stay by old Dakota until I make, or walk out."

He walked out! Where is he now: where is he now? And the others, our jolly bachelor lads? I do not know. How I would like to know!

DIVINE DESIRE

"Seek ye first the Kingdom within, and all things shall be added thereto."

'Tis not by devious ways man rises higher,
But through some kindly grace to friend or kin;
Born from the deep recesses bared within
The soul's quick comprehension and desire
To reach the lofty height that truths inspire;
To sing with morning stars above the din,
And herald a new brotherhood to win
The common kingdom—light its altar fire.

Oh, Heaven-bound summit! Thy vast peaks arise
As thought, that interpenetrates and flows
Incessantly, beyond life's pallid woes,—
Beyond the little day of Time that flies,
Beyond the grave, the grave of blinded eyes,—
Reflecting what Infinitude bestows.

ROSE DE VAUX-ROYER.

With the Zunis in New Mexico

By George Wharton James

Author of "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," "Indian Basketry," "Through Ramona's Country," "Arizona, the Wonderland," "California, Romantic and Beautiful," etc., etc.

(Concluded)

IN THE meantime, let us seek to know more of the Zuni of to-day as it is in its everyday life. We meet a Zuni man. He is not tall, say about five feet six inches, solidly built, with the appearance and carriage of an athlete. His dress is of white calico and consists of a kind of shirt or jacket, and a pair of trousers that are slit from the knee down. He wears blue stockings, kept in place with vividly scarlet garters—bands about two inches wide and beautifully woven—and his feet are covered with thick-soled buckskin moccasins. On his head is a handkerchief tied around the forehead, and called by the Spaniards, "banda." As we meet him he gives us a word of greeting and advances. We take his hand and breathe on it. At this he smiles and does the like to us. Now we notice that he has several strings of shell-beads around his neck, in which are placed pieces of tur-

The Community House at Zuni, where Melita was hidden after being nearly slain by hanging as a witch.

Indian potters—Cooling the kiln.

quoise, and a leather belt around his waist, on which are fastened several large silver disks, chased or engraved into certain curious and striking designs.

The women are smaller than the men, with shapely arms, hands and feet. None of the younger ones are corpulent, though some of the older ones become quite stout. They are good-looking, have large limpid black and brown eyes, which are generally laughing and tender. To their friends they are kindly and affectionate, motherly and compassionate, loyal and helpful.

Their dress is picturesque in the extreme. The gown is home-woven—generally by the men—of black diagonal cloth, embroidered top and bottom in blue. It is in one piece, and is folded once and sewn up to within a short distance from the top, and again the top edges are caught together for a few inches. The right arm passes through the opening and thus the right shoulder is draped while the left arm is bare as the gown passes under the arm. It generally reaches well down to the knee. Of late years a cotton garment with high neck and long sleeves is worn under the gown, but at all ceremonials this is discarded. At the waist a long belt is wrapped several times. This is of bright red and blue color, and its ends have a long fringe. As this end is tucked under and the fringe falls it adds a very attractive and picturesque touch.

Another indispensable article of dress, the use of which a white man cannot comprehend, is the *"pi toni,"* a piece of calico—sometimes made of two very large bandana handkerchiefs sewed together—is tied in front of the neck and allowed to fall over the shoulders. And she must be poor indeed who has no necklace of silver beads (native made), with several strings of shell-bead or wampum. The legs are wrapped around and around with wide pieces of buckskin, giving them a heavy and clumsy look, though they set off the smallness of the feet which are clothed in buckskin moccasins.

The hair is banged all around down almost to the shoulders, and then tucked up in front under the forehead to allow the face to appear.

The children are many and various, of all sizes and both sexes, but all alike healthy, happy, vigorous and naked until they reach the age of six or

seven. When I first visited them, more than twenty years ago, they ran about nude until they reached the age of puberty.

Owing to their isolation the Zuni Indians have preserved a strong individuality. Like the Navahos they are readily distinguished. They have few mixed bloods in them.

Their natural impulse is towards the highest type of hospitality. They do not *invite* you; they *expect* you. In other words, if you enter a Zuni house and express your intention of staying in the town for any length of time it is taken for granted that you will make that your home as long as you stay. Food is prepared for you, and happy indeed are they when you accept and eat with them. I well remember my first meal with Tsnahey and his family. He was then Governor of the Zunis. The food was spread out on our table—which was the *floor*. It was the time of green corn, and one dish was of a mush made of ground green corn, flavored with certain wild herbs. It was delicious. Then a kind of mutton stew was served, consisting of small cubes of mutton, squash, beans, corn and chili pepper, which latter they use largely in many of their dishes.

We also had "hewe" or wafer bread and tortillas, the latter made in Mexican fashion. Tsnahey was somewhat "civilized," so coffee was served, sweetened with white man's sugar. Then we had for desert stewed dried peaches—these latter gained from the Havasupai Indians, who dwell deep down in a secluded canyon, not far from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, to which their canyon is tributary.

An interesting meal in which the most scrupulous care was taken to please the guest, to see that he was served first and abundantly, and that everything was to his pleasure.

Let us watch Tsnahey's wife make the wafer bread, which is so strange and interesting at first sight. It is made of corn meal finely ground. Of this a soft batter is made. Now it is ready to bake. A large flat stone is raised so that a fire can be made underneath it. When the stone is hot enough, a piece of mutton tallow is rapidly rubbed over its surface, and then the "hewe"-maker dips her fingers in the batter and rapidly rubs them over the hot surface. Almost the moment she touches the slab the batter cooks into a thin, wafer-like sheet, so that, at two or three dips and passages over the surface, there appears a large sheet of the bread. Before it is perfectly dry it is folded over and over again until it is about the size of a shredded-wheat biscuit, and then it is ready to be eaten. Naturally it is dainty, delicate and delicious, and makes a very palatable bread.

It was here, also, that I first saw a Zuni woman make pottery. The clay is gathered from two or three different localities and mixed, for it is found that certain mixed clays are much better than any one of them taken alone. After being well washed and puddled, the worker takes a small piece of the now prepared clay and rolls it out between her hands into a long "rope." She now coils this around a center and makes the base of her jar or "olla," pressing and pinching one coil into or upon the other until they cohere, and then smoothing them out with a spatula made of bone, or perhaps of a dried piece of melon or gourd rind. Step by step, rapidly but surely, she adds coil upon coil, using as a base upon which her growing pot may rest, a small, almost flat basket. With nothing but her eye to direct her, coil is added to coil, the spatula with the hand inside the jar to support the pressure, rubs the corrugations out and smoothes them one into another, shapes the neck of the jar and finally completes it.

Now it is placed in the sun to dry for a day or two, and while still in this brittle state it must be painted or otherwise decorated. A white paint is put on as a base which is allowed to become thoroughly dry. It is then rubbed all over most carefully with a polishing stone, which not only smoothes away all roughnesses, but

Indians making shell bead necklaces. On the right, Tsnahey, Governor of Zuni, sent to prison for complicity in the hanging of Nick, the accused wizard. —Maude, Photo.

makes a surface upon which it is easier to paint the design. This is the fascinating part of the work. Where do these designs come from? What do they mean? Many of them are symbolistic, others from nature, others purely imaginary to represent some thought of the decorator's mind. All are interesting and most are striking. It has also been found that many of the designs are archaic, having come down from the potters of the past, and they are still copied, though the symbolism or its interpretation has been lost. Whatever the design is to be no one but the designer can tell. She has no copy, no drawing, no sketch. Everything is worked out beforehand in her own busy and imaginative brain. Her "tools" are simple and her materials few. Her paints are gained from the ferruginous clays, which experience has taught her turn to red, yellow or brown in the oven under the influence of heat. The black is caused by boiling *cleome serrulata* in water and mixing it with a manganiferous clay. Her paint brushes are made of yucca fibre and needles. Now, with the olla on her knees, and her paints in the small mortars in which they have been pounded and mixed, she begins her work. Deftly each stroke is placed, and line by line added until the decoration is complete.

Now, when dry, the ollas or other pieces are ready for firing. Each piece is raised above the ground (for the oven is made anywhere out of doors, in a suitable place free from wind), and then an oven of dried manure from the sheep and goat pens is built around and over them. A bit of wafer bread is placed in each pot in order that the spiritual essence of the bread may feed the spirit of the vase. A woman about to bear a child must not look at the pottery or it will have a black spot upon it when it comes from the oven. The fire is now lighted, and most skilfully managed so that the heat gradually increases, and finally is kept as

intense as possible for an hour or so, when it is allowed to die down, and, when quite cooled, the pottery is removed.

Some of the designs are easily understood. Here is a conventionalized butterfly, here a deer, there the symbolic thunder-bird, while rain, cloud and water symbols are frequent. A great variety of geometrical designs are used; indeed it may safely be affirmed that among the pottery of the Zunis and other pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, may be found every design of this nature known to man.

Before leaving this subject of pottery let me tell of the care with which the reverent Zuni woman gets the clay for her work as related by Mrs. Stevenson, one of the exports of the Bureau of Ethnology:

"On passing a stone heap she picked up a small stone, in her left hand, and spitting upon it, carried the hand around her head and threw the stone over one shoulder upon the stone heap in order that her strength might not go from her when carrying the heavy load down the mesa. She then visited the shrine at the base of the mother rock, and tearing off a bit of her blanket deposited it in one of the tiny pits in the rock as an offering to the mother rock. When she drew near to the clay bed she indicated to Mr. Stevenson that he must remain behind, as men never approached the spot. Proceeding a short distance the party reached a point where We'wha requested the writer to remain perfectly quiet and not talk, saying: 'Should we talk, my pottery would crack in the baking, and unless I pray constantly the clay will not appear to me.' She applied the hoe vigorously to the hard soil, all the while murmuring prayers to Mother Earth. Nine-tenths of the clay was rejected, every lump being tested between the fingers as to its texture. After gathering about one hundred and fifty pounds in a blanket, which she carried on her back, with the ends of the blanket tied around her forehead, We'wha descended the steep mesa, apparently unconscious of the weight."

The sleeping-arrangements of the Zunis are quite simple. In one corner of every well appointed house hangs a long pole suspended by thongs of rawhide at each end. This is poetically termed "the pole of the soft stuff." The term soft stuff includes sheep and goat skins, bear, coyote, mountain lion, badger and other wild beast skins, together with the robes the Zunis themselves weave or purchase from the Navahos. While a few blankets are woven by the Zunis, they have almost abandoned the art, as they are better potters than weavers. Or perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that they prefer to make pottery, and as the Navahos prefer to make blankets and are anxious to trade them for Zuni pottery, the division of labor has come naturally, but I have seen several Zunis weave blankets for personal wear. These are dyed black, woven in one piece in a diagonal design, and embroidered top and bottom in dark blue. Once in a while a sleeping blanket will be woven at Zuni, though seldom. These are generally in natural colors, white, black, brown and gray, the latter being made by mixing white and black. It is a most interesting process to see a native weaver at work, as the Navahos are the more expert I will defer the description until I write of this entirely different tribe.

The Zunis, as are all the pueblo Indians, are firm believers in witchcraft, and Tsnahey, my host, was once intimately associated with a witchcraft case, the story of which cannot fail to be interesting. To the whites Tsnahey is known as Dick—Zuni Dick—and brought up in the family of the former Indian trader who lived at Zuni for over thirty years was Zuni Nick. Nick and Dick when I knew them did not speak as they passed by. All my efforts to bring them together failed, and from what each of them told me at different times I have pieced together the following. Nick's bringing-up naturally led him to ignore and despise the superstitions of his people—he simply absorbed the ideas daily

A group of Zuni children, New Mexico. —George Wharton James, Photo.

talked in his presence by white people when the ceremonials and dances were being performed. He was evidently somewhat of a freethinker and also an outspoken lad, and after he had been to the white man's school and returned to Zuni he did not hesitate openly to criticise the "ways of the old," as followed by the Zunis. In due time, however, he fell in love with a Zuni Maiden, who reciprocated his affection, and in spite of many protests of the old men they were duly married. His boisterous and ribald criticisms and his marriage further widened the breach that the years had set between him and the elders, and they sought for an opportunity to rebuke him. One year the Fates seemed to favor them, though it was through misfortune. Their crops were bad; there was a serious drought; the hot winds scorched everything up, and their flocks of sheep and goats began to die off; their children became sick and quite a number died, and when the hunters went after game, in spite of their most earnest petitions to the *we-me*—the fetiches of the hunt—they came back empty-handed.

Now came the opportunity of the elders. They quietly let it be whispered about the village that all these evils had befallen them because Nick had exercised the arts of witchcraft upon them. The leaven of suspicion and hatred soon worked. Nick told me that one night, when he was sound asleep, a band of the elders rushed into his room, overpowered him, bound him hand and foot, gagged him and then carried him to one of the *Estufas*—or sacred ceremonial chambers under ground—and there accused him of being a wizard. For a long time they harangued him and demanded that he confess—yet, strange to say, in their excitement they failed to remove the gag from his mouth. When, finally, some one noticed it and removed it, he declined to confess anything they required, and defied them to do their

worst. While he knew what his fate would be, unless he could secure help, he mocked and teased his captors, until, having decided him guilty, they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide *riata,* took him to the wall of the ruined church and there, throwing one end of the riata over a protruding beam hoisted him up, so that he hung suspended in most horrible torture. The weight of the body almost dislocated the shoulder joints and the pain was excruciating. While in this position the shamans urged him to confess. They have no pity on one whom they conceive to be a wizard. All their hatred and fury are vented upon him. Nick hung from the beam until he fainted.

In the meantime some one had sent or taken word to Nick's foster-father, Mr. Graham, and he had come and demanded the culprit's release. And had he not been a man of firmness and influence, and threatened the medicine men with the soliders from Fort Wingate it is doubtful if Nick would have escaped with his life.

After Nick's release the agent or some official was informed of what had happened. His duty was to bring the chief priests or medicine men to trial for thus "assaulting with intent to kill" one of their number. Instead of this, fearing that if these powerful and influential men were punished the Zunis would rise in rebellion, *he arrested Dick,* who was Governor at the time, and had him sent to prison for several months, on the plea that, as Governor, he had power to prevent what had occurred.

Hence the enmity between Nick and Dick.

On one occasion I entered Zuni just at the critical time in a "witch's" hanging. The poor old wretch, friendless and forlorn, had been accused of causing the death of We-wha, one of the most noted women of the tribe. Refusing to confess she was strung up *by the thumbs,* her hands tied behind her.

Before my horses were out of the wagon I was informed of what was transpiring. But I was watched, and as I hastened to the scene the poor old witch, Melita, was hurried to what was supposed to be a place of secrecy. Going to Naiuchi, the Chief Priest of the Sacred Bow—the most distinguished and honored theurgist of the tribe, who was conducting the exorcism of the witch—I sought to find what had become of her. He refused to let me know, but I was later assured that she was somewhere in the great community house. Again asking to be led to her I was again refused most positively. Then I began the search, and after several hours found her, sick almost to death as the result of the cruel treatment she had received. Her wrists were cut through to the bone, her back all lacerated with the beatings she had received, and her cheeks even were broken where the blood had burst through the veins. When I asked her who had beaten her so cruelly, she cried out "Hay-tot-si, Hay-tot-si," who was one of Naiuchi's assistants, the other being Ne-mo-si.

After caring for her wounds, white friends were notified, who brought her food. To prevent further molestation the officers were sent for, and this time no tender sentiment was allowed to stand in the way of the actual culprits being arrested. They were taken to jail, kept there *without trial,* and then, many months later, were released, to return to Zuni and discuss the wisdom and justice of the white man, who so prides himself on his fairness and honor, and yet could keep prisoners in jail contrary to law, and finally release them contrary to law.

It may be that some readers will object to being told of these superstitions of the Zunis. Let us not forget that it was but two centuries ago that the classic and educated precincts of New England were enlivened by witch-hunts and that not a few victims were treated even worse than poor old Melita, by the wisest men that America then boasted.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

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Chapter XVII.

The Trial and Pronunciamento. President Sanchez Intercepts the Power of Governor Echandia.

A MONTH dragged its slow length of days to Ysabella, when she received a letter from her husband advising her to sail to San Gabriel.

Immediately Ysabella's languid manner disappeared. "I shall appeal to the governor's clemency," she declared to Mrs. Cooper. "I must be present at my husband's trial."

And she at once wrote a letter:

"To Your Excellency Governor Echandia.—Honored Senor: I beg your Excellency to grant me my release from Monterey and allow me to proceed to San Gabriel to be present at the impending trial next month. In granting me this favor you would receive the undying gratitude of your obedient servant,

"Ysabella Carrillo de Fitch."

In reading the letter the governor was somewhat mollified by the respectful tone of the writer. He recalled her imperious eyes and small, determined mouth and chin.

"Ysabella never will forget her husband," he thought. "Once a lover always a lover. A Spanish senorita's devotion once obtained is proof against change of feeling."

Echandia took up a quill and wrote an order for the release of Dona Ysabella. "Take this order to Captain Cooper's house," he directed Lieutenant Nietos, "and ask Captain Anderson to come here."

The aide met Captain Anderson in the plaza, and they returned to the governor's office.

"At your service," greeted Anderson.

"When do you sail south?" inquired the governor.

"I shall take the 'Funchal' south in three days."

"Will you carry a passenger?"

"Certainly, your honor."

"I desire you to take charge of Dona Ysabella now lodging at Cooper house. Mrs. Cooper will accompany her guest, I think."

"Very well, your honor, I will execute your commission. Buenos dias, Governor Echandia," he saluted, leaving the office.

"Buenos dias, Captain Anderson," replied Echandia. Left alone, he sighed.

"Senorita Ysabella was not for me. She shall not sail with Fitch again, however, unless the presidente judge decides the case in favor of the culprit. Palomares will not favor him."

Ysabella read the order joyfully. "The governor has permitted my release," she announced to her hostess, "and I am allowed to sail to San Gabriel."

"That is good news. Shall you sail with your husband?" asked Mrs. Cooper.

"Oh, no, the governor would not allow that, I think."

"There is Captain Anderson. He is coming here," remarked Mrs. Cooper, glancing out of the window.

An Indian servant ushered Captain Anderson in. "I am commissioned to take charge of two lady passengers in the 'Funchal,'" he said.

"We must be the two ladies, Mrs. Cooper!" exclaimed Ysabella, gladly. "I have just received a permit of release from Monterey. You will sail with me, dear Mrs. Cooper?"

"If you wish."

"Be ready in three days," directed Anderson. "I will make the preparations."

Ysabella seized Mrs. Cooper's portly form and danced around the sala. "This is the best news I have received in Monterey," she said, breathlessly, dropping into a chair. Immediately she wrote a letter to her husband, informing him of her intended journey to San Gabriel.

"I shall be in San Gabriel to meet you, caro mio. and my prayers must move the heart of Padre Sanchez in your favor, idolo mio."

"If my husband were at home," said her hostess, "we could sail on the 'Rover'; but he will not return from San Francisco for a month. I will leave a letter for him explaining my absence, if I am not here when he arrives home."

Ysabella sent for her sister Dolores and her friend Luisa, and bade them an affectionate farewell. On the third day with her infant son and companion she boarded the 'Funchal' escorted by Captain Anderson. "It is a fair wind that blows us south," she declared happily.

In due time the 'Funchal' rounded Point Conception at Santa Barbara, anchored, and the master went ashore. I am obliged to remain here some weeks on business," explained Anderson, when he returned to his ship. "The 'Pocahontas' sails south tomorrow, and I could transfer you to her if you wish."

"Certainly; we could proceed as well by that brig," replied Mrs. Cooper, and the transfer was made.

After reaching San Pedro, the shipmaster secured horses from the storehouse of the Mission, and accompanied his passengers to San Gabriel.

Father Sanchez received the ladies hospitably. "I will send you to Senora Eulalia Perez," said the vicar to Ysabella. "She will take good care of you."

"Gracias, Padre Sanchez," and the majordomo escorted Dona Ysabella to the home of Senora Eulalia across the street from the Mission. Senora Perez was matron and key-bearer at San Gabriel Mission and distributed supplies to the Indian women.

At the appointed time Captain Fitch arrived, and when she saw him her heart throbbed with gladness. He saw her and waved his cap, while a smile drove the anxious expression from his countenance. Ysabella waved her hand with a bright smile.

"I might be forbidden to send him a letter," she thought. "I will send a flower message." Going into the garden she gathered a bouquet and dispatched it by an Indian attendant.

Captain Fitch was reading when he became aware of two small black eyes peering curiously at him. Then a bronze hand raised, and a bright-hued bouquet was tossed lightly between the wooden grills and fell on the brick floor. The captain's face lighted with joy. He grasped the flowers and looked for a hidden message within. There was none. Instinctively he knew that his wife sent the flowers, and he pressed the blossoms to his lips, and said: "Here I am, landed in an ecclesiastical court to answer for my alleged unlawful actions. Governor Echandia certainly has wreaked his vengeance on my devoted head. Doubtless no brigand nor smuggler is held so low in his estimation as my American bravado and insolence. Ysabella, alma mia, what will they do with you, if we are separated permanently. Shut up

in some prison of a nunnery in Mexico, I see your fair face grow pale and thin, you spirit broken, your soulful eyes forever reproaching me for taking you from your home."

"My little son, he too will be sacrificed to the mistaken zeal of the missionaries and the vengeance of the governor. Shall I never see his sweet little face, feel his clinging arms around my neck, hear his cooing, baby voice calling. They will hide him in some orphanage where illegitimate children are housed. I cannot bear the thought."

Father Boscana, the associate missionary of the vicar, passed down the street when Captain Fitch rode up to the Mission. He witnessed the salutations of Fitch and Ysabella. "This never will do," he thought. "The church is bringing the culprits together in place of separating them." Immediately he reported the matter to the president.

"Remove Dona Ysabella at once to the house of Captain Richardson," directed the vicar. "His house stands at a greater distance from the Mission, and Mrs. Richardson is a suitable guardian for the lady." The transfer was promptly made.

The next day Don Jose Palomares arrived at San Gabriel and was closeted with the vicar for two hours, discussing the affair of the elopement.

"I have summoned witnesses from San Diego," announced the judge. "Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo, Don Pio Pico and Padre Menendez are lodged at the Mission awaiting the prosecution. Captain Richard Barry was fortunately in the harbor at San Pedro and willingly agreed to present himself here tomorrow. Let the trial proceed on his arrival," directed the president.

"I will convene the witnesses tomorrow," replied the lawyer.

Captain Barry rode up to the Mission at noon the next day, and was ushered into the refectory, where the Missionaries and witnesses had assembled for lunch. The defendant was served in his room. Captain Barry requested permission to see Captain Fitch, but was denied.

After lunch Vicar Sanchez led the party into the sala, where they seated themselves around a large oak table.

Ysabella sat on a long, hand-carved settee at one side of the sala, with Mrs. Richardson. She looked pale and anxious.

Father Boscana entered, followed by the defendant, who took a seat in a square, oaken chair by the window opening into the courtyard.

"The Ecclesiastical Court is assembled. Proceed with the prosecution," directed the president.

Fiscal Palomares rose to his feet and cleared his throat. "Captain Enrique Domingo Fitch is accused of violating the laws of church and province. He abducted Senorita Ysabella Carrillo from her home at San Diego without the solemnization of marriage over one year and a half ago."

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the vicar of the defendant.

Captain Fitch rose: "Very Reverend Padre, Senorita Ysabella Carrillo and I plighted our troth in all sincerity. Our wedding was in progress when it was interrupted by Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo."

"Lieutenant Carrilo, why did you interrupt the wedding?" demanded the president.

"I executed the command of the governor's decree," replied the aide.

"What was the nature of the decree?"

"The decree stated that no foreigner could marry in California without a special license," explained the lieutenant.

"Was the decree issued recently?"

"The governor issued this decree on his arrival at Monterey with the brides and officers of the double wedding."

"I understand," said the vicar reflectively. "What priest was present to conduct the wedding ceremony?"

"Padre Antonio Menendez, curate of San Diego Presidio," replied the governor's aide.

"Padre Menendez, did you know of

the existence of the decree?" pursued the judge.

The Dominican friar rose slowly to his feet. "No, your Reverence. Lieutenant Carrillo was in such haste to publish the order on its arrival in San Diego that he had no breath left after fulfilling his duty."

A smile flitted over the face of the vicar.

"Captain Fitch, explain the manner of obtaining Senorita Ysabella," commanded the president.

"The lady was assisted to Captain Barry's vessel by friends."

"Don Pio Pico, it was rumored that you were the last person to see Senorita Carrillo on the evening of her disappearance from San Diego. Was that true?" questioned the vicar.

"My cousin was very unhappy because of her interrupted wedding. She could not bear the thought of separation from her betrothed husband. Rather than see her suffer, I took her on my horse to the boat," confessed Don Pio Pico.

Ysabella smiled. "Here was a friend at last," she thought.

"Did you meet Senorita Ysabella at the boat, Captain Fitch?" asked the judge.

"No, your Honor."

"Who did meet her?" pursued the judge.

"I met Senorita Ysabella Carrillo," replied Captain Barry. "Captain Fitch and Senorita Ysabella sailed on the 'Vulture,' and my wife entertained the senorita in her cabin until we reached Valparaiso."

Fiscal Palomares lifted his brows in astonishment.

"I took Captain Fitch and Senorita Ysabella Carrillo to the cathedral in Valparaiso where my wife and I witnessed their marriage," continued Barry.

"This is the marriage certificate," announced the judge, producing a waterproof case and drawing out the document, he laid it before the lawyer.

"The paper is torn and blotted," complained Don Palomares. "The names of the church and city were not recorded," he continued, examining the document.

"Did you receive the sacraments of penance and holy Eucharist before the ceremony, Captain Fitch?" inquired the vicar.

"No, your Honor," replied the accused.

"The shadows are falling. It is getting late. I order this court adjourned until to-morrow," directed the president.

Ysabella sat with her glance resting on her husband's face, and he returned it with an encouraging smile.

"I will argue my own case tomorrow," Fitch thought. "I will be my own lawyer in my defense."

Father Boscana took the defendant by the arm and escorted him to his room.

The bells of the Mission chimed solemnly on the air. Father Sanchez and his guests went into the church for vesper service, and Mrs. Richardson returned to her home with her guest.

Fifteen hundred Indians filed decorously into the church. The men knelt on the right side and the women on the left. Through the central space Fiscal Palomares and the witnesses passed to the chancel and knelt in prayer.

When Vicar Sanchez and Padre Boscana had concluded the service, the bells sounded a summons to the evening meal, and the large church was left to religious silence.

In the night watches, Ysabella prayed for justive, in order that her life's happiness might not be forfeited. "Merciful Mother of Sorrows, I pray thee give me back my husband and the father of my child," she imployed, as she knelt by the bedside of her little son. "Poor little Enrique," she wept, "are you doomed to have no father on whom to lean for guidance and protection, no padre to love and respect? Madre de Dios!" she supplicated, "what have Enrique and I done, that you have deserted us in our hour of need? I pray thee, thou loving and Sacred Heart, have pity on thy suffering son and daughter! Thou knowest thy sufferings in the torture

and loss of thy Son. Grant me pity and help, O Queen of Heaven, in my loneliness and sorrow."

At dawn the bells summoned the population of San Gabriel to religious instruction. The second summons called them to breakfast. At sunrise the mule and oxen drivers, the laborers in vineyards and fields, presented themselves with whips and implements for the direction of a trusted superintendent of each industry. The vaqueros assembled with lariats, riatas and bridles for work in the distant grazing lands. Two hundred Indian girls assembled in the spinning room and sorted the wool for their blankets. The leather workers vied with the world-renowned men of Cordova in the workmanship of their saddles, richly embellished with carved designs of flower and leaf from nature's laboratory. These were silver-mounted from the padres' store of silver ore, brought to them by the Indians. In the blacksmith shop, iron tools, locks and hinges were hammered out by hand. The industrious workers proudly showed specimens of their labor and skill to the visitors. As Padre Boscana praised the neophytes, their eyes glowed with pleasure of approbation received for their skillful labor.

At nine o'clock in the morning the court convened for the second time in the sala of the Mission.

"We will listen to the plea of the lawyer," announced the president.

Fiscal Palomares opened the arguments. "I find," he began, "that this certificate of marriage was neither legalized before three escribanos, nor vised by the Chilean minister of foreign affairs. Moreover, Padre Orrega, not being the curate of both parties, could not marry the couple without a dispensation from the bishop."

A profound silence pervaded the court room at the close of the lawyer's argument.

Ysabella's eyelids drooped in dismay. The legal knowledge displayed by the fiscal was overwhelming. "A marriage certificate, issued by a priest, signed by the contracting parties and witnessed by responsible persons, should have been sufficient to prove the innocence of my husband," thought the wife.

The silence was broken by the voice of the judge. "We will listen to the plea of the defendant."

"Your Honor," began Captain Fitch, "as I stated previously, the betrothal of Senorita Carrillo and myself was consented to by her parents. Our wedding was in progress when interrupted by the governor's aide. When the law of the territory afterward prohibited our marriage in California we could complete our vows only in another country where the marriage laws were not so strict. That no criminal offense was intended you may be convinced by the testimony of Captain Barry, whose wife took charge of Senorita Ysabella until we were married. Before God's tribunal, I solemnly swear that the motives which actuated me were those of honor to the lady and veneration for the church.

"If our certificate is considered not legally satisfactory, and is pronounced null by the lawyer, I should be glad to marry my wife over again, excepting for one reason."

Palomares glanced curiously at the defendant.

"I have an infant son," continued the accused. "In case our marriage is pronounced null, it would render my son illegitimate. This I could not consider for a moment. Therefore, I beseech your clemency, honored Judge, knowing that I meant no offense to the laws of church and society."

Ysabella raised her eyes in pleased surprise. "Enrique is his own lawyer," she thought. "The land of Daniel Webster has sharpened the brains of its natives."

Don Jose Palomares cross-examined the witnesses, after which the judge spoke. "I will consider the arguments of the lawyer and the defendant until to-morrow morning. The court is adjourned."

A buzz of voices of the witnesses followed this announcement.

"The defendant gave a strong argu-

ment," declared Captain Barry in tones loud enough for the accused to hear his words.

Captain Fitch threw up his head and glanced toward his wife, as he left the court room with Father Boscana.

Don Pio Pico shook hands with Captain Barry. "The case does not seem so black for them," he ventured in an undertone.

"Tomorrow the judge will render his verdict," returned Barry. "Let us hope for the best. A hopeful heart carries a silent conviction."

The witnesses passed out of the court room, and Mrs. Richardson returned with Ysabella to her home. "Well, dear," cheered the hostess, "the lawyer certainly ventilated his legal learning, and your husband explained his actions fairly and squarely."

"I shall pray unceasingly that justice may be meted out to us."

The hours dragged their slow length —Ysabella sent a flower-message of hope to her husband. At nine o'clock by the lawyer's heavy gold watch the court convened for the third time and the judge called Don Jose Palomares to present his accusation.

"I maintain the nullity of the marriage," declared the lawyer pompously; "the unlawful points I mentioned regarding the certificate cannot be controverted, nor made lawful, simply by saying so. I believe, however, that the motives of the accused were honest and pure. And although the marriage is null, I think it possible to settle the difficulty without referring to the bishop." The lawyer resumed his seat amid a respectful silence.

Judge Sanchez rose slowly to his feet; his benignant countenance shone with the gentleness of his heart.

"After deep consideration," he pronounced, "I find that fiscal Palomares has not substantiated his statement of the defendant's distinct violation of the church. The marriage at Valparaiso, though not licit, was not null, but valid. The parties shall be set at liberty. The wife shall be given up to the husband. Next Sunday the couple shall appear together and receive the sacraments that should have preceded the marriage ceremony and their marriage shall be velados (made valid.)

"Yet considering the great scandal Don Enrique has caused in the Province, I condemn him to give as penance and reparation a bell of at least fifty pounds' weight for the church at Los Angeles, which has barely a borrowed one. Moreover, the couple shall present themselves with lighted candles in their hands, emblematic of the Christian faith, to hear High-Mass for three dias festivas, and recite together for thirty days one-third of the rosary to the Holy Virgin."

The judge resumed his seat amid the acclamations of the witnesses. He was a noble-looking man, and his courtly demeanor seemed to have emanated from a kingly court rather than a cloister. Possessing a kind and generous disposition he consequently acquired a multitude of friends who constantly flocked around him. Many a needy wanderer of whatever nation or creed found a home and protection at San Gabriel.

Don Pio Pico went swiftly toward his cousin with congratulations. Ysabella smiled brilliantly.

Captain Barry grasped Captain Fitch's fingers with both hands. "All is well that ends well!" he spoke heartily. "Accept my congratulations for overcoming this very serious dilemma triumphantly!"

"My friends are my salvation," responded Fitch, gladly returning the hand-clasp.

Father Menendez strode toward Ysabella. "My daughter, the church has received you back. The saints be praised!"

"My prayers were answered. San Gabriel, himself, may have interceded with the Queen of Heaven in our behalf," replied Ysabella, devoutly.

"At any rate, Don Enrique's bell shall summon the faithful to the church of Our Lady in Los Angeles, for future generations," declared Don Pio Pico, amiably.

Captain Fitch came swiftly to his wife's side. "Mi Rosaria," he whis-

pered tenderly, "our separation has bound my soul more closely to your own."

"The Queen of Heaven may have heard my prayers," returned Ysabella, smilingly. "In her church your bell shall proclaim your innocence," added the wife. Together they advanced to the judge.

"Reverend Padre," spoke Ysabella, "ever in our prayers we shall entreat the blessing of Heaven upon you."

"Your administration of justice commands my deepest gratitude," supplemented Captain Fitch.

Captain Barry, Don Pio Pico, Lieutenant Carrillo and Father Menendez united in their expressions of gratitude to the kindly judge.

Fiscal Palomares joined the group. "Of course," he volunteered, "as legal adviser and defendant of territorial authority I was obliged to point out the legal flaws. I am now convinced of the purity of motives of the defendant by the evidence present and the honorable demeanor and able argument of the accused. And I desire to extend my congratulations to Captain Fitch." The lawyer bowed politely and extended his hand to the captain, who grasped it in amiable conclusion of the difficulties.

Lieutenant Carrillo advanced to his niece. "I am glad, Ysabella, that you are restored to your husband. Accept my congratulations, Don Enrique. Come to San Diego, and we will celebrate your good fortune with much rejoicing. I leave San Gabriel with Pio Pico and Padre Menendez today to carry the joyful tidings."

"Gracias, uncle," responded Ysabella, who breathed a sigh of relief. "Madre and padre may not be so severe when they know the truth. My uncle, Don Carlos Carrillo, former governor of Lower California, may intercede for us. He was disposed ever kindly toward me."

Captain Fitch pressed his wife's arm. "This California princess is worth many an anxious moment," he thought. "Let us go to Mrs. Richardson's home," he proposed. "I want to see our little Harry."

When the bells of San Gabriel rang for vespers, it seemed to the listening couple as they walked to church that there was a triumphant sound of thanksgiving in their sweet tones.

Captain Barry left for Monterey the next day with a letter from Captain Fitch to Captain Cooper. "The rumors current in Santa Barbara that I am doing heavy penance are false," he wrote. "Padre Sanchez treated me very well, and seemed anxious to let me off as easily as possible."

Chapter XVIII.

Captain Fitch kept his room at the Mission, excepting during the celebration of High-Mass; then he and Ysabella entered the church, with lighted candles in their hands, advanced to the altar and knelt in prayer. For three days they continued their devotions, according to the command of the judge.

On Sunday morning Ysabella for the third time, robed her graceful form in her white silk wedding tunica and secured some fragrant, white orange blossoms in her blue-black hair. Captain Fitch carefully arranged his ruffles of fine linen, and directed an Indian attendant to brush every speck of dust from his blue serge suit.

With happy faces the couple met at the church door and passed under the semi-circular arch of the entrance, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Richardson. With reverent footsteps they passed up the central space between kneeling, dusky forms, and knelt at the altar.

Here the centuries-old, life-size oil paintings of the twelve disciples and the Mother of Sorrows, copied from Spanish masters, the tall candles with flickering flames—emblems of the Christian faith, the silver chalices and rich symbols of worship, gleamed above the gold embroidered altar cloth. In the niches stood statues of the Virgin and the crucified Christ.

The neophytes seemed absorbed in their devotions. The solemn music of the mass rang through the church, and

Indian voices blended harmoniously with flutes and violins.

Padre Sanchez, robed in a cloth of gold chasuble bordered with heavy gold fringe, celebrated High-Mass, while Indian acolyte boys swung their incense bearing censers.

Padre Boscana offered the marriage sacrament to the much married bride and groom as they knelt before him.

Padre Sanchez conducted the marriage service. Don Enrique Domingo Fitch and Dona Ysabella Carrillo de Fitch renewed their marriage vows. Vicar Sanchez produced a new marriage certificate containing the names of San Gabriel Church and the Province of California. The contracting parties signed their names. Captain and Mrs. Richardson added their signatures and the vicar signed the certificate.

"My children," declared Father Sanchez, "I think no lawyer will be able regarding Governor Echandia's decree, to find flaws in this document. And obliging foreigners to obtain a special license for marriage in California, I consider this certificate is special authority, issued by the church. A succeeding governor may pronounce Echandia's decree null, but the ordinances of the church do not vary."

Captain Fitch received the new certificate with deep satisfaction. Ysabella's beautiful face was lighted by a flame of joy. The couple bowed their heads before the altar and the vicar placed his hands upon their heads and blessed them.

"In the sight of god and the multitude you are husband and wife, and were such since your marriage at Valparaiso. That ceremony was irregular, however, and I am glad to be able to correct the irregularities incident to that occasion," pronounced the president.

Mrs. Richardson congratulated her guest. "My dear, if there is any luck in odd numbers, you certainly ought to receive the benefit from it. You have stood for three marriage ceremonies."

"I might have given up in despair against such obstacles as have faced me," returned Ysabella smilingly. "The heart knoweth its own joy. And there would have been no joy for me without Enrique."

"Yes, the satisfaction of overcoming difficulties is really worth while," added Captain Fitch, looking tenderly at his wife. "And regarding the number, three, it has taken three sea-captains to help me out of my dilemma," he continued, taking Captain Richardson's hand. "It is really worth while to have true friends. False friends do not count in the time of adversity."

Down the silent edifice walked the wedding party, and, as they stepped from the church, the bells of San Gabriel chimed a joyous salute by order of the president.

Father Boscana met the wedding party at the door of the church and invited them to the midday meal in the refectory. The party seated themselves around the hospitable board of the missionaries. And the two voyagers of the sea entertained their hosts with accounts of their Yankee nation on the other side of the continent.

"How did the word 'Yankee' originate?" inquired the studious president.

"The Indians in our country were unable to pronounce the word 'English' correctly and rendered it 'Yengeese,'" explained Captain Fitch. "This was corrupted to 'Yankee.'"

"Ah!" returned the vicar, "the aborigines placed their mark upon you."

"Yes, for all time," laughed the shipmaster.

And so the third wedding ceremony of the American lover and the belle of San Diego was celebrated by the President of all the Missions in California.

On a glorious morning succeeding a shower of rain, Captain Fitch and his wife bade "Adios" to their friends at San Gabriel. Receiving the blessing of the Missionaries, they rode away from San Gabriel Arcangel like knight and lady from an ancient Spanish castle. Fresh, green grass sprang from the roadside, the foothills wore vivid green mantles, and all the little pools of water reflected the glory of the soft blue sky. Mount San Antonio lifted

its glistening, white snowcap in the east, and the purple sierra receded, as the travelers rode eastward to San Pedro, passing through fields of yellow poppies that curtsied and spread their delicate, silken petals in a golden tapestried carpet before the wedded couple.

In the harbor the Venture floated serenely. Mr. Hatch congratulated the master, his face beaming with delight.

"Is everything all right?" asked the captain.

"All is taut and seaworthy," answered the mate. "The one thousand hides promised you were sent to the storehouse, and have been cured and loaded on the brig," reported Mr. Hatch.

"Good!" responded the captain. "It was a lucky day for me when I brought you on board the Venture. Hoist the anchor for San Diego at ebb-tide. I am obliged to sail to Boston to buy a church bell," directed the master, laughingly.

Thus the integrity of the American lover and the honor of the daughter of a California grandee were maintained.

To be continued.

"Liberty and Freedom"

By Thomas O'Shaughnessy

LIBERTY and freedom are words often used, although seldom understood alike by two people. Freedom is not a gift: it must be earned. We may be left in freedom, but it cannot be given to us. Others can no more give us freedom than they can give us knowledge. Man, though hampered, is educated by the difficulties and inequalities which his undeveloped condition attracts. In all stages of progress the individual soul is perhaps as near freedom, and equality with its fellows, as its state of development and degree of understanding permits. Man must qualify himself for freedom before he can be free. Man can never be free, nor master of himself, until he learns to obey his reason instead of his senses. The soul seeks freedom, fullness of expression and self-mastery, but progress results only to the degree that the soul understands itself, and consciously takes the necessary steps toward the goal of freedom. Every experience tends to further enslave or to make for freedom, according to the insight and attitude of the person in whom the experience takes place.

Man's destiny depends upon his choice of liberty. If he choose false liberty it robs him of his true freedom. His mistaking the mere license of passion or of sensual appetite for liberty binds him in a stern bondage under the yoke of nature, and subjects him to her law of necessity. Man can control nature only while he obeys God's laws; disobedience makes him her slave. The worst form of infidelity is to disobey one's own conscience. The only road to liberty is through obedience; he who would be a master must first be a servant. When you obey the Highest you co-operate with the Highest, and you master the forces within you and the conditions without. No man can be free until he conquers himself. Many mistake slavery for liberty; they think liberty consists in following their desires, passions and

vices, and doing right or wrong as they please; not realizing that no man has a right to do as he pleases except when it pleases him to do right.

Love for genuine liberty is extremely rare. For people despise equality of rights. The desire of having someone below them descends to the lowest of all. People do not deserve, and never can enjoy, liberty while they deny it to the humblest of God's children. To make our own liberty secure, we must guard even our enemies from oppression. Only people who deserve it are ruled by tyrants or despots; for their condition is always the result of their own acts and omissions.

Among both savage and civilized, Custom is the most tyrannical ruler of mankind. Slavery in its many forms has always tormented man. All people (a few individuals excepted) who have not yet lived on earth have been slaves in some form or other. No man is free who is controlled by any custom, fashion, habit, superstition, passion, desire or vice, of any kind. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that savages are free. For savages, like ourselves, are under the tyranny of the false gods of Custom and Superstition which renders their whole life a slavery. Everywhere the savage's daily life is regulated by a complicated set of customs, of quaint prohibitions and privileges, more forcible than laws. Every action is regulated by rules, none the less stringent because they are unwritten. And the other tyrant, "fashion," even in the depths of Africa tortures and harasses poor humanity as much as in the highest civilization.

The land of freedom is reached only through the Gate of Knowledge. For ignorance fears everything that it does not understand, and fear always enslaves people.

Personal liberty does not consist in doing what we will, but in doing our duty to self and to others; that is, controlling self and acting justly toward others. Nor does political liberty consist in an unlimited freedom. For liberty is a right of doing what laws permit; if a citizen could do what they forbid he would not have liberty, because all citizens would have the same power. Liberty can consist only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being forced to do what we ought not to will. Virtue requires liberty, but not excessive liberty. Too much freedom gives people a contempt of power. And if their morals become corrupted the more power they are possessed of the less prudent is their conduct, till at length they become their own tyrants and slaves, and lose the strength of liberty by falling into the weakness and impotency of licentiousness. Liberty of passion and caprice would enslave the weakest to the strongest, and the strongest themselves to their unbridled desires. Man is truly free in the interior of his consciousness only in resisting passion and obeying justice, which is the guaranty of liberty, therein also is the true type of social liberty.

Outward oppression is but the effect of the oppression within. The God-given mandate "Work thou in Well-doing" lies written in our hearts, and gives us no rest till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it is bodied forth in our conduct, an acted Gospel of Freedom. Thus have we an internal warfare until the better influence becomes the upper, and we learn to obey the Voice within. Those who know not an inward law cannot escape servitude. For only while we obey the light within can we be free and masters of ourselves. Man must free his soul from sin before he can walk the earth a free and fearless man, and enjoy that Perfect Freedom for which the whole world sighs and seeks in vain.

That one may become free, it is necessary to question every belief and opinion, asking if it be worthy of acceptance. For the mind or soul must be the master, and bound by nothing except the moral law and the duties it imposes. He who would escape from the creeds, dogmas, customs, parties and authorities, which tend to enslave us, must be ever on the alert, and awake to the inner conditions which

make servitude possible. But every individual must first obtain victory over self, for selfishness is the cause of all slavery. The price of freedom is mastery over passion and ignorance through the cultivation of our higher nature. Wherever we go we are enslaved or free according to the attitude of the spirit within; no desolate isle can grant freedom to him who is in bondage to self.

Our troubles and slavery are of our own making. Ignorance is slavery, and knowledge is freedom. The inner consciousness is the arbiter of that which tends toward slavery or freedom. No man can be free while he is untrue to the spiritual ideal, and does not obey his conscience, or spiritual guide. Our judgments upon actions as being such as ought to have been done, although they have not been done, shows that we attribute freedom of will to our actions. Hence we cannot avoid our responsibility. In every age the oppressed cry out for liberty, but no government or man-made statutes can give it to them. They alone can give it to themselves, through obedience to the Divine statutes, and respect for justice and the rights of man. Not until people cease to oppress themselves will others cease to oppress them. It is useless for men to legislate for an outward freedom while they continue to render it impossible of achievement by fostering an inward condition of enslavement.

The emancipation of the race is frustrated by the self-enslavement of the unit. No one has a right to complain of oppression until he has done all in his power to liberate himself.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Fore," by Charles E. Van Loan.

The choice of a golf club as the setting for the nine short stories in "Fore" has opened to the author, Charles E. Van Loan, a fine field for a shrewdly humorous story of "humans as business." While the principal characters in the tales all play the game, golf merely supplies the necessary atmosphere. This game, which has drawn to itself a host of adherents in the scant 25 years since its introduction into America, seems to have developed unsuspected traits in its devotees. It is to these angles of human nature, rather than to the game itself, that the stories are devoted. Generally, the new-found character traits are of baser sort, but it is admitted that golf is a game trying to the nerves, and temper alike, and when these are badly upset a man is apt to revert to decidedly primitive conditions. Mr. Van Loan views these lapses from staid conventionality with a humorous slant and adapts them as material for good stories, rather than as a text for a dissertation on morals.

Mr. Van Loan, who generally writes on sporting themes, places the scenes of his stories at a far Western golf club. They are well knit by the appearance and re-appearance of several characters, but each one embodies a complete and independent incident. The characters are familiar types in stories having this atmosphere, but are sufficiently new to the world of fiction to make the reader marvel at the versatility of human nature.

$1.35 net. Doran.

"The Expansion of Europe," by Professor William Cortez Abbott.

The proof of an individual's intellectual curiosity may lie, as well as in anything else, in his ability to turn away from an encyclopedia. After finding the reference which lured him to one of those staggering compendia of human knowledge, the true lover of solid reading—as distinguished

from the mere searcher of the printed page for entertainment—would like to read it through if it were not so disconnected. That sort of a lover will find in Prof. William Cortez Abbott's "The Expansion of Europe," in two volumes, a deserving, delightful and one is tempted to prophesy, enduring object of lavish affections.

He will find in it the charm of new knowledge revealed—a vast encyclopedic range of new knowledge; fact after fact, neat, tangible, clean cut, delivered with good spirit and under the play of light from a clear-seeing mind. Facts, the substances of the reading life, he will find as in the encyclopedia, presented, however, in far more vivid images of their living selves. And he will find something more—order, coherence, connection, relativity—all that the encyclopedia lacks and all that is necessary to link these steadily-hewn, workmanlike paragraphs of Henry the Navigator, of Charles the Fifth, of Russian conquests in Siberia, of obscure colonial wars which founded states like Uruguay, of great movements and small from the ends of the earth and at its centers, into the living breathing story of four centuries of human life.

For Prof. Abbott has essayed the history of the world and of civilization in the era from 1415 to 1789, during which the world was transformed by knowledge and civilization revolutionized, or at any rate brought far on its way toward revolution, into its modern condition.

$6.50 net. Henry Holt & Company.

"The Way Out," by Emerson Hough.

Romances of the Cumberland mountains are invariably interesting and entertaining, despite a similarity of incidents and course of action common to all.— This strange—almost alien—people in the backwash of American civilization offers the writer a field of infinite variety for study of character. He finds them of all ages, of all degrees of primitive fierceness and of all degrees of dormant mentality. With such unformed human material the reader feels no surprise if the writer molds at least one heroic figure. Thus, in "The Way Out," Emerson Hough develops a remarkable character in Davy Joslin.

A typical young mountaineer, he catches a glimmer of an idea of the futile existence led by his people when a "furrin" doctor inculcates in him an understanding of the biological crime of in-breeding. He determines to leave his shrewish wife and go "outside" in search of an education. This is partly realized after two years of arduous effort at a small middle western college. Then he suddenly returns to the mountains, calls a meeting of his own and the enemy clan, and pleads for an ending of the ancient feud between the two factions.

$1.50 net. Appleton, New York.

"The Fighting Fool," by Dane Coolidge.

The author goes back to the old unregenerate days of the Southwest for the scene of his latest story, "The Fighting Fool," (Dutton; $1.50). It is a "wild and woolly" narrative, with never a hint of the "bone dry" statutes and I. W. W. deporting vigilance committees of the Arizona of today. Sycamore Brown, the original of "The Fighting Fool," is a hardy young plainsman, unacquainted with fear and possessing a lightning "draw." When the harassed citizens of Hackamore oust the Mexican marshal and replace him with Lum Marton, a partially reformed gunman, the latter sends for "Syc" to act as his deputy. The two, with the aid of Jack Haines, a second deputy, speedily subjugate the G-Bar boys, whose pastime it is to "shoot up" Hackamore on pay day. This duty done, Martin and Haines long for further action. The latter, it develops, is a one-time train robber, "regular" bad man, with a reputation throughout the Southwest. Casually, he broaches the idea of relieving a train of its rich treasure, and Martin falls in with the idea.

The two then talk Brown over to

their persuasion, and careful plans are laid for the coup. Haines and "Syc" accomplish the hold-up and carry off the loot, which Martin conceals. Company detectives and local officials, headed, of course, by Hackamore's marshal and his two deputies, start an investigation, but with meager results. The company detectives, however, continue the work, and in time an indiscretion by Haines directs suspicion to the trio. Brown is maneuvered into making an impulsive confession, and Martin and Haines are arrested. But when "Syc" learns that he has been duped into betraying his companions he achieves a spectacular jail delivery. He and Martin escape into Mexico, and the long chase, and adventure which comprises the bulk of the tale is on. "The Fighting Fool" is a very likable, manly lad, despite his excursion into crime.

$1.50 net. Dutton & Company.

"Stories of the Great West," by Theodore Roosevelt.

"A ranchman's life is certainly a very pleasant one, albeit generally varied with plenty of hardship and anxiety. Although occasionally he passes days of severe toil—for example, if he goes on the round-up he works as hard as any of his men—yet he no longer has to undergo the monotonous drudgery attendant upon the tasks of the cowboy or of the apprentice in the business. His fare is simple, but if he chooses, it is good enough. Many ranches are provided with nothing at all but salt pork, canned goods and bread; indeed, it is a curious fact that in traveling through the cow country it is often impossible to get any milk or butter; but this is only because the owners or managers are too lazy to take enough trouble to insure their own comfort. We ourselves always keep two or three cows, choosing such as are naturally tame, and so we invariably have plenty of milk, and, when there is time for churning, a good deal of butter. We also keep hens, which, in spite of the damaging inroads of hawks, bob-cats and foxes, supply us with eggs, and in time of need, when our rifles failed to keep us in game, with stewed, roast or fried chicken, also. From our garden we get potatoes, and unless drought, frost or grasshoppers interfere (which they do about every second year) other vegetables as well. For fresh meat we depend chiefly upon our prowess as hunters."

75 cents. The Century Company.

"The Mainland," by E. L. Grant Watson.

John Sherwin, naked, unable to read or write, and who had never been away from the tropical island upon which he was born, is the lad of 16 who is introduced as the leading figure of "The Mainland." His parents had found happiness in their isolated life. John Sherwin at 18 assumed command of his relations with the world and set out upon his passage to the mainland, ready to take whatever fate might offer in the way of occupation and adventure.

The story is of sea and land, with expeditions to primitive native villages, associations with miners, and journeys to the towns, where the primitive passions of the young man soon bring him an introduction to human suffering. The John Sherwin of the early 20's is more masterful, but his first dream of life with the most noble of women is beclouded by many sordid associations, and the epilog, revealing him as having attained happiness, is almost too brief to inspire faith in any real elevation of character on his part to supplant a sense of his inherent moral frailty.

$1.50 net.

"Mimi," by J. U. Glesy.

Jacques Valre was an artist on the left bank of the Seine, and in the unconventional way of the Latin Quarter his model lived with him without any thought of marriage. Nobody else worried, either. It was the way there. But when France called Jacques on

August 1, 1914, what was to become of Mimi? She would not go to another, she belonged to Jacques by the gift of herself. How she fared, how she found a way to help herself, and France, by rolling bandages, how two other girls adopted her and the baby that was coming, touched by the war spirit to do their utmost for France. These things and more to the end of the story.

The war has worked mightily in the transformation of men in the trenches and of others far from the firing line. To most folks this is an axiom by now; but an interpreter like this little story helps one to understand the alchemy of the change. Jacques and his apache comrade, Le Tigre, came home crippled men, but truer; and for all parties in the story "A little child led them."

75 cents. Harper & Bros., New York.

"Out to Win."

People who have read Coningsby Dawson's book, "Carry On," cannot have shaken off the high spiritual atmosphere that filled it and imparted itself to the reader. That was the revelation of the soul of an individual typifying in some degree the attitude of the nations that went first into the allied struggle. Now the same author has been privileged to interpret officially the soul of America in the war. Lieut. Dawson was commissioned by the British government to visit the American army in France, and what he saw there and in this country is the substance of a new book "Out to Win."

Lieut. Dawson has not lost a spark of his idealism in the progress of the war; if anything it is higher. And the reader who fails to catch the spirit and be borne along by it is a phlegmatic person. The book consists of three chapters, a preface and a postlude. The chapters are therefore rather long. They are headed "We've got four years," "War as a job," and "The war of compassion." The brief concluding section is about "The last war." The introduction will hold the reader from the first, although he is in no danger of finding that the coat fits.

$1.25 net. John Lane Company, New York.

"Central Oregon," by W. D. Cheney.

This is an accurate picture of a region, that, after the war, will become the scene of the greatest railway, industrial and agricultural activity in the United States. It is also the first vision we have seen of the "American Riviera," the Pacific Highway which will give to America an all-year attraction for tourists and pleasure-seekers as alluring as anything in Europe.

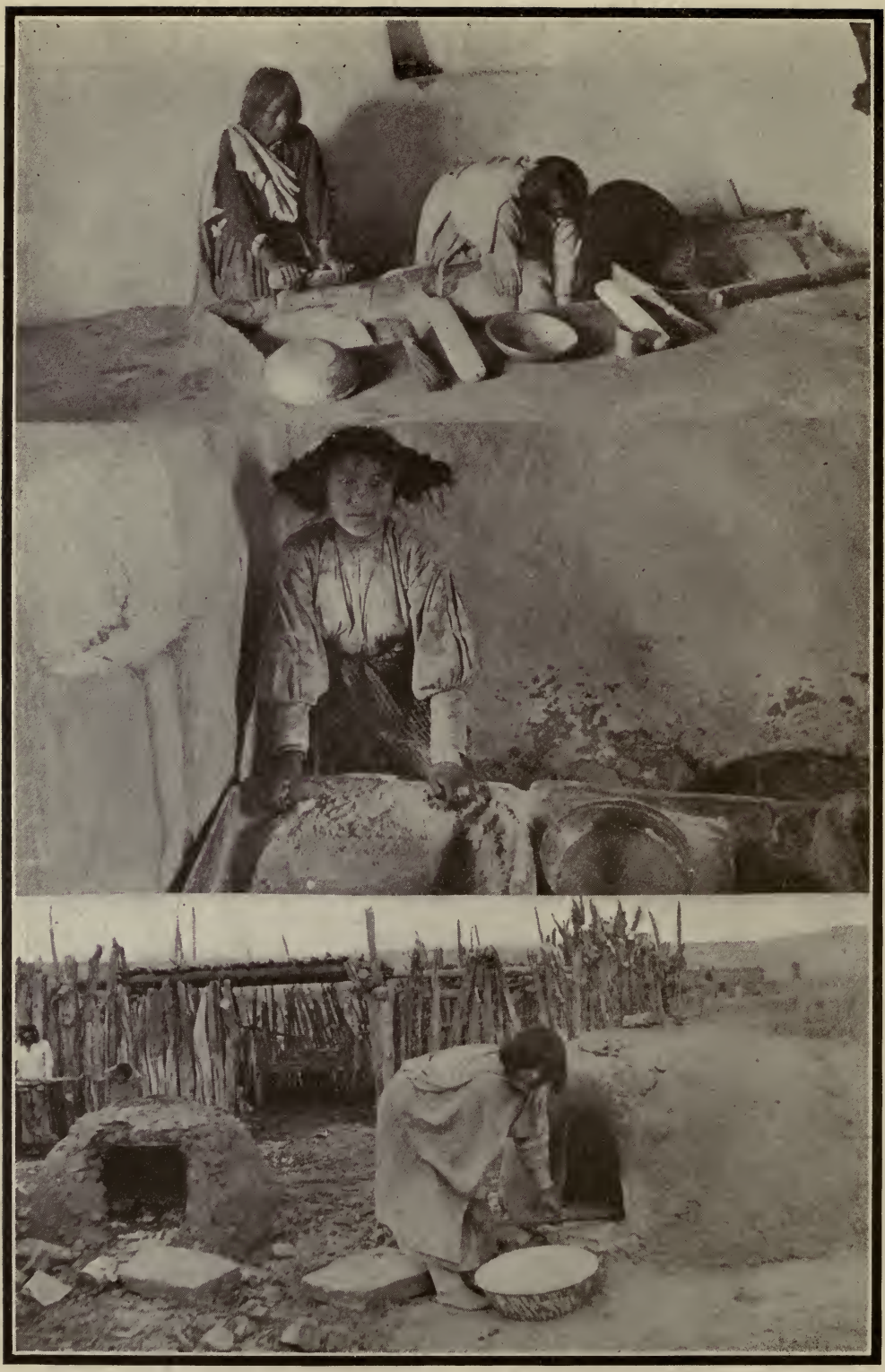
The book is of vital interest to California, as the Strahorn Lines will connect California directly, not only with all of the post bellum activity, but with vast areas and hundreds of towns and cities that can now reach California only by wide detours. This holds true also of the city of Portland. It is of interest to all cities of the Pacific Coast because of its forceful visualization of the manner in which the Pacific Highway is going to bind all of those cities together, from Vancouver to Los Angeles, in a certain chain of mutual helpfulness and hospitality. It touches Spokane nearly because of the immense part that Spokane is about to play in the development of Central Oregon through the activities of Robert E. Strahorn.

It is especially interesting to Seattle, as it is written by a Seattle man, published in Seattle, and Seattle capital and initiative are mainly responsible for the development of which it treats. It is, we believe, the first attempt at book-publishing in the Northwest; and it seems to us to mark the end of all the old rivalries and the beginning of profitable interchange.

One of the Many Springs in California.

A Stream in the Coast Range, California.

Chain of Lakes, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California.



Top—Indian Women Grinding Corn. Center—Hopi Indian at Mealing Pan. Bottom—Zuni Indian Baking in Mexican Type of Oven.

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With the Zunis in New Mexico

By George Wharton James

Author of "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," "Indian Basketry," "Through Ramona's Country," "Arizona, the Wonderful," "California, Romantic and Beautiful," etc., etc.

The Religious and Ceremonial Life of the Zunis

THE Zunis, the Hopis, and all the pueblo Indians of our Southwest are extremely conservative in their religious beliefs. Though the Roman Catholics, through bands of devoted Franciscans, built a large church in Zuni late in the seventeenth century, the ruins of which are shown in the accompanying engraving, and though even today the priest occasionally visits Zuni, and conducts masses and other ceremonies of the church, the Zunis have never for one single moment been any other than firm believers in the religion and ceremonies of the past.

To attempt to describe this religion with any degree of fullness would require at least five hundred pages of this magazine. Their mythological lore is vast; their pantheon of greater and lesser divinities more comprehensive by far than that of ancient Greece or Rome; their ceremonial ritual so complex, so varied, so all-embracing as to make the most rigid ritualist of the Roman or English Churches of the twentieth century appear like a feeble-bodied child groping for his first steps in the presence of a Marathon champion.

Mrs. Matilda Stevenson, who spent several years with the Zunis, thus states the way in which the aboriginal mind conceives of the universe:

Civilized man lives in a world of reality; primitive man in a world of mysticism and symbolism; he is deeply impressed by his natural environment; every object for him possesses a spiritual life, so that celestial bodies, mountains, rocks, the flora of the earth and the earth itself are to him quite different from what they are to civilized man. The sturdy pine, the delicate sapling, the fragrant blossom, the giant rock, and the tiny pebble play alike their part in the mystic world of the aboriginal man. Many things which tend to nourish life are symbolized by the Zunis as mother. When a Zuni speaks of the Earth Mother the earth is symbolized as the source, not only of all vegetal matter which nourishes man, but also of the game which gives him animal food. The earth is mother, the great one to whom all are indebted for sustenance.

Living in an arid land it is not surprising to find much of their religious thought and ceremony devoted to rain-making. A careful observer will soon note that a good Zuni—man, woman or child—seldom looks upward without moving his lips in prayer. He is invoking the blessing of the rain-makers. Every month, at the full moon, each Zunian offers his group of breath or prayer-plumes, and scarcely any religious ceremony is complete without much and continuous smoking. Few would think that these plumes and the smoking have anything to do with prayer and rain, yet that is all they mean. Here is the explanation. When a Zuni dies he, she, becomes a rain-maker, controlled by the Council of the Gods, who sends the rain-maker wherever the supplications of the people require. The rain is gathered in vases and gourd jugs from the springs of the six regions of the world. The clouds are made by the breath of the gods and the smoke of the Zunis, and yet the latter do not believe that the rain comes from the clouds. The clouds are "masks" through which the rain is poured by the rain-makers.

The clouds have their special language to the observant Zuni. The rain-makers are taking their pleasure when the clouds are cirrus. When the clouds are cumulus and nimbus they are going to water the earth. Naturally they have rain-priests (A-shiwanni), whose lives must be exceptionally pure and good, or they drive away the cloud masks, and the rain-makers cannot pour rain without the masks. To see them would be dangerous. There are also wonderful rain-ceremonies, one of which I will describe later.

The lightning naturally is personified. The Ku-pishtaya are great warriors who are the lightning-makers and they have deputies and couriers. When the flashes are seen they are the couriers taking messages from one of the Ku-pishtaya to another. The Zunis are never afraid of the lightning, though the displays in that arid and mountainous country sometimes partake of an auroral brilliancy. The Ku-pishtaya can look right into the heart of a person and they never slay the pure in heart. Only the vile and wicked are ever injured, and it is sure evidence of hidden evil if one is slain by lightning, no matter how perfect his past life may seem to have been.

Thunder is caused by the rain-makers rolling stones for fun in their games, while the lightning-makers are shooting their missiles. The thunder is made in no other way.

At the present time there are fourteen rain-priests at Zuni and so important is their function regarded they are not allowed to do any secular work. They simply pray and fast for rain. The priest of the North region is the most important, hence is always regarded as the superior priest. The Zunis believe there are seven cardinal points. And these must never be named except in their correct order, which is North, West, South, East, Zenith and Nadir. The center or below is generally understood without being named.

Each rain-priest is possessed of a most wonderful fetish which is supposed to have come, clasped to the breast of the ancestral rain-priest, from the undermost to the outer world. This fetish is in two parts, one consisting of four hollow reeds, containing water, in the largest one of which is a diminutive toad, *alive*. The ends of the reeds are closed with clay which came from the underworld, and native cotton. The reeds are fully wrapped with native cotton cords, the end of which is left free to symbolize the tail of the toad, clearly showing the evolution of the toad from the tadpole. Beautiful beads adorn the cotton wrapping, and one of these fetishes could scarcely be purchased for its weight in gold. The sanctity of the fetish is shown by the care exercised in protecting it. Mrs. Stevenson, though most intimate with the leading rain-priest, had to secure a glimpse by stealth of the sealed room in which

The Ancient Zuni Church Built by the Franciscans in the XVII Century.

the fetish is kept in a sealed vase, and the lives of those who permitted her to do this were in danger. One of the women was prostrated with fear and it was some time before she recovered.

The rain-priests have their women assistants whose duty it is to grind the sacred meal to be used in the rain-prayers and ceremonies. This is coarse corn-meal mixed with crushed turquoise and white clam shell and abalone shell. By the way, there is one especial fetish which is said to have been gained from a conquered people, who were great rain-makers, and this is regarded with so great veneration that the rain-priest who possesses it has no woman associates. The Zunis give as their reason that "no woman has ever been found possessing a sufficiently good heart for this position."

The Zuni male evidently is still in the belief of a redeemed masculinity in which the women of his race have not yet shared.

It is scarcely possible for the flippant white man, filled with the sense of his own self-sufficiency, to realize the intensity of the Zunis' feeling in regard to the purity of heart of its rain-priesthood. No matter how many prayers are offered only those from the pure are effective, and as rain is essential to life their very existence seems to them to depend upon the purity of heart of their A-shiwanni. They have elaborate ceremonies of impeachment and trial of those who are deemed unworthy, and often a vacancy is unfilled for months while they test the character of the candidates for the position. When a priest or an associate is to be installed the ceremony lasts several hours and for fully four hours the novice sits in one position without the slightest movement. Each person present must be barefooted and the *banda* is removed from the head. A large blanket is spread upon the floor, and upon this is placed a deer-skin, with the head towards the East. The celebrant receives from one of

the senior priests a small buckskin sack, from which he sprinkles sacred corn-pollen from one extremity of the deer-skin to the other, being exceedingly careful to keep the line straight and see that it ends in the mouth of the skin. This signifies the road of life and truth which the novitiate must follow to win the favor of the higher gods.

In some cases when the associate is to be connected with the sun-priest a sun symbol is introduced in the middle of this line. The disk is colored blue-green, with three dots of black representing eyes and mouth. The disk is encircled by a block of black and white, symbolizing the house of the clouds, and four lines of pollen extend from four points of the periphery to the center of the deer-skin. The novice stands on the deer-skin and the celebrant priests in turn stand upon the cross lines. The former is then exhorted "to do his duty as becomes the deputy of the Sun Father, to follow the straight road of the Sun Father, which will insure the good of the people. Should he find evil or discontent in his heart, to take it out and throw it behind him; and to keep straight in the path of truth and virtue." The Sun priest then prays that the blessing of the Supreme life-giving power of the Zunis (who is bisexual, and referred to as He-She, the symbol and initiator of life, and life itself, pervading all space), may continue, and that the Sun Father may not send his son, the rainbow, to call the rain-makers to send them to some other region away from Zuniland. He asks that all people of all lands may be bountifully provided with food and clothing, that they may have no sickness among them, and that they may be preserved from death.

Later the celebrant takes the hand of the novice who now stands in the center of the skin facing East, with one foot on each side of the line of pollen. Facing the novice, arms about his waist, and the novice in the same position, prayers are offered, the celebrant lifting the novice's hands now and again to his own lips and breathing on them, and as he raises them to the novice's chin asking questions to which the novice gives affirmative replies. Then follows a peculiar hand-clasping ceremony in which all the rain-priests and their associates take part. Each clasps hands in turn, but the one holding the novice's hands is exceedingly careful not to relinquish his hold until his successor has full grasp. During this ceremony each person offers prayers with the novice, and when, later, he is seated, and the deerskin is being dismantled of its "fixings," more prayers are offered, all having a similar tenor, viz., that the new priest may be pure in heart and live the straight life as indicated by the pollen line, that the people be blessed with much rain so that all seeds may develop, and that they may all have long life, and grow to that old age when one sleeps to awaken young in the abiding place of the gods.

At another of the ceremonies prayer plumes are made and deposited with songs and prayers at sacred shrines. Few white people have ever seen these mystic rites, Lieut. Frank H. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, D. D. Graham and one or two others, including myself, being among those so highly favored. The Zunis make these plumes both as individuals and as members of their various fraternities and organizations, and the gifts of the former, while numbered by thousands, are insignificant when compared with the latter. The rain-making society makes offerings each month at the appropriate points of the compass. At each place a hole is dug to the length of the arm of the digger. Then meal ground from toasted sweet corn, and prayer-meal are sprinkled in the hole, and prayer-plumes are deposited for the sun, the moon, deceased predecessors and others. Then members of the priesthood come and offer plumes for the lightning-makers of the six

The Shrine of Unikah, the Warrior God of the Zunis.
Two of These "Gods" Are Now in the Private Collection of Dr. George Wharton James, at Pasadena, California.

regions. An earnest prayer next follows calling upon the Earth Mother to invoke the Sun Father's embrace to warm her children, (the fruits of the Earth) into being. Other prayers then follow to the deceased predecessors of the celebrants.

The plume stick indicates to whom the prayer-plume is offered, and the plumes attached convey the breath prayers to the gods. The breath of the prayer combines with the breath of the gods to whom it is offered to form clouds, behind which, as I have explained, the rain-makers work. After the prayers the excavation is covered so that no trace of it remains.

Even in the making of these prayer-plumes a ritual is followed that is most ceremonious and elaborate. The length of the stick must be carefully measured according to the size of the hand of the maker. Each stick as made becomes sacred and is placed in a basket in a certain way with becoming reverence. The feathers used are mainly eagle plumes, from the under wing of captive eagles, kept expressly for this purpose, and certain feathers of birds from the six regions. To these are added butterflies, dragonflies and artificial flowers of a supposed mythical medicine-plant. The sticks are colored with certain paints, and these paint-pots when not in use are covered with buckskin, securely tied with cotton cord, to which bits of turquoise, white shell and abalone shell are attached as symbolic of their sacred character. The proper paints must be used for the set seasons or certain injuries will come; for instance, if black or red paint is used in the month of May—these being for cold rain and snows—the cold winds would come and destroy the fruit.

When the plumes are attached to the sticks it is with cotton cords, and sometimes additional plumes are attached to the ends of the plumes tied

by long cotton strings. These strings are dotted four times in black to signify or symbolize rain-clouds.

A fascinating ceremony is the winter retreat of the Chief Rain-priest of the Nadir. One day is spent in prayers for rain, and at night the priest, with every member of his family and his associates and their families, to new-born babies even, are expected to be present in the large chamber where the sacred rain-fetish is kept. The sealed chamber is opened and these objects brought forth and the priest then makes a pollen and meal-painting in which rain-clouds, sun symbols, etc., are used. Then a number of concretion fetishes are used, which, on account of their appearance, are supposed to have great power in fertilization. These, with many other stone objects connected with "mystery medicine" are placed along the meal lines, and a reed flute is laid on one side. Then a number of fetishes are arranged about the cloud-symbol, including exquisitely made obsidian knives and arrow points. More lines and crosses of meal are formed, symbolic of the four regions and these are encircled with meal, symbolizing the whole world. Medicine bowls and sacred vases are placed in proper position; the chief priest washes his hands in the sacred meal and then opens the most sacred fetishes of all and places them on the cloud symbol with a solemn dignity and earnest prayerfulness that radiates and makes even an ignorant observer feel that this is one of the most important moments in the life of a religious Zuni.

More meal washing of hands, more prayers, in which his associates are called upon to join, then six gourds full of water are brought and emptied into the medicine bowl to the West, and six into one on the East. Sacred meal is then sprinkled into each bowl, and the concrete fetishes which symbolize fructification, each one having a special prayer offered over it before it is dropped into the water.

More prayers, consecrating the water in the bowl, just before which powdered amole or soap-root is sprinkled on the altar and in the bowl. Then an associate whips the soap-root and water until suds appear, symbols of the clouds. During this time the chief priest whirls a rhombus, or bull-roarer, which makes a noise as the wind of an approaching storm, and one of his associates plays on the flute, the burden of all being invocations, prayers, petitions for rain. Now the eagle plumes of the chief priest are dipped into the cloud-water and all the altar offerings are sprinkled six times, one for each world-region. Perfect quiet now reigns for a little while, after which the rhombus is whirled, the flute played and more prayers offered, while the priest last initiated now comes forward and shakes a rattle of shells suspended from a crooked stick to which prayer plumes are attached.

While these ceremonies are going on another assistant sprinkles the sacred meal up and down the lines of meal and pollen, while a singing invocation is begun. This is kept up all night. The invocation is as follows:

I

Come you, ascend the ladder; all come in all sit down.
We were poor, poor, poor, poor, poor, poor,
When we came to this world through the poor place,
Where the body of water dried from our passing.
Banked up clouds (cumuli) cover the earth.
All come four times with your showers,
Descend to the base of the ladder and stand still;
Bring your showers and great rains.
All, all come, all ascend, all come in, all sit down.

(The above stanza is repeated four times.)

A Glimpse of the Cliff Up Which the Old Trail Led to the Summit of Corn Mountain, Zuni. (Copyright, F. H. Maude, 1897.)

II

I throw out to you my sacred meal that you may all come.
Hold your gaming-stick; throw it forward; all come.
Hold your gaming-ring; throw it forward; all come.
All come out and give us your showers and great rains; all come,
That the seeds may be strong and come up, that all seed plants may come up and be strong,
Come you that all trees and seeds may come up and be strong.
Come you hither; all come.

III

Cover my earth mother four times with many flowers.
Let the heavens be covered with banked-up clouds.
Let the earth be covered with fog; cover the earth with rains.
Great waters, rains, cover the earth. Lightning cover the earth.
Let thunder be heard over the earth; let thunder be heard;
Let thunder be heard over the six regions of the earth.

IV

Rain-maker, come out from all roads that great rivers may cover the earth;
That stones may be moved by the torrents.
That trees may be uprooted and moved by the torrents.
Great rain-makers, come out from all roads, carry the sands of our earth mother of the place.
Cover the earth mother with her heart, that all seeds may develop,
That my children may have all things to eat and be happy;
That the people of the outlying villages may all laugh and be happy;
That the growing children may have all things to eat and be happy.
This way our great father kia-ettone wishes you to come.
This way our great mother chu-ettone wishes you to come;

That we may have all kinds of seeds and all things good;
That we may inhale the sacred breath of life;
That our fathers kia-ettone and our mothers chu-ettone may bring us happy days.
Let our children live and be happy.
Send us the good south winds.
Send us your breath over the lakes that our great world may be made beautiful and our people may live.

V

There, far off, my Sun father arises, ascends the ladder, comes forth from his place.
May all complete the road of life, may all grow old.
May the children inhale more of the sacred breath of life.
May all my children have corn that they may complete the road of life.
Here sit down; here remain; we give you our best thoughts.
Hasten over the meal road; we are jealous of you.
We inhale the sacred breath through our prayer plumes.

An entirely different ceremony is performed at the summer retreat, the thunder-stones being introduced, for this is the time of thunder. When the morning star arises a group of prayer-plumes tied together at the base is carried to the home of the chief priest by the first associate rain-maker. The rhombus is whirled, meal sprinkled, prayer plumes deposited, prayers repeated, songs sung, water poured, meal paintings made somewhat as before described.

But in this ceremony a Song of Thanksgiving to the gods for the good things received is introduced, in which all take part. All the various objects of the altar, together with the baskets—some of which are highly colored—are moved up and down in perfect time to the rhythm of the song. The moving of these is the rhythm of perfect motion, the beautiful arms of the women being exposed adding to the charm, even though they are bronze instead of rosy white.

This Song of Thanksgiving lasts for fifty minutes, after which the chief rain-priest offers more prayers.

The cloud suds are then made and the women each take a handful and rub it first upon their breasts, then their arms and legs, and all present are given a drink of the consecrated water out of a sacred shell by one of the associate priests.

The fetishes are then solemnly removed from the altar, replaced in their sacred vases, deposited in their room, where they are sealed up to await the next occasion for their use.

Every fourth year, in August, a dramatic ceremony is performed, when the growing corn is a foot high, that is wonderful in its elaborate complexity. Eight days prior to its occurrence there is a meeting of the chief rain-priests at the home of the chief priestess of fecundity to determine who shall be participants. There are eighty-eight in all, forty-one of whom represent the powers of fecundity and forty-seven the god of music, flowers and butterflies. The choirs, or singers being organized, begin to practice as soon as they are notified. Certain virgins must abstain from animal food and salt for eight days. If one of these should be immoral, even in thought, the green corn would be destroyed by worms. In some cases a youth may impersonate the virgin but he must be "virgin in mind."

The women prepare a special kind of prayer plume, made from the tail and wing feathers of the mountain blue-bird, so joined at the quill end as to form a V. They are wrapped with cotton cord. The plumes to be used by the men are made from the feathers of the male birds; while those for the women are of the female. When these are given to the participants the associate priest who offers them says: "May your heart be good; may you have good thoughts; may you

Ruins of Ancient Zuni on Summit of Corn Mountain. (Maude Photo.)

speak with one tongue, that the rains may come."

These plumes are tied to the left side of the head by the cotton cord from which the feathers are suspended and the day after the drama is ended these are planted in the corn fields. For seven days sacred rehearsals, as they might be termed, of certain parts of the open air ceremony, are performed indoors. Then the dance-plaza is prepared, the spectators assemble on the housetops, and the real ceremony begins. Yellow corn is used, in the ear, to represent the mythical yellow corn-maidens, and blue corn the blue corn-maidens. These, and the water to be used, are consecrated with due and prolonged ceremonial, each of the six cardinal points being remembered. Offerings of prayer plumes are made to the rain-makers to induce them to intercede with the Sun Father that he may embrace the rains of the Earth, that the corn may grow to be beautiful to look upon and good to eat. The ears of corn that the dancers use are covered with a small blanket of rabbit skin, and then short dark eagle feathers, plumes from the birds of the six regions, and white sage blossoms are arranged upright about the ear of corn, wrapped in a small piece of cotton blanket and heavily tied with cotton cord. A diminutive crook is then tied to each ear of corn thus prepared. This crook is the symbol of longevity. While these are being prepared one of the choirs sings, as follows, a song addressed to the Great Mother:

> See, I dress your children (referring to the corn) in beautiful feathers and sacred embroidered blankets. I pray that you will send to us many of your children another year.

The first morning of the ceremony, after prayer-plume offerings to the chief god of the council of the gods, Pau-tiwa, two youths and two maidens appear, one couple attended by a man of the Dogwood clan, and the other by one of the Corn clan. The youths carry a perfect ear of corn secreted

in the front of their ceremonial sashes, and the girls the same in the rear. Each virgin is given a sacred cloud vessel, a pottery vase with serrated rim, decorated in cloud and rain symbols and tadpoles, and the youths have each a long-necked gourd jug, the bulb of which is covered with cotton netting to which fluffy eagle plumes are tied. A reed is placed in each jug to be used as a sprinkler. One couple now goes to one sacred spring several miles away, prays, deposits certain plumes and brings water for the ceremony, whilst the others go to another spring in another direction and do likewise.

While these couples are gone, the singers and dancers sing and dance until midnight, the burden of the songs being prayers that the couples may perform their duties aright with pure hearts that rain and fructification of their crops may be assured. Shortly before midnight the couples return with the sacred water and young cornstalks with the roots which play an important part in the later ceremonials.

A priest of the Frog clan receives the water and puffs smoke from a native cigaret over the vases and jugs of water and the green corn, and the choirs sing that the Earth may be abundantly watered.

To attempt to describe the whole ceremony and its complex and varied symbolism would require many pages, such for instance, as the fact that in one portion the director of one of the choirs appears with a line of corn pollen under the right eye. This signifies that he is to fast and pray throughout the whole of that particular night. In the dance the maidens wear a beautiful embroidered costume with fine white moccasins, a profusion of necklaces, and bunches of blue yarn hanging in tassels from the wrist and tied with red yarn. The hair hangs loosely down the back, and bangs cover the face, while a head-dress, with a long wooden tablet rising from the crown fully a foot and a half long, is worn, adorned with symbols of rain clouds, the stars, sun and moon, and to the top of which prayer-plumes are attached.

Even the making of these head dresses is a sacred function, and is performed in prescribed manner by eight men especially designated for the purpose, and when completed, they must be carried to the place of using only at the exact moment when the morning star appears above the horizon.

Equally elaborate and important is the ceremonial of Thanksgiving for the crops received, but in this a good deal of rough horseplay is introduced in the evening ceremonies. It seems as if the young people were given a great deal of license to be jolly and frolicsome because of their joy at the abundance of the crops.

Another ceremony often follows the Thanksgiving ceremony and that is a rabbit hunt. The chief members of the Great Father and Hunter fraternities have charge of this hunt. Each participant must ceremonially cleanse himself by washing his hair in suds made from the powdered amole root. The women remain at home and prepare a feast for the hunters. Each man starts out on horseback and with one, generally two rabbit sticks shaped something like the boomerangs of the Australians. All are gaily dressed and oftentimes there will be from five to six or even seven hundred in the party. Laughing and chatting they ride on a walk until a certain knoll is reached where, surrounded by a reverent circle of the hunters, the representative of the Great Father and his associate clasp hands and pray a long and impressive prayer. At its close the chief lifts the clasped hands to the mouth of the associate and then draws them to his own, deeply inhaling a "breath of all that is good." The associate now does the same. The prayers are similar in character to those already referred to. Then all ceremonially smoke in solemn silence. Three priests now go to where a fire

The West Side of Tavaalone From the North Road to Zuni.
(Dr. George Wharton James, Photo.)

is kindled in a low and symmetrical cedar tree, and here they stand, offering intercessions to the dead and begging the prayers of their ancestors before the Council of the Gods that the rain-makers will water the Earth. Bread is thrown into the flames, with a call to the fire to eat and convey the spiritual essence of the food to the dead.

The hunters now dismount in couples and make the same fire offerings, at the same time passing their throwing-sticks through the flames, each praying that the gods would crown their hunting with success. The hunt next begins, the party dividing into squads and going in different directions. When a rabbit appears it is surrounded and thus trying to escape is bewildered and soon he becomes a victim to the throwing-sticks. The Zunis are wonderfully expert in the use of these sticks and seldom fail in hitting that at which they aim. As soon as the first rabbit is killed the Great Father priest dips his hunting fetish in its blood. When a sufficient number are caught the hunters return home.

One would think the hunt over—that was all there was to the matter. This shows how little our type of mind understands the religious and ritualistic Zuni. His wife or some one of the household takes the rabbits and places them abreast on their sides, their heads to the East and facing south. An ear of corn is placed between the forepaws of each rabbit, the upper end of the corn being even with the mouth, and each member of the household sprinkles sacred meal and prays that the "beings" of the rabbit may return home and send many more rabbits. The game is afterwards flayed in a set and peculiar manner. Food is now placed under the left foreleg, and the rabbits placed on the hot coals to be broiled. They are laid on their breasts, with their heads to the East and remain until the first crackling sound, when they are removed, for then the spiritual essence of the bread has left the body and gone to feed the rabbits. If this is not done more rabbits will not appear. The one who dresses the rabbits must wash the blood from his hands over the fire. He takes water

in his mouth and pours it over his hands, holding them over the fire. This is essential to securing success at the next rabbit hunt.

In these necessarily brief and cursory sketches of the Zunis' ceremonials I have said nothing of their vast pantheon of divinities and half-divinities, their legendary lore of myths and history stories, and their wonderful ideas connected with their hunting fetishes. I may write of these later. But I can not conclude without telling of my discovery of a very sacred shrine on the summit of *Tai-yo-al-lan-ne*, or Corn Mountain, two of the images from which I now have at my home in Pasadena, and of a Deluge story which accounts for a remarkable stone figure that presents a bold outline to the clear New Mexico sky from the summit of this great Zuni table-land.

I had long desired to visit again a certain shrine on the summit of Corn Mountain, and on the occasion to which I refer, I secured the services of my Zuni host, Tsnahey, Zuni Dick, who with his son and a young friend agreed to get us safely to the top of the mountain by the ancient trail that had not been used for many, many years. That we had some difficulty the accompanying engraving proves, for it shows my photographer in the act of climbing the huge rocks in one of the steep places. At one spot I had to tie the riata around myself and the three Indians hauled me up a sheer cliff fully thirty feet, around which they had climbed by some unknown trail while I made pictures and notes.

Arrived on the summit we found the shrine I wished pictured, and then, suddenly, it occurred to me that I had heard the warrior priest refer to a shrine, one night when he thought me asleep, which I was assured was somewhere on the summit of this very mountain. I questioned Dick about it, but he solemnly declared that he knew nothing of it, and that none but the chief priest of the Warrior Clan or Fraternity knew where it was. I can not explain the impulse that impelled me to assert my conviction that this shrine was not far from where we then stood. I positively refused to leave the mountain until we had found it. In vain Dick pleaded his ignorance. I was inexorable. An hour, more, was spent in argument. Finally, after several long talks in Zuni to his son, Dick turned to me and said: "I tell you I no know shline (shrine) Unaikah. I talk one way all a time. I no lie. My boy he tell me he catch 'em shline. He go. You go. You pay him."

And so it came to pass. It appeared after some questioning, that Dick's son had been for several years to the white man's school, where he had learned the white man's superior knowledge and contempt for the "heathen superstitions of his people." Being of an inquisitive turn of mind he had watched the chief priest of the shrine we were about to visit, on the rare occasion that he paid an official call upon the gods, and though the lad was not supposed to know where the secret and sacred place was, he had plucked up the necessary courage and temerity secretly to visit it, and now, *for a consideration*, he was willing to "brave the anger of the gods" and the far more real anger of the superstitious Zunis and take us to see the sacred place. A long time was spent in determining the amount and style of the "consideration," and I know it included three big barrels of shells from the Pacific Coast, for the making of shell beads, or wampum, in which Dick and his son are adepts, and all the cash my slim purse could stand.

Then, with some trepidation on Dick's part, but none, apparently, in the heart of the sophisticated youth, we walked away to the very edge of the mountain cliff. The shrine was here, I was told. Looking about I could see no trace of anything that looked like a shrine, though the view from the summit was inspiring. While I was looking around the lad disap-

Climbing Taalwallaua, Corn Mountain, Zuni.

peared. Then I heard a voice: "You come." I could neither see where he had gone, nor detect where the voice came from. Standing on the verge I looked down and again heard the voice bidding me come, and there, standing on a jutting point on the face of the cliff, the young man was bidding me descend. A misstep, a slip, and one would fall a thousand, fifteen hundred feet. I drew back. Calling for the riata I tied it securely around my body, got the four men above to hold it and then descended to the point. There, a piece of the cliff's face had fallen forward in such a manner as to form a recess behind it, and in that recess were the wooden figures of Unaikah, which I had so longed to see. There were fourteen complete figures, and the decaying remnants of several others. It was clear that they were made with the rude flint knives of the Zunis, for the hacking marks of the tool were distinctly visible. We secured the accompanying photograph and then I was filled with a resolute covetousness that would be satisfied with nothing less than one or more of these "gods."

So I tried to get Dick to go ahead and I would follow. "No!" he exclaimed. "You go! I come."

"I no go!" was my reply, "you go!"

"Why you no go?" he asked.

" I catch 'em Unaikah," was my

vouchsafed reason. Dick was smart enough to know that this was in my heart, and he reasoned, he begged, he expostulated. He assured me that "Unaikah heap sabe, and you take 'em one god he heap mad. He plenty quick make me dly up and blow away. I no like 'em you take 'em."

But I was obdurate. I refused to recognize Dick's claim to be a protecting power over the shrine of a god of whom he knew so little. I took all the responsibility and explained that I was friendly with all gods, Zuni as well as white, and was not afraid of any evil consequences. Possibly, however, I should have yielded to Dick's entreaties that I go away and leave the figures untouched if he had not suggested, after a parley with his son, that a gift to them both might make it safe for him to risk it.

Then I knew I should get the gods. But it took skilful bargaining, and time, in which more barrels of shells figured, and the conditions that I should wrap up securely whatever I took, not to return to Zuni until it was quite dark, that we should pack up instanter and leave before daylight, taking extra precaution to pack the figures in a box which Dick would bring with nails sufficient, and a hammer, to put on the lid and nail it down securely.

All the conditions were fulfilled, though I had to denude myself to my undershirt to find adequate covering for the two "gods" I finally decided to make mine. They are the one to the extreme left, and the long slim fifth figure, counting from the left.

I was nigh frozen when we reached our Zuni quarters at midnight, but the vigor of our packing and the hot coffee Dick brought to stimulate us ere we harnessed our ponies, loaded our plunder upon the rude buckboard and started out into the night, together with the sense of proud possession of two ancient warrior gods, sent a glow of satisfaction through me. Years after, shortly before Lieut. Cushing's death, I asked him if he had ever visited this shrine, and he listened with amazement and astonishment to my story. He declared that I was the first white man ever to see or know of it, for he had never heard of it, though he was admitted to the most intimate religious and ceremonial secrets of the tribe. But I see from the photographs of Mrs. Stevenson's marvellously comprehensive work that she must have visited it, or else the gods were removed elsewhere, for one of her photographs shows less than half of the figures of the shrine, but they are undoubtedly the same.

It was on an earlier visit that I made the photographs of the columnar figures of rock on Corn Mountain that are such objects of reverence to the Zunis of today. Looking down upon the level plain beneath, the village of Zuni in the middle, appearing a mere doll's house in the distance, and the encircling hills uniting with the blue sky to form the horizon line, these are imposing and impressive objects. But they have an added fascination and attraction if you have sat, as I have, looking at them at the time of the setting sun, while an earnest, believing old priest squatted near by and told the following tale:

"In the long, long ago, the Zunis, though they knew the way of goodness, chose to follow the way of evil. Those above, the gods who watch the hearts of men and women, saw that the Zunis were no longer pure in heart. They thought evil, and they dreamed evil, they desired evil, and their works were evil. All of them, even the watchers for the gods, the priests, were being swallowed up in the desire for evil. It was not good. The gods were angry, and in their anger they sent windstorms, sandstorms and fiercely hot weather. The rain clouds dried up, and the rainmakers were bidden cease from their labors, so that the springs dried up and the corn withered and died and the food animals fled to far-away pastures where the Zunis could not secure them. But storms and hunger did not

bring cessation from evil. So the gods decided to drown the people in all their sin and wickedness. The rain-makers were made to work as they had never worked before, and the secret springs of the Earth were opened, so that quickly the whole country was plunged in deep water. The Zunis escaped from their drowned village to the summit of Tai-yo-al-la-ne, but even here the water came higher and higher, until all the wickedness in them was scared and they said they wanted to be good and live. The caciques (these are the religious men and penitents for the whole tribe) prayed to the gods daily, hourly, but still the waters came higher and higher. Then all the people humbled themselves and prayed, and begged for forgiveness for all the wrong things they had done. Then Those Above said only by the gift of the most promising, handsome and worthy youth of the tribe, and the fairest, sweetest and most lovable maiden, could their anger be appeased.

"Who should be the victims? Who were the parents that would offer their children to save the nation from destruction? At last the old cacique came forth and said he would give his son, the treasure of his heart, the sun of all his days; and his associate offered his daughter, the joy of his eyes and the creator of his happiness. With solemn dancing, much smoking, many prayers and propitiatory ceremonies, the people assembled for the sacrifice. The youth and maiden were ceremonially purified by washings with yucca root, and the breathing upon them of the sacred smoke; then they were dressed in their best—the youth in his most elaborate buckskin costume, with all the accompaniments of beads, feathers, wristlets, bracelets and turtle shells for his legs; the maiden in her ceremonial *jotsitz*, or robe, her legs swathed in the finest buckskin, her neck wrapped around and around with strings of wampum, glistening with pieces of turquoise and abalone shell, and her head crowned by prayer-symbols. Then, in the presence of the assembled people, chanting, praying, dancing and interceding, they were cast into the raging, swirling, roaring waters and disappeared while the prayers of the people changed into the wail of the dead, made ten times more sorrowful and mournful in that these young people were going to their death not naturally, not even by accident, but because of the wickedness of the people. All through the night and the next day and the next night the caciques prayed, and the people danced or lay prostrate on their faces. And then the gods heard their prayers. The rain-makers were told to rest, and the clouds were banished from the sky, and the people knew they were saved. Little by little the flood subsided, and many, many weeks later they were able to return to the valley and rebuild their homes.

"But one day they looked up toward Corn Mountain and there stood two figures clearly outlined against the pure blue of the morning sky. They were not divided into several parts as they are now; there were only two. And the cacique explained that they were the figures of the youth and the maiden, who had been sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods. Daily, after that, whenever the pious Zuni arose and made his offering of the sacred meal to the He-She All-Father-Mother of The Above, and prayed the usual morning prayer, he also turned his eyes in the direction of Corn Mountain and then added another prayer that his heart might be made more and more pure, and his steps kept upon the straight path of life.

"For long, long years the two figures remained alone as the gods had placed them, until at last they became lonesome, and they asked the gods to give them children. So, one by one, the children came, and now, see," said my simple-hearted informant, "the cacique's boy and girl, they each catch 'em two big chillun, one pletty big boy and one heap little ge'l."

Palm Drive in Los Angeles

By Kathleen Gray Nelson

Guardians of an enchanted land,
Where rose and jasemine fling their sweet
Saucy mocking-bird to madden,
'Till he steals a song to gladden
Dull dwellers on the street.

Now chanting the rain's soft patter,
Or the sound of the surging seas,
Now rattling and clashing in glee,
As swift swords from scabbards set free,
Many their melodies.

No shade they weave for loiterers,
'Twixt earth and heaven's immensity;
Born of the desert sands of fire,
They strip their leaves, and rising higher
Stand in calm nudity;

And proudly wave their emerald tops,
As if with palms of victory
They fain would fan the unveiled sun,
Whose burning face they look upon
In shivering ecstasy.

Stately and spiritual by night,
The silvery stars to touch they try,
And bow and sway like acolytes
At heavenly altars on the heights
Ne'er seen by mortal eye.

The little birds that safety seek,
In prickly nests their downy young
Hang high above the city street,
Where eagerly the dawn they greet
With shrilly clattering tongue.

And here at last is path of peace
For weary feet that long have trod
On shell-torn soil; but I hear oft
Armed hosts beyond the trees aloft
Sweep singing on to God.

A Joker in California Castor Beans

By Verne Dyson

Photographs by the Author

HOW Dr. W. W. Stockberger of the United States Department of Agriculture spent considerable valuable time in trying to locate a California industry only to find it a thing of the last generation, was an odd and annoying episode of the recent Government campaign for 100,000 acres of castor beans. Information on castor culture was extremely scarce and the expert was delighted when he read this in a late edition of a standard encyclopedia (Encyclopedia Britannica):

"A considerable quantity of castor oil of an excellent quality is also made in Italy; and in California the manufacture is conducted on an extensive scale."

"Aha!" thought the doctor, "California will be able to supply just the practical information that we very much need in this emergency."

Late books on California in the Library of Congress were consulted, but not a word about the "extensive" castor oil industry. This was puzzling to the expert. Then inquiries were sent direct to officials on the coast and the disappointing discovery was made that California at the present time has no castor oil industry at all.

"I was curious to know how such an absurd mistake could occur in a reputable reference work," Dr. Stockberger declared last week in Washington, "and I assigned an assistant to run it down. He discovered that the article on California in the encyclopedia was written some forty years ago and had been used verbatim in all subsequent editions."

I Was Arrested in a Small Town in the South for Wearing This Costume, and Do You Blame 'Em?

True, castor oil was produced in California in quantity but that was in the last generation. The forgotten industry makes a picturesque background for the present government-inspired renaissance of the oily bean. While California is loyally planting her quota of 12,000 acres of the war beans it is interesting to review the industry in by-gone days.

In "The New West or California in 1867-1868," Charles Loring Brace

In California the Castor Bean Grows to Be a Tree. This "Plant" Is In a Garden Near San Gabriel.

speaks thus of castor beans in the Los Angeles district:

"Among the strange variety of vegetables in this favored region is the castor bean. The beans are planted two or three in a hill, and then thinned out, leaving one healthy plant to the hill. They require no more work than corn, and will yield often thirty to forty bushels to the acre.

"Fifteen hundred pounds to the acre is not uncommon, which is equal to seventy-five gallons of oil, worth at $2.50 per gallon, some $187—a good return per acre. This plant grows well, also in the north of California."

In the Library of Congress, I found in the Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions for May 20, 1871, an article quoting the Druggists' Circular and Chemical Gazette which in turn reproduced an article from the Marysville (Cal.) Appeal, describing the local "castor oil manufacture" of Dr. M. Daniel:

"Being a novice in the preparation and pressing of the castor bean, and the process employed to produce pure oil, we were surprised at the simplicity of the machinery and everything connected with the *modus operandi.* The beans are first subjected to a dry heat of an hour or so in a furnace. This softens them and brings them to the peculiar state required in expeditious pressing. They are then taken out and placed in a screw-press, run by horse-power, and capable of pressing between 80 and 100 gallons of oil per day. From the press the oil is conveyed into a vessel, and from thence into a large iron tank or boiler. In this is placed 60 gallons of oil and the same amount of water, the latter serving to cleanse the oil of all impurities. The oil is then boiled about an hour, and kept standing until the next morning, when the water is drawn off and the oil transferred to the clarifiers, which are composed of zinc, and capable of holding from 60 to 100 gallons each. After standing about eight

hours in the sun, it is taken out and put into cans, and is ready for the market. Beans of a superior quality are worth about $90 a ton, and 100 pounds are supposed to produce 5 gallons."

Dr. Stockberger conjectures that this newspaper account was the basis of the castor oil article in the encyclopedia. Although the government census for 1850 mentioned twenty-three castor oil mills in the middle west and south, no reference is made to the industry in the encyclopedia except in relation to California.

Castor beans were the forerunners of lima beans in Santa Barbara and other California coast counties. Old residents recall a castor bean field of 150 acres near Santa Barbara and for several years the crop was grown in extent in the southern part of the state.

The other day, in Kansas City, Charles Marsh related how his father, the late William N. Marsh, established a castor oil mill in the Missouri city in 1875, patterned after the quaint Marysville institution. The Missouri mill grew to proportions and when the castor bean industry was at its height, handled 500,000 bushels of beans in one year.

The Marsh family of Kansas City is the connecting link between the old castor bean industry and its present revival under government inspiration to supply abundant lubricant for the air squadron. When American farmers quit raising the beans and the supply came from India, the Marsh interests acquired the Baker Castor Oil Company of Jersey City, N. J., which has been called the "castor oil trust" in late years. F. C. Marsh, a brother of Charles Marsh and a son of the pioneer castor oil dealer of Kansas City, is president of the wealthy Jersey City corporation.

Last fall when England declared an embargo on castor beans in India, there was a ship-load of the seed on the Pacific ocean, consigned to the Baker concern. For a time England threatened to recall the cargo but with the assistance of the oil company and diplomatic pressure from Washington the cargo was acquired on condition that it be used in planting a war crop in the United States.

Florida Women Gave More Than Moral Support to the Castor Bean Crop. This is Mrs. Berdie Fredericks, of Miami, Who Organized a Stock Company to Plant an Emergency War Crop. The Picture was Taken in the Field Where the Patriotic Promoter was Assisting with the Planting Operations.

Besides the Baker plant there are only two other mills in the United States that manufacture castor oil for the trade. They are at Buffalo, N. Y., and Cleveland, O. There is a mill in Grand Rapids, Mich., and small mills at several other places, operated in conjunction with manufacturing plants where the oil is used in large quantities.

The sudden and unexpected demands of the government for castor oil has called attention to the remarkable versatility of this substance of the bean. Aside from its time-honored place of importance in the family

Human and Physical Elements In a Picturesque and Successful Castor Bean Campaign in Florida.—Herman B. Walker, of Miami, and the Illuminated Ford In Which He Several Times Traversed the East Coast, Calling upon the Farmers to Plant War Beans.

medicine chest and its parexcellence as a lubricant for delicate and fast-moving machinery, we now have it impressed upon us that castor oil gives stickiness to sticky fly paper, brilliancy to Turkey red, transparency to soap, gloss to imitation leather; also, that it kills moles and mole crickets. In China it is used as cooking grease! In India it serves as an illuminant, and jumping back a few thousand years, we see the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt using the leaves of the plant to keep mosquitos away.

The castor bean seed distributed by the government belongs to the non-popper variety (Ricinus communis) and is expected to yield approximately 50 per cent of oil. The popper variety, formerly grown in California and the middle west, was difficult to harvest and made necessary a certain type of "bean yard."

For a number of years the "bean yard" was a picturesque adjunct to many Missouri and Kansas farms. The extreme activity of the beans made a wall around the yard necessary. When the beans were ripe they would explode from the pods with considerable violence and, if not restrained, would scatter over the ground and be lost. Sod was used principally to make the walls around bean yards in Kansas. Boards, burlap, stones and other material was used in enclosing the bean yards in Missouri and other castor bean producing states.

The castor bean industry in the United States reached its height about 1879 in which year Kansas alone produced 766,148 bushels, an amount equal to three-fourths of the demand of the entire United States in the years immediately preceding the European war. About 1887 castor

bean growers in California and the middle west began to turn their attention to other crops. In 1899 only 150,000 bushels were produced in the country and after 1904 the output was less than 100,000 bushels.

Subtle influences are said to have been largely responsible for the decline of the castor bean industry. With the rise of the Standard Oil Company and its various mineral oil lubricants, the bean industry suffered from the competition. I heard it said in Washington that the once-important castor oil trade in this country was laid to rest by its much more powerful petroleum rival.

The total dependence of the United States upon India for castor beans caused a critical situation in our war programme. Just at the time that we needed a double supply of the seeds to make lubricating oil, England was forced to take over the entire Indian output for her own use.

Last January the War Department appealed to growers in southern states to plant 100,000 acres. Florida, because of peculiar climatic fitness and her great extent of uncultivated land, was requested to plant 40,000 acres. Six other states, including California, were assigned to plant approximately 10,000 acres each.

The government has contracted to buy the entire crop at $3.50 a bushel, f. o. b. the nearest railway station. The contractor gets 50 cents a bushel for the beans obtained under his supervision and the grower $3 a bushel. The planting seed was sold to the growers at cost by the government.

So unimportant was the castor bean crop of late years that there was not a castor bean threshing machine on the market. Government experts in conjunction with contractors and some of the large growers, are now making experiments to perfect a satisfactory huller. The government announced that the threshing machines would be ready by the time that the beans are ripe for harvest.

Fred Boruff of San Fernando was named as the government castor bean contractor for California in the first list made public in Washington. Later the canvass on the coast was largely taken over by the California Castor Bean Association of Santa Barbara, of which Henry S. Gane is the manager. Capt. H. L. Scaipe, Signal Corps, U. S. A., was sent to California by the War Department to hurry along the planting.

A large part of the State's allotment of castor beans will be grown in the Imperial Valley, where George H. Reed of Calipatria is devoting more than 1,000 acres to the patriotic planting.

A Close Up View of the War Beans.—A Cluster of Ripe Castor Beans.

View of Reading Room in the National Defenders' Club, in the Monadnock Building, San Francisco.

Community Life For Our Soldiers and Sailors

By Arthur L. Dahl

THE Red Cross is called "the greatest mother in the world." The work being carried on by the War - Camp Community Service is that of being sisters and brothers to the boys in training, and filling up that great void occasioned by the tearing away the home ties of thousands of young fellows, who are away from the parental fireside for the first time in their lives.

Home-sickness, loneliness, the blues —all are allies of the Kaiser, and it is just as essential to surround our soldiers and our sailors with the social conditions and environment to which they are accustomed, as it is to see that they are adequately drilled and equipped for fighting.

There are a number of organizations operating throughout the country for the purpose of providing for the physical, mental and spiritual needs of the enlisted men. Some of these organizations operate in the camps themselves, and all are doing a splendid

work. The organization created to cater to the boys' social needs away from camp, is known as the "War-Camp Community Service," with national headquarters in New York and operating branches in all parts of the country. In San Francisco this service is doing a very fine and effective work, under the direction of Executive Secretary H. Feldman, assisted by hundreds of patriotic men and women of San Francisco, and in co-operation with the National League for Woman's Service.

Three club rooms are maintained for enlisted men, one, called the "National Defenders' Club," being located in the Monadnock Building, a second Presidio Defenders' Club, located at 2526 Lombard Street, and the third, a dancing club in the Palace Hotel. The first two of these clubs are large and fully equipped to meet almost any social need of the enlisted men, and provide lounging and reading rooms, games, writing facilities, a canteen, lunch counters where wholesome food is served at actual cost, and music for those who are inclined to sing or play. At the Presidio Club a shooting gallery has been installed, where the man are given the opportunity to practice at a nominal cost. Prizes are hung up nightly to stimulate competition, and this part of the club is always surrounded by an eager group of young fellows who laughingly announce that they are practicing for their hunt for the Kaiser. This shooting gallery was installed through the efforts of Mrs. Prentice C. Hale, who is one of the enthusiastic workers of the National League for Woman's Service, and she is to be seen nightly in the midst of the boys at the club.

At the Palace Hotel club the room is smaller than the two Defenders' clubs, and a fine dancing floor is provided for use of the members. A bevy of young girls, from the best families in San Francisco is always on hand to serve as partners for the enlisted men, and plenty of hostesses are always available to talk to those who come in for a social visit. Card tables, writing desks and other facilities are provided, and a cake is always on the table for those who are hungry.

At the two larger clubs, the hostesses are all married women, and though a number of the younger girls serve behind the lunch counter, it is one of the requirements of the club that such girls must be accompanied by their mothers. The purpose of these clubs is to provide a place, as nearly like home as possible, where the boys can drop in at any time and spend an hour or two in the way they like best. The mothers in attendance, many of whose sons are at other camps, meet the young fellows as they would their own children, and are always ready and eager to listen to the needs of the Jackies or the Sammies who present themselves. Many of these women take a bunch of the boys home for a dinner, or to stay over night, and the latch-string is hanging out at scores of the finest homes in the city, and the enlisted men know that they can drop in at any time for a home-cooked dinner or to put up for the night. A registration bureau is maintained to list the private houses where sleeping facilities are offered free to the boys, and many of the men coming in from the camps at Fremont or Mare Island are thus enabled to stay over night without having to incur the expense of a hotel. To one receiving $30 a month, with deductions for insurance, home allotments and other necessary expenses, these "lifts," as the boys call them, are appreciated. It is said that the Chinese cook for Mrs. Hale always climbs to the top floor (which has been set aside as sleeping quarters for soldiers) each morning to count the number of caps on the hall rack so that he may know the number of breakfasts to cook for them.

In addition to the work carried on in the three clubs, the War-Camp Community Service also maintains central offices in the Phelan Building. Here a variety of work is carried on for the enlisted men. Large dances

are arranged for at the Auditorium, or in one of the larger halls, and to these dances all enlisted men are invited, dancing partners being provided by the various clubs and organizations co-operating with the War-Camp Community Service.

Each week from 2000 to 2500 theatre tickets are distributed free to the enlisted men, these tickets being donated by the theatres. A mere request is all that is needed to get one of the pasteboards, and the payment by the recipient of the war tax.

Another line of work carried on by Mr. Feldman's office is the organization of a small army of automobile owners, who take small crowds of the enlisted men on trips around the city or down into the country. Thousands of these trips are given weekly, and any of the boys who express a desire to go sightseeing will always be accommodated. Often picnic parties are arranged for Sundays, to which are invited a number of the soldiers and sailors, and these parties are always very popular with the boys and are always largely attended.

Various committees made up of prominent business and professional men and their wives, are maintained to handle various problems presented by the soldiers and sailors. Educational classes are provided, athletics encouraged, financial needs met, and every endeavor made to adequately take the place of the boy's own father and mother when they are not near at hand.

The mere accomplishment of the material benefits given the enlisted men through the work of the War-Camp Community Service is sufficient justification for the hearty support of the work by all Americans, but there is a psychological result accomplished which is of the utmost value in establishing the higher mental standards of the men—their morale. Many boys, eager spirits but clean, away from parental supervision for the first time, come into the city from the rigid discipline of the camp, and these boys are on the lookout for a good time. They want to enjoy themselves in the way they are used to at home—to dance, to have the companionship of girls, or to see a good show or hear good music. If cast adrift in a large city, with no friends or acquaintances, with little money, and without the facilities for associating with the class of people to which they are accustomed, those lads would seek their pleasures in ways that would be injurious not only to their physical condition, but their mental attitude, their morale would be lowered. Many boys, restrained from associating with questionable companions at home because of the fear of being seen by those whose opinion they value, will in a large city where they are unknown, say, "Nobody knows me here, so why not." By occupying the enlisted men's time with wholesome pleasures, good companionship and developing influences, these various agencies of good are not only keeping the boys out of temptations but they are encouraging and developing desires for higher standards of living, and as President Wilson has said, the soldiers we send to the firing line will be the product made by the environment with which we surround them here.

The Vase of Heracli

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

"WELL, here I am, thank Heaven!" Jack Harwood smiled as he studied the satiny contours of the hand which he held appraisingly before his face. It was a small hand, delicate, pink-nailed and femininely soft, that he had ungloved on entering his uncle's office, but unfortunately the intended courtesy was destined to pass unnoticed—therefore unrewarded—for he found the office deserted.

"Perhaps after all it's just as well," the young man soliloquized as he slowly replaced the glove, "the manicurist's art never did appeal strongly to old Joey—bless his grouchy old heart and his hob-nailed liver! I wonder if he'll be as snappy today as he was last time I came in to make a touch—but—I should worry about that now. What is it old Omar says about this tommyrot of worrying about yesterday and tomorrow, so long as today be sweet? Whatever it is, I'm with him. The question is —will today be sweet?" And Harwood laughed aloud as he suddenly removed the half-replaced glove, and, thrusting his right hand into a yawning trousers pocket, took the vacant chair at his uncle's desk.

"I wonder what's keeping him?" he grumbled as he stretched his legs comfortably under the desk while helping himself to a cigar. "Where the devil do they hide their matches around this dump?" And he attacked the orderly heap of papers on the desk with precisely the zeal and thoroughness shown by a brood-hen searching for bugs in a heap of straw.

"Hello! What's this?" he cried, pausing and dragging forth from the confusion a square of pasteboard bearing a newspaper clipping:

WANTED — Purchasing agent. Competent man, preferably young. One thoroughly at home in antique pottery and willing to travel in the Orient exclusively. Preference will be shown one with experience in this branch, especially one who understands dealing with Orientals. Liberal remuneration to the right party. Address Box 431.

"Now I wonder if Joey's doing all this?" he exclaimed, and as he spoke his gaze wandered up to a little bunch of letters protruding from a pigeonhole. He took them down. "Box 431" headed the superscription of the first. The second was the same, also the third and fourth.

"Now," he mused, as he replaced the letters, "I wonder why he didn't offer his darling nephew that position. 'Continuous travel' and 'liberal remuneration' don't listen bad to me.

"I say," he went on as the door burst open suddenly to admit the president of the Western Ceramic Company—large, bland and plethoric, "I've just been looking at your ad, Uncle Joe—and—and that's a bear of a position. It's a wonder you didn't think of me before you advertised."

"Think of you!" snapped Joseph H. Putnam in an abrupt, barking voice that would have been more appropriate in a nervous, undersized man than in one of his weight and proportions, "think of you! That's my one great difficulty. Perhaps if I could get you out of my mind I could think of something else. Here you are—strong, healthy, well edu-

cated—the making of a fine man in you Jack—but—"

"But what, Uncle Joe?" queried the young man innocently.

"'But what?' indeed!" exploded the manufacturer, "but the only use to which you have attempted to put your talents has been to spend the money that someone else has earned—never, by any chance, to earn anything for yourself. And you have refused, steadfastly and consistently, to take life as anything but a joke. Can you deny it?"

"My dear uncle," purred the young man sweetly, "I cannot agree with you—nor do I wish to argue the points you have raised. Have you a match, uncle?"

"A match!" snorted Putnam, noticing for the first time the unlighted cigar between his nephew's gloved fingers, "so you helped yourself to my cigars?"

"Not cigars, uncle—only cigar. It is singular—the cigar, I mean—not the fact that I took only one. But it was a temptation. Your cigars are always good—and" Harwood sighed, "it's been many a day now since I've been able to treat myself to one as good."

"You don't mean to say you're getting hard up again?"

"Getting—"

But his uncle failed to note the import of Harwood's interjection, continuing: "After the check I gave you last month? Why, it's an outrage! It's bad enough, Heaven knows, never to have eaten a meal except at the price of another's toil, but, in addition to spend in one month enough to keep the ordinary family half a year—"

"These vile tempers are bad for Joey," thought Harwood as his uncle paused. "One day a touch of apoplexy—and—" But aloud he said: "It has been an expensive month, uncle—dreadfully so."

"Next month will not," the older man smiled grimly. "There's the position in the factory, though, still open—or that in the office, if you prefer. The pay is small, but with economy it will keep a single man."

"But it's only a month till I get my inheritance. All I need is enough to keep me going that long."

"Your inheritance," echoed Putnam sarcastically. "What about your inheritance? A few thousands at most. Enough certainly to lay the foundation of a comfortable fortune for some young men—but with your mode of life, your outrageously expensive tastes, I hope you don't count on stretching it out above a year. Better take the position I offer you, Jack, and settle down. Then you can leave that little inheritance in the bank to keep piling up interest until some day, when you've developed enough sense and business ability, an opportunity for the right investment will come along. Whatever my training may amount to—all the ability that my years of business experience have given me, are at your service."

Harwood smiled carelessly. "I'll admit that stuffy offices and grimy, ill-ventilated factories seem to fail in their appeal to me," he said. "But that's not saying I wouldn't work if the right job came along. There's the position you advertised, for instance."

"But Jack," the manufacturer began slowly and painstakingly, "you fail to grasp the importance played by experience in handling such a job—the knowledge of antiques, the Orient and Orientals—a hundred and one things of which you are ignorant as a babe, and which would come as second nature to an experienced man.

"Now I don't mean to say that the work's beyond you—not at all. But you're not prepared for it. Just give me a demonstration of your ability—that's all I want—and there's no position inside or outside that you cannot have for the asking. All I ask is that you do something to help yourself." The older man's anger was melting away, but Jack still feared to return to the all-important question in case it might blaze afresh.

"Come!" exclaimed Putnam, ris-

ing suddenly from his swinging desk chair, "let's take a look through the factory. I know you'd like the business once you came to know it."

* * *

In spite of his easy-going manner there was nothing light or frothy in Harwood's mentality. His listless good-nature, his habit of amused cynicism, his joking attitude toward life as a whole—all was merely the veneer of his environment—a mask under which he chose to hide his real self. Consequently there was much in his uncle's factory to claim his attention and interest. And above all, he was taken with the work of the modellers whose practiced hands seemed almost to have acquired an intelligence apart from themselves, so skilfully did they fashion the wet clay into all manner of designs.

"Well, Brondi, how is the vase coming?" queried Putnam, as he paused beside a modeller who was deftly manipulating a lump of clay.

For answer the Italian uncovered one of the pieces of pottery standing upon a nearby rack. It was a tall, slender vase, standing about three feet high, and ornamented with an infinity of detail in relief pattern. The piece was by no means perfect—a large chip was missing from the top —while a number of cracks, brown with age, yet scarcely darker than the remainder of the vase, marred the exquisite surface.

"The impression of genuine antiquity is perfect," commented Harwood eagerly, "and the modelling exquisite."

"Yes," assented his uncle, "it isn't at all bad work."

"Greek, is it not?" Although interrogative in form the young man's exclamation was more a positive statement of fact than a query. "And of the Byzantine period?"

Putnam nodded. "The original was discovered in the ruins of Heracli, and is supposed to have belonged to some ruined temple of Diana."

"The design would indicate as much."

"But I have never seen the original," went on the manufacturer enthusiastically, "neither has Brondi." He took a number of small photographic prints from a drawer and passed them to his nephew. "He worked from this set of photographs sent me from the Orient some time ago. You can see how faithfully the original has been copied.

"But," he continued, noting with pleasure the young man's interest, "excellent as Brondi's work certainly is, one can scarcely estimate the value the original might have in turning out new imitations. You see now, don't you, the importance of the position I advertised, and why I want a well qualified man to fill it?"

Harwood nodded. They were on their way back to the office now, and the older man again reminded Harwood of the position either in office or factory. The nephew demurred again, pleading his wish to see something of the world first, which he meant to do upon receiving his inheritance.

"But in the meantime?" demanded the uncle.

"In the meantime I'll have to ask you for another small loan till I get my money."

The older man shook his head. "As to that my decision is final, Jack. I'm not angry—but I'm speaking to you coolly as a man of business. You've had the last cent of my money you'll ever get without earning it. So if I advance you something now it must be in the nature of a bona fide loan, to be repaid as any other loan would be."

And thus the matter was arranged. Jack Harwood left his uncle's office a few minutes later, a check in his pocket—but this time he left behind a promissory note for a like amount bearing interest at six per cent from date.

* * *

Ten months had passed, two in waiting about in New York with frequent tiring visits to musty law offices, varied with occasional sessions

of the surrogate's court—and eight of glorious wandering—of Arctic frost—of tropic heat—of snow—of sunshine—but always of open air. And then it was, during those months of wandering, that life first revealed itself to Harwood in all its stark reality—that it became a thing of interest, a game in which he realized that he was inevitably destined to play a part other than that of a mere onlooker.

From Africa Jack Harwood had come to Constantinople. Not that he had finished with that great continent of mysteries—for as yet he had scarcely set foot upon her interior beyond the limits of the few maritime cities at which he had touched. He had barely skirted her borders, and the lure of Africa—the call of the unknown, was in his blood.

But his money was giving out. Unfortunately, the inheritance had been smaller than he expected, or rather, the lawyer's fees had been much greater. So Harwood had resolved that he would run across from Alexandria for a short visit to the capital of Islam—whence, his funds permitting, he would return to Egypt for a trip up the Nile, then perhaps by caravan into the desert—anything of the new, the primitive, the unexplored—before returning to America and his uncle's factory.

One morning in Constantinople he passed near an old ruinous Khan, high among the hills of Stamboul. The Khan was evidently partially in use, for a faded and weather-beaten sign hung dilapidated and awry against the crumbling wall.

Harwood read the sign: "Isavoghlou Freres, Marchands d'Antiquites, Objets d'Art, etc."

He hesitated. Something—some curious psychological effect—perhaps something familiar about the name, prevented him from passing the Khan.

Then suddenly he remembered; Isavoghlou Freres was the name on the photographs of the vase that his uncle had shown him. "Isavoghlou Freres," he murmured absent-mindedly, "I must investigate."

It was a strangely heterogeneous collection of wares that met his wandering gaze as Harwood stepped inside the door. Vases there were in profusion, of every conceivable size, shape, age, and stage of decay, but nothing that appealed to him as that which he sought.

"Ah, yes, I understand. I know the vase that monsieur means," The proprietor turned his eyes towards the ceiling and wrung his hands in gesture of despair. "It would indeed be a happy day for me, monsieur, with that priceless relic in my possession."

"Can you tell me, then, who has the vase?" Harwood's French was slow and uncertain.

"One moment, monsieur." The Greek's black eyes twinkled. "If monsieur will kindly permit me to consult my catalogues. Did monsieur think of purchasing?"

Harwood shook his head. "Merely curiosity," he returned, fearing that any trace of warmth in his reply would be taken by the merchant as a token of the collector's eagerness.

"Yes," continued the old Greek. after a moment, looking up from a musty volume and blinking at Harwood through his large, round-rimmed glasses, "in case monsieur would be interested to learn I can tell him where the vase of which he speaks is to be found."

For the space of a moment the dealer studied the young man's face, eagerly searching for some sign. some changing expression that would mirror his thought. Then, seeing nothing, the old inscrutable Oriental smile reappeared: "It's a long way from here, monsieur. In point of time many a weary day by sea and land—in point of accessibility, still further. One might say that to seek it in the back provinces of China would be easy—the mountains of Thibet. but pastime—the innermost heart of Africa, the recreation of a summer's holiday. But there is no one, mon-

sieur, who would possess the temerity to designate a journey through the Kurdish mountains as pastime, or holiday. This vase, monsieur, is now the property of Rahim Djevdet Bey, a Kurdish chief—and the tribal seat of Rahim Djevet is back in the rock-bound heart of the mountain fastnesses of Kurdistan, near where passes the boundary line separating Turkey from Persia."

"Near what city?" asked Harwood.

"Near what city!" echoed the Greek. "So monsieur is interested after all. But how should I know what city it is near? Near none at all, if you count nearness in marches of days. Perhaps less distant from Van or Julamerk than other cities—or it might be near Khoi or Urumiah within the Persian borders."

* * *

Ten days later Jack Harwood stepped from the landing caique and stood alone upon the wharf at Tireboli gazing about him, fascinated by the picturesqueness of the life there portrayed. Gay, swashbuckling Circassians were there, some wearing the high sheep-kin cap of Central Asia, others with the simple Turkish fez—and all, without exception, hung with either jewelry or weapons—or both—the richness and ostensible value of which constituted a fairly accurate guide to the social and financial status of the bearer. Solemn, courtly Turks moved slowly about, or sat, cross-legged and impassive, before the little out-door kahve-khanes which lined the wharf, wearing yet, despite their rigidly simple, or even beggarly costumes, a certain air of lordly benevolence—an age-old inheritance of the ruling race. Then there were fierce, dark-visaged Lazis, cat-like and alert in their movements—heavy-limbed Kurds and Armenians that bore marks of toil on their sturdy bodies, hard to distinguish one from the other either as to facial or physical traits.

Harwood was glad once more for the feel of solid earth under foot, for, great as was his love for the sea, the desire for action had already become a more powerful force. And there still remained much to be done, many things to be arranged before he could set out on his quest for the vase. Thus it was that the young man's impatience had harmonized so illy with the vessel's snail-like movements, and that upon arriving at Tireboli he experienced a feeling of supreme relief, as of a prisoner released from some dark, unwholesome dungeon.

Through the agency of the Greek proprietor of one of the little cafes Harwood made the acquaintance of a tall, black-moustached young Circassion whose green waistcoat was profusely decorated with silver chains from which depended an array of seals and charms. The Circassion called himself Sefer Ali, and from having traveled extensively in the mountains of Kurdistan was adjudged by the Greek a competent guide for Harwood.

Finding him an agreeable and congenial companion Harwood arranged with him for the journey, leaving the details of employing and equipping an escort as well as choosing an itinerary in his hands. The Circassian laughed at Harwood's idea of an escort, but he could not shake the American's decision, although he did at last persuade him to postpone this expensive item until they should be on the point of entering the Kurdish mountains.

At length they reached Diarbekir, and there again the Circassian tried to induce Harwood to alter his plans. An armed escort, he argued, was of little use to men of spirit and intelligence. Ofttimes, according to him, travelers in the wilds of Kurdistan found themselves in great difficulties for no other reason than that they were accompanied by armed men upon whom the natives looked as a direct challenge to their bravery and warlike proclivities. But in the end the American had his way.

"What do you advise mon ami?" demanded Harwood one evening as Sefer Ali stepped noiselessly within the fire-lit circle and informed his employer than their men refused to accompany them further.

"What do I advise?" retorted the Circassian. "Why, I advise, as in the outset, that you send these cowards about their business and proceed alone. We might keep out two or three mules for our own use."

Still Harwood was not convinced. But seeing that Ali felt so strongly upon the subject, he made no attempt to continue the conversation further, but sat staring into the fire. The Circassian, too, after two or three unsuccessful attempts to engage his employer's attention, lapsed into silence, and after smoking half a dozen or so cigarettes, rolled himself in his blanket and fell asleep.

But Harwood couldn't sleep. It was past midnight when, feeling chilly, he arose and went out in search of wood to replenish the fire. He had proceeded only a few steps when it seemed that a shadow moved suddenly just before his face and lost itself at the side of the path. A little further and a distinct rustling in the leaves and dead branches which covered the earth caused him to stop and listen. There was something so ghostly, so ominously noiseless after the rustling ceased as to make Harwood's flesh creep. He looked about with straining eyes that bored into the velvet blackness, but there was nothing, not a movement, not a whisper, or a breath of air to moderate the intensity of the silence.

Then strange, uncanny things began to tingle and gnaw at his brain —tales that Sefer Ali had told him during the long evenings of their journey—Circassian tales they were—tales fathered in the rankling venom of age-old racial animosities—bitter stories which in their direct and simple implacability could have arisen only through hatreds engendered by centuries of unfriendly contact, of pillage, rapine, and war. He recalled revolting stories of the Yezidis, wild Kurdish devil-worshippers —the far-famed Kurdish pilav, which made its appearance simultaneously with the disappearance of Circassian children. The latter a tale hoary with years, to which each visitor among the tribes of Asia Minor must listen as he passes from tribe to tribe, the children always belonging to the race of the storyteller, and the pilav-makers to the least beloved of the neighboring tribes.

But Ali refused to believe these tales. He had traveled—was a man of the world, in fact. The Kurds he had found to be human, much as other men are human. Of course they were likely to be a little sullen in disposition, and capable of long-enduring hatreds. Besides they were often cruder and more brutal in their homicides than the gayer, more artistic Circassians. Still Sefer Ali was inclined to grant them a place in the ranks of humanity, and believed himself capable of dealing with them much as he would with other men. The young Circassian told these tales to amuse, not to instruct.

Sharply, suddenly, as he stood there thinking, another rattle in the leaves disturbed Harwood. It was as though some one moving stealthily had brushed against a fallen bough with his foot. This was nearer than the last movement he had detected and on the other side of the path. He recalled that one of the men was reported to have seen a lone Kurdish horseman outlined against the sky at dusk the preceding evening.

Then a hand came out of the darkness, quickly, silently, and seized him by the shoulder. In a sense the attack was unexpected, for Harwood's mind, busy with the half-supernatural tales of Sefer Ali, had not fully sensed the possibility of physical violence. Yet, through it all the young man's right hand had not left the heavy pistol in his coat pocket; instinctively he drew it out and struck. There was a sudden impact, and he

heard the snap of crushing bones, while the hand dropped limply from his shoulder.

Still there was no sound. The owner of that hand must have been something more or less than human to withstand such a blow without making an outcry.

Harwood stood now, his muscles tense, every sense alert and nerves tingling, waiting—his vividly active imagination dancing from one possibility to another, speculating as to what form the next onslaught would assume—waiting for the attack to be resumed. But he was destined not to see it, for suddenly, it seemed to him, one of those gigantic cataclysms of Nature took place. He felt a weight upon his head, heavy, crushing, insupportable—his legs doubled under him and as he sank to earth a myriad of tiny flashing points of light burst into view and danced before his eyes. Then all was blank.

* * *

Day had broken when Harwood opened his eyes to find the Circassian solicitiously bending over him.

"A nasty blow, monsieur," exclaimed the latter sympathetically, and as he spoke the American feebly raised his hand to his temple.

But the effect of the blow had been to numb the injured parts, so that aside from the swelling there was little enough in evidence.

"You may render thanks to Allah that the blow was not fatal," continued the Circassian, busying himself about the injury.

As he worked Harwood's mind was busy recalling the events of the night before. Suddenly he raised himself on his elbow. "So the Kurds did attack after all?" he queried feebly.

Ali smiled. "Look about you, monsieur. There is your answer."

Everywhere he looked Harwood's eyes met—nothing—no trace of any living thing except the small tent that he had occupied with Ali.

"And your clothing, monsieur," went on the Circassian, again meeting Harwood's inquiring gaze. "That seems to be disarranged."

In spite of his giddiness at the sudden movement the American arose to a sitting position. His clothing had been loosened near the waist he found, and the two money-belts removed from about his body. Then with feverish haste he felt through the pockets in which he had carried some money for current expenses, which, while little, might still prove invaluable in view of the greater loss. But these, too, were empty.

"That, too!" he cried in his weak, thin voice. "All gone! Heavens!"

Then, just as his senses were going again, Sefer Ali mysteriously produced a small bottle of brandy. Produced it from nowhere, apparently. As a good Muslim he had no business dallying with the snares of Satan.

It was vile stuff, red-hot and nauseating—but it did the work. It was just such brandy, Harwood remembered afterward having thought—and not without a certain sense of amusement—as one would have expected from a man to whom its use was forbidden, and who was therefore compelled to compress as much as possible into the available space.

Their escort, for after considerable argument the Circassian had finally succeeded in proving to Harwood that it was their work and not that of Kurds, had left them nothing but the clothing they wore and the little tent in which Ali was sleeping at the time. Food, money, extra clothing, everything was gone. And still more important for the moment, they had taken the small case of homely remedies provided by Sefer Ali.

Still he succeeded in binding the American's injured temple with strips of cloth torn from his sash, wet moss constituting the surgical dressing.

Now the question arose as to what trail they should take. Two days earlier they had passed through a small village, Hassan Keuy, and it

was to this village that Harwood proopsed returning. At first the Circassian demurred. He had traveled with money—he had also traveled without money. His experience was that money attracted robbers, consequently poverty was the best guarantee of safety. But the American's argument as to the purchase of the vase—that being the objective of their journey—was conclusive. The young men returned to Hassan Keuy.

* * *

"We wish to cable to America," announced Ali to the fat, sleepy-faced telegraph operator at Hassan Keuy, "to New York."

By way of reply that functionary favored the Circassian with a solemn stare, perhaps the nearest approach to an expression of astonishment that he could achieve, and went on sucking gloomily at the amber mouthpiece of his narghile.

"Dost hear, my little lamb?" continued Ali, beating at the low wooden counter with the butt of his pistol. "We desire thy services."

This time the Turk removed the pipe from his mouth. "Haydeh!" he exclaimed. "Out of here, kelp-oghlou-kelp! (Dog, son of a dog). Relieve my sight of your most odious, not to say verminous presence!"

"Allah!" cried the Circassian in exasperation. "Is this a telegraph office, or have we been transported suddenly to Top-tashi? What thinkest thou we came for, oh most enchanting idiot? Did we come to hearken to thy blandishments—thy terms of praise and endearment? No. We saw above the door in beautiful sulus characters an inscription bearing the information that this was a telegraph office; is the information true or false?"

While Ali was speaking the operator had caught sight of Harwood's boots. They were unusual boots, of knee-length, made of very soft, pliable elk-skin, at once light in weight and durable as iron—and to the native of Asia Minor to whom ordinarily boots were boots—very simple and crude affairs, their many little ornamentations, their intricacies of design, their trim neatness, appealed as little short of the miraculous.

"Efendim?" queried the Turk, breaking away with a start from the spell of the boots.

Sefer Ali repeated the latter part of his question.

"Yes, efendim," replied the Turk. "What is the message that you wish to send? "

"Three pounds, fifteen piastres," he announced after Harwood had written the message and passed it across the counter for his inspection.

"Very well," the Circassian at once took up the conversation as the American's interpreter. "The object of this cablegram is to obtain money. When the reply comes we will pay you."

"Olmaz!" with fingers spread and his palm turned upward the Turk pushed the paper back toward the American. But as he resumed his seat by the narghile from which pale wisps of smoke were still rising, he could not forbear one more glance at the boots.

"But if you can read English you will see—" began Ali.

"Olmaz!"

"Offer him your boots if he will let the message go through," suggested the Circassian in French. "I see they've taken his fancy."

"But I have no others."

"No matter. Perhaps he will give you his. It's worth trying, anyway."

"I know my uncle wouldn't want me to be so near that vase, then fail to get it for want of funds; still, I hate to cable him." Harwood was silent for a moment. "All right, Ali —tell him I'll give him my boots if he'll get the message off right away."

The operator, who now introduced himself as Reshad Efendi, accepted quickly enough, although not with some show of reluctance, which deceived no one unless it was himself. But in accepting he made the thrifty provision that when the money ar-

rived he should have one more Turkish pound.

That night Sefer Ali succeeded in finding lodgings of a sort for himself and Harwood with one of his fellow-countrymen, a resident of Hassan Keuy—lodgings that fortunately cost nothing but a little of the Circassian's ready wit.

Next morning early the two called again on Reshad Efendi. They found the large operator hobbling around in Harwood's boots. He was clearly suffering excruciating tortures with each step, but from the expression with which he regarded his new acquisitions it was easy to see that he thought them well worth all the pain they cost.

"Masha'llah, Reshad Efendi!" exclaimed the Circassian softly, "I trust we find you well this morning."

"Very well, indeed, efendim—thanks to Allah!" returned the Turk, stooping painfully and flecking from one of his precious boots an imaginary speck of dust. "I have your reply—but Allah!—there is not so much money in Hassan Keuy. I have sent to old Vartanian, the Armenian merchant. If anyone in Hassan Keuy has so much money, it is he."

But contrary to Reshad Efendi's fears the old Armenian had the money. And he evidently had more, too—far more—it seemed, although he was careful to produce only the exact amount. Two thousand dollars is a great sum in the mountains of Kurdistan, where a man may with reason be called rich if he possesses a quarter as much.

* * *

Since one experience with an armed escort was sufficient for Harwood, and as the Circassian had never favored anything of the kind, they rehabilitated themselves simply by purchasing two small mules, one of which they loaded with supplies for the journey, leaving the other free to be ridden in turns, or left to follow as they saw fit.

Thus, within a week, they arrived at the village of Rahim Djevdet Bey, a man of unusual education and refinement for one of his race. Having traveled himself—Rahim Djevdet had once been as far as Constantinople—he knew the feelings of a stranger in a strange country, and lost no opportunity of making their visit more pleasant. The best the village afforded, whether in the matter of lodgings, food, or entertainment, was none too good for them.

Some days passed thus in riotous inaction as guests of the chief and Jack Harwood began to feel restive. He liked the chief—Rahim Djevdet Bey was evidently all that a modern, progressive Kurdish chieftain should be—yet thoughts of the vase obsessed him. How was he to get it? What should he do or say in order to lead the chief up to talk about his precious possession? On various occasions he had made little tentative efforts to direct the conversation into the desired channels, but without avail.

At length there came a day when the two young men were invited to the chief's house. It was not their first visit, but on this occasion they found a new ornament in Rahim Djevdet Bey's Selamlik. It was the vase of Heracli. Harwood recog- it at a glance. And it was only with the greatest difficulty that he withheld an exclamation of pleasure at the sight. As it was he went directly up to the vase and examined it eagerly, at the same time engaging his host in a conversation regarding it, through Sefer Ali as interpreter.

It soon transpired that the chief put no high sentimental value upon the relic—that he was perfectly willing and ready to sell. And through Ali, Harwood made him an offer—an offer which the Circassian reduced by half in the translation. There followed much discussion, mainly between Ali and the chief, after which a bargain was struck and a price arranged about midway between Harwood's real offer and the figure at which it was transmitted to the chief.

The deal completed, their first care

was to pack the vase and start on their return journey. And this Harwood found, marked the beginning of his real troubles. Firmly as was fixed in his memory the picture of the imitation which he had seen in his uncle's factory in America, the most minute inspection failed to reveal the slightest difference. Each crack and chip that he had noted in the imitation was there in the original. Still, he said to himself, "there's something about this vase—some indefinable atmosphere or odor of antiquity that the other lacked. After all, an imitation's only an imitation."

Once or twice during the first days of their return journey the mule upon whose back the vase, carefully packed and crated, was strapped, slipped and almost fell, and upon each occasion Harwood felt his heart stop beating while something seemed to hold his expanding chest as though it were encased in steel. Then one day the mule did fall, but by a miracle the vase was not broken.

That was the end. Harwood could stand it no longer. He could not risk that precious burden another mile to the mule's doubtful surenese of foot. Carefully, tremblingly—almost prayerfully—he unstrapped the crate from the animal's back, and slinging it upon a short pole, gave one end to Sefer Ali and took the other himself. Thus for days the two men toiled and sweated, bearing their ever more galling burden up and down, through chilling mountain streams—Harwood dare not trust it to the frail tree-trunks that served as bridges—by goat-paths that led them leaping from rock to rock through the hills of Asia Minor, until at last they struck the caravan trail near Diarbekir. From there on it was easier. Upon the smooth, well-beaten roads Harwood no longer feared for the safety of his prize, and once again the burden was transferred to the back of the mule for the long, dusty miles to Tireboli.

At the seaport Jack Harwood parted from the Circassian, who, during the months they had spent together, had become more friend than employee, giving him from his again depleted purse more than the original arrangement had been. Ali protested, but Harwood was obdurate, exacting from the young man the further promise that he would accompany him on future expeditions into the mountains of Kurdistan in case he returned.

On arriving at Constantinople, it was clear to Harwood above all other things that his journey into the Soudanese interior would of necessity be postponed. If his finances would permit him to go back to New York without being stretched beyond the breaking-point he could hope for nothing better. There was a choice of steamer from Galata to Naples, or one to Cherbourg, and reshipping from one of these points to New York. Careful computation revealed the fact that the ship sailing from Naples was slightly less expensive, consequently he sailed for Naples.

* * *

Harwood saw the vase into the hands of the customs officials in New York. His triumph was almost complete. The vase was in New York; it only wanted the duty paid and his task would be done. But how?—what could he do? He was down to his last penny, and since there was no consular invoice the vase would have to go before the appraisers for their inspection. He mentioned his uncle's name, but, potent though it was, it had no effect on the customs officers. Neither would they promise to hasten this work beyond their regular routine. Unless he could do something the vase was definitely disposed of for some days to come.

But there was still one thing left Harwood to do, and that was to bring his uncle down to the customs house to see the vase. And it was upon this course that he finally resolved. There was still time if he hurried, to go to the Western Ceramic Company's offices and return before business closed for the evening.

"I want you to come with me, Uncle Joe," exclaimed Harwood

after greeting the older man heartily. Putnam, too, was clearly glad to see his youthful relative again.

"I have something down at the customs house for you to see," he went on eagerly, as his uncle replied with a look of inquiry. "Something that I know will delight you."

The young man's enthusiasm was contagious. His uncle ordered his automobile at once, and told the chauffeur to drive them where Harwood directed with as little delay as possible.

"Here," began Harwood, when at last they stood beside the crate from which the vase, partially denuded of its swathings, stood forth like some gigantic flower half-blown, "this is what I found for you in Asia Minor. I telegraphed you for money to get this. You remember what you said about proving my ability before you would give me the position I wanted?"

In spite of the inquisitive ring of solemn-visaged inspectors which sursounded them, Putnam, forgetting for once his natural antipathy against a display of sentiment, again seized his nephew's hand. "Yes," he cried, bending low over the vase, "I— I—" He looked closer, then scratched at a tiny mark on the side of the piece of antique pottery. "There are many things for you yet to learn, Jack,—but—but I admire your pluck. Yes, —I think you can have the job."

"Thanks, uncle," replied Harwood wearily, yet triumphant. "You know the duty's yet to be paid on this vase. And I'm broke—stony broke. And now I think, if you don't care, I'll go uptown and clean up a little. There were some mighty dirty people in the steerage of that steamer. You can stay here and look over the vase to your heart's content. And you won't mind looking after the duty, will you?"

Putnam shook his head, and as he watched his nephew's retreating back a peculiar expression settled upon his features. It was as though he wanted to laugh, but feared the consequences. "Poor boy," he mused, smiling grimly, "to think that he should have undergone so much for nothing. But I'm glad to see the spirit it reveals in him. It's the spirit that makes for success in anything—and I had almost given up that it was wanting in Jack—a contemptuous disregard for hard knocks, for labor without reward."

Then suddenly the old man laughed. It was a nervous laugh—rather tense and high-pitched, but it afforded great relief. "I wonder what Brondi will say when he sees this vase again." He was thinking aloud.

"Well, there's one thing in our favor after all," he went on as he turned and walked away slowly, "there's no duty on American products."

Walter Greenway, Spy

By Robert Holmes

THEY had told me that I should make nothing of him. I saw him merely as a matter of routine in the cell he occupied at the police station before being brought before the court on a charge of burglariously entering certain premises with intent to commit a felony. It seemed good to me to endeavor to gather some particulars concerning the antecedents and mode of life of a stranger in our midst, so that I might be in a position to judge what it was possible to do to help him, should the charge be dismissed, or should he elect to come to me for a new start when released from prison, if convicted and sentenced.

They had understated the truth. I made less than nothing of him. I went into the cell to interview a man whom I was told was deaf and dumb. He was a small, lithe, pleasant-faced, swarthy-complexioned, active-looking fellow, with great, dreamy, dark eyes, about thirty years of age, suspiciously intelligent in appearance, to my mind, for a mute. He was decently clad, and I could not make out how he had found it possible to maintain himself in fair prosperity, being, as he gave the police to understand, unable to read or write, and failing to comprehend both their amateurish efforts at talking with the fingers, and my own. I left him with an uncomfortable feeling that I was possibly doing an afflicted mortal an injustice, yet unable to agree that he was deaf and dumb at all.

When he got into court, a nameless offender, he was seen by the capable instructor of our local mutes, who worked hard but vainly before the hearing of the case in a strenuous effort to make something of him. The case was called on with success still far away.

"You're going to interpret for us," the magistrate remarked in pleasant courtesy as a greeting to the instructor, who looked perplexed, but silently consented to make a further attempt.

The clerk of the court read the charge over. The interpreter's fingers worked with marvelous rapidity, and now and then he clenched his right hand and brought it into sharp and loud contact with his open left palm. The offender gazed at him with mild interest at first, but obviously failed to comprehend what it was all about. The interpreter slowed down, and went through the same performance at quarter speed. The accused's interest faded; he followed the proceedings with evident languor, yawning before the end was reached.

"He doesn't appear to know anything of the deaf and dumb language, your worship," the interpreter concluded; "I tried, before court, to make him comprehend me, but I couldn't. I scarcely think the man is deaf and dumb. He would know some of the signs if he were. He is intelligent, and he must have had some way of making himself understood."

The magistrate thought so too. It was plain that the case could not proceed until all doubt was solved regarding the accused's ability to follow it. He was remanded for three days.

The police forgot to give him his dinner that day, and at tea-time, and supper-time, also he was overlooked. He made a lot of noise, kicking and

rattling to call attention to official forgetfulness. But they were dull persons, and failed to take in what he would have them understand. They went to his cell time and again. He opened his mouth wide, frantically pushing his fingers therein, and swallowing energetically. They lugged a four-gallon bucket filled with water into the cell, provided a tin mug, and indicated that he was welcome to drink his fill. He shook his head till it looked likely to fall off: They stared at him as if entirely mystified, and went their way once more.

He resumed his signals of distress. The relief came on duty, and heard him, but were advised by their departing colleagues to "let him be"; so he continued kicking and knocking till midnight. Then his efforts grew so violent that an officer went up to him. He repeated the opening of his mouth, the putting of his fingers therein, and the imaginary gulping. The officer repeated the bucket trick. He waved his arms in violent dissent. The constable had an inspiration, the arms waving in the direction of the heap of rugs put on the plank bed for the man's covering in the night. "Oh, I see; that's what's bothering you is it," he remarked; "well, they're not lousy, then; but they can be shifted if they're in your road." He gathered the rugs in his arms, and departed from the cell, slamming the door after him.

It was a stupid sort of thing to do, for there was nothing at all in the poor man's gesticulations suggestive of a complaint that the blankets were alive. No wonder the dumb spake at such treatment. To be denied food was hard enough; to be left, in addition, without bed-covering was intolerable.

"I say, you damned fool," shouted an alarmed, stentorian voice after the officer, "you're not taking those blankets away, are you? I shall be starved to death. Bring 'em back, and let's have something to eat. I've not had a bite since breakfast, at eight this morning."

The constable heard the voice distinctly through the thickness of the door, and above the sound of his own heavy footsteps. He was startled, but he turned back and entered the cell again.

"Oh," he said, "you've found your tongue, have you? I thought we should be curing your complaint in time. Now let's have your name, and a few particulars about you. Then you can have your bed-clothes back if your answers are all right, and happen a bit of some'at to eat besides."

He collapsed into docile obedience at that. His name, he said, was Walter Greenway, his age twenty-nine years, his home in a neighboring town, his occupation that of a clerk; he was single, and he lived at the house of his father, a retired chemist of some small means. These particulars the police saw no reason to doubt; accordingly the bedding was restored, supper provided, and matters at the station settled down to normal.

"What made you pretend to be deaf and dumb when before the court last Monday?" the magistrate inquired on taking up the case again after remand; "you put people to a lot of trouble. What caused you to act so foolishly?"

"I didn't want my people dragged in," he muttered; "that was why, sir." It was a melancholy lie; the police knew by this time what sort of record he had; his father had tired of helping him long before. He had never scrupled to bring his people in so long as there was the least prospect of their helping him. Whatever was responsible for his whim to pose as a deaf mute, it was not what he stated. The case went on; in due course it reached the court of Assize.

Full particulars of his career were revealed there. He had received an excellent education, and was a well-trained and most capable clerk, with an uncommonly good knowledge of foreign languages—it being said, for example, that he spoke and wrote

German like a native. It was plain that he had taken to a life of crime of deliberate choice; there was no earthly reason why he should not have done well in his proper calling; he got into mischief out of pure love of it.

"He can climb like a cat,' a detective informed me, not without admiration; "and the way he runs along house-tops from one end of a long row to the other, as easy as you and me walk on the streets, it's a sight to see. I tell you, sir, it's right down exciting work trying to catch him. He'll slip down from a roof by a fall-pipe two hundred yards farther on than where you could swear he's time to be. And, as you're not expecting him anywhere there, there'd be no catching him if he wasn't such a fool as to come peeping around where you are, just for the fun of seeing you baffled. That's what's done him every time.'

Every time meant nine times; such was the number of convictions recorded against him, all for similar offenses. He was a total abstainer and a non-smoker; he was not a gambler; his one vice was burglary, and he did not appear to have made any serious attempt to settle down to his proper employment as corresponding clerk, since he first exchanged the desk for the house-top—he entered premises always by an attic window — at 25 years old. By the accident of habitually appearing before a lenient judge, he had escaped sentence of penal servitude hitherto, as he escaped it now, being once more committed to hard labor.

"Send me somewhere right away," he begged of me on release; "my people want to have no more to do with me; the chaplain tried them all, saying a good deal better of me than I deserved; I knew he was overdoing the thing, and they'd see through it. It was all because I translated some theological stuff for him from the German that he made up his mind what a lot my people ought to do for such an ornament of the family. But it didnt impress them. They know me such a lot better than his reverence does. I don't blame them. They have given me many a fair innings, and I've never scored a run for them yet. It's against common-sense that they should have me back in the family team."

"So you can play cricket," I remarked, "as well as do a good deal else in the way of accomplishments. What is there exactly that you have not had a try at? They tell me that in prison you've been bookbinder, clerk, printer, painter, and even steeple-Jack, which would do very well, I should say. Out of prison you've been foreign correspondent, humant cat, burglar, cricketer, deaf mute, and I don't know what else. How came you to play the deaf mute, by the way?"

"Just a whim, sir; to baffle the authorities a bit, and for sport; that was all," he answered with a grin. Then he went on:

"It may sound strange, but it's absolutely true: I can't resist an attic window. Wherever I go, my eyes naturally turn upwards. I notice how careless most people are with their upper windows, and I feel just bound to show them they are mistaken in their view that nobody can get in there. It's a case of being ruined by one's gifts, if you like; taking a pride in being able, as the police say, 'to run up a pipe and play about on a roof, like a cat.' I shall never do any good where there are houses with attics, or with any sort of upper story.

"I should be out of all temptation on a sailing ship. I could climb the rigging, and do no harm to anybody. Or an Indian wigwam village might do, or a Bedouin encampment—no attics there, I understand.

"The chaplain told no more than the truth, though my people could not be expected to believe it, when he described by angelic conduct in prison. I'm quite a cherub there. They mostly give me a bit of climbing, painting spouts, or, sometimes, even

attending to the coping of a tall chimney, and the recreation keeps me straight; besides, the top windows are barred like the rest, and beyond me anyhow.

"Send me somewhere out of the country, to sea for choice; I shall be at my accomplishments, as you call them, again, if I stay in a civilized community."

He was a strange person. Apart from his candidly admited fondness for burglariously entering dwelling houses by attic windows, he was like any other sharp, intelligent, healthy man, and could do well if he cared.

While I talked with him a letter was delivered from a shipping office asking for men. I resolved to give him a start on a sailing ship, as he desired. There was no reason to suppose that he would put anybody aboard to inconvenience, while he could easily adapt himself to a new sphere.

He sailed, and for twelve months I heard nothing but good of him. Then he went ashore at Colombo, and, failing to come aboard when the ship was ready to leave the port, was left behind.

I heard no more of him until last November, when the fact of his existence was recalled by receiving from him a letter, to my mind most diverting, calculated admirably to cause one to forgive all that is recorded against him. It was also most difficult to arrange and follow, being written on five and twenty different scraps of faded yellow paper, and in a scrawl with a blunt lead-pencil, often illegible, so that words had to be guessed at and filled in. I present this letter, and, later, another following, as nearly as I can make them out:

"Somewhere in blessed Mesopotamia," runs the one which reached me first, "a poor deaf mute, a slender, swarthy, agile Bedouin, about my own age, and so like me, but for the clothing, that I could own him as a brother—somewhere in this blessed land, that afflicted creature wanders, all unable to comprehend what his Mohammedan countrymen, their Turkish masters, and the German superbosses are about.

"Respecting his affliction as by the hand of Allah, they suffer him to wander among their camps and entrenchments. They gaze upon him, half-amused, half in pity, as he views exposed cannon and machine guns in childlike wonderment; they lead him along labyrinths of trenches for the pleasure of seeing his terror at the engines of destruction which bristle in concealed places; they give him of their food, and, as he eats, they talk over their plans, and the German and Turkish commanders issue instructions: for he is deaf, he cannot hear: he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. They know they have nothing to fear from him.

"Having meandered about till he is weary for a change, he essays to move on, and none stay him. He is afflicted and bewitched; he must be pitied and let alone, lest any tormenting him should be likewise smitten, or perish.

"Thus he wanders from camp to camp, his great, dark, frightened eyes seeming to go ever darker, more lustrous, and more terror-stricken, as he beholds preparations for he knows not what, but fears them as portending evil.

"Now and then he hovers about our lines. But mostly he shuns the society of infidels. Some of our men found him yesterday, a poor starveling; he had wandered up to our defenses, seemingly ready to perish. They brought him in and set food before him. He ate ravenously, then spat on the ground, and looked for all the world like cursing the infidel dogs who had rescued and fed him. His face was a perfect study of mingled fear and impotence and rage. They tried to make him hear or speak, but failed. He grew weary of their attentions, and mooned off to headquarters, where somehow he secured admission.

"Of course they would be quite un-

able to glean from him the barest atom of that large store of information he must posses about the enemy's positions, defenses, numbers, and what not. He has eyes to see, if he has not ears to hear, but, alas! he is mute, and he cannot write. If our staff could only know what he has to tell were he willing and able! It might easily mean saving the lives of thousands of men, and wealth beyond the price of a king's ransom.

"He is uneasy as I write. It looks as though he were ready to move on. Likely enough he will leave here soon. I wonder if I dare trust this letter to him? I will risk it, I think. There is little in it, and the paper is not valuable; it is the best I can find. I have often wished to write to you, just to let you know that I am doing my bit for Britain, under this scorching sun, out in Mesopotamia the blessed. It has struck me that I may as well break silence in describing one who is as I once essayed to be. Certainly he makes a much better mute than I did; but then, those wretched police were so confoundedly incredulous! Perhaps he isn't really a bit more clever, only more fortunate in dealing with true children of Allah instead of suspicious Christian dogs like those with whom I had to do.

"Well, he may lose the envelope containing these bits, exactly as if out of a waste-paper basket, or destroy it; but I will take the chance. If it fails to reach you, you will not miss it. If it does reach you, spare a prayer for this poor Bedouin outcast, for sake of the deaf mute you tried to talk with once in a police cell, far away.

"I shall be longing to know whether this reaches you, for I have a strange faith in this mute—a sort of brotherly confidence—and I beg you to write early and often if you get this invitation, as I somehow think you will. When you have written, care of that friendly Arab, as directed, I will send you a full account of my doings since my disapearance eight years ago, always supposing that in the meantime a fairly adventurous cat has not been unfortunate enough to lose his ninth life."

So he was with the British force in Mesopotamia, acting as a spy, rendering that dangerous and invaluable service to his country in the guise of a Bedouin, and in his old role of deaf mute! It took my breath away when the truth dawned. Then, gradually, I realized his special fitness for such service—his command of the German tongue, which I knew of already, and his aptness for learning languages, which had doubtless enabled him to acquire an easy flow of Turkish and Arabic during his eight years' residence in the East. There was biting irony in the remark that the man so like him as to be recognizable as his brother—himself, of course—stood mute among an unsuspecting enemy: "they give him of their food, and, as he eats, they talk over their plans, and the German and Turkish commanders issue instructions: for he is deaf, he cannot hear; he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. They know they have nothing to fear from him."

I felt so proud of the rogue that I set out straightway to seek his parents. It was a vain quest. They had died, one four, the other five years ago. Their son had "come to honor, and they knew it not." He was an only child, and I could find no relation living in the locality. I returned quite disappointed, because there was no one near to him whom I could tell of his doings, and of whose delight I might write.

It was consequently an unworthy sort of reply that I made to his fascinating letter; there was really so little to say beyond expressing my own admiration of the service he was rendering, and the hope that he would come safely through every hazardous mission. I posted the letter to a curious address which he gave, not without misgivings, for I wondered why on earth I could not have been told to send it to the Brit-

ish Expeditionary Force.

In February I heard from him again:

"How an evil reputation clings to a fellow, to be sure! I never said I was playing the part of deaf mute. I talked of one sufficiently like me to pass as my own brother, but, please, teacher, I didn't say it was me! Do, please, give him the credit he has earned. Don't rob him of it to pass it on to a rascal like me.

"He deserves your sympathy. For affliction has been added to affliction. He got my letter posted, it seems—at our military postoffice, likely; then he meandered off once more amongst his true believing brothers, with whom he stayed over Christmas, although the children of Allah would know nothing of the Christian festival, of course.

"A deserter who came into our lines told how the mute's visit to our camp had become known to the enemy, and how he was received back by his brethren with some suspicion. They fired rifles immediately behind his ears to see if he would start at the sound; they marched him up to a big gun and stood him beside it till the air concussion of a score explosions caused him to bleed from ears and nostrils. He was deaf as a stone; it was evident that he heard not the semblance of a sound. They were satisfied about his hearing, but could he speak, after all?

"Hot irons applied to various tender parts were reckoned one good means for proving this; these being ineffective, though he will bear their scars to his grave, they tried tearing out a finger-nail or two; tears rained down his cheeks, but he uttered no more than a guttural moan. They were convinced. The more callous amongst them swore frightful oaths; the more pious prayed lest vengeance should fall upon them for adding to the sorrows of one whom Allah had afflicted. Afterwards they treated him with marked kindness; so this deserter told. He was wandering up and down the camp, nearly recovered from the wounds their cruelty had inflicted, when he who gave this information left the place for reasons of health, as he said. But he was a fine liar, and nobody could believe all he said. As there were Germans with the Turks and Arabs, however, the cruelty his tale told of might well be true.

"It was true. A week later the mute turned up in our lines for the last time. Gangrene had supervened that wrenching out of finger-nails. The doctors had to take off his left arm. Then a marvel happened. He began to speak. Vengeance fell heavily upon those miserable followers of the true prophet for their lack of charity. He gave away all their plans, describing their positions, and batteries, and encampments with a precision and accuracy I should never have thought possible in a simple child of the desert.

"He is rather a wreck now; perhaps they gave him poor food when they suspected him of treachery, poor beggar; for it turned out that the deserter's tale was substantially true; and he certainly had drunk foul water, for dysentery was added to the trouble with his arm, and the doctors had enough to do to pull him through. Everybody was wondering what would become of the poor body, when he coolly told that he had a little place of his own not a thousand miles from Aden. Once he got there, he said, he would do nicely. A wife and three bonny children were awaiting his return home. He had been settled in that district eight years, and, hearing there was war, had felt his blood stirred with a longing to take some part 'for George' in the fight, calling our gracious King by name in a fashion perhaps excusable in one so long a mute.

"By strange fortune, I have my place not far from Aden, too; and a wife and three children waiting, also, for my return; and I have lost an arm, and had dysentery; how like we are, to be sure! Well, I cannot blame you if you still refuse to own my

brother. But I shall not forsake him —I shall stick to him like his very shadow—for he has earned by respect.

"We are 'blood brothers,' as he says, having gone through the same dangers, fought in the same company, and been wounded with the same wounds. We will retire together, honorably discharged, unfit for further active service. We will make our way together to that little spot near Aden which is home to us both. Perhaps I will tell you more of him when we get there.

"I must say a word or two about myself in my closing lines. I saw the little place I have mentioned as we sailed up the Red Sea, and I was dreaming of it all the way back to Colombo. I could not get it out of my mind, so I left the ship and returned there.

"I had fallen in love very badly with a bit of country, beautifully situated on rising ground, and plentifully wooded. I cannot for the life of me tell why, but of course there was a woman in it, seen at Aden. I made up my mind to do something to enable me to make my home in that spot, even if I could only manage to visit it at holiday time.

"The stars favored me. The little spot I had seen from the ship became my home. I have a wife there; if I brought her to Europe people would turn up their noses because she is not white-skinned; but she is pure as a lily, and her heart is like gold. She is much more British, too, than many of her white sisters who call themselves Englishwomen. She did not demur for an instant when she saw I longed to take a hand in the fight. Nay, she made it easy for me to go, letting me understand that she was quite able to run our little plantation whilst I was away.

"Unfortunately she cannot read or write. I have heard nothing of her since I left home last June, and I am anxious to know how she is doing. I don't care who knows, either; I'm longing to see her again, as pretty a mother of as pretty a couple of girls and as bonnie a lad as ever were born. What do I care if they are dark-skinned? If I were not swarthy, where would my bit of spying have come in? There, I have given the whole show away now! I may as well tell you how it came about; for really it is pride that causes me to write at all.

"Whilst I tried to conceal my bit of work I did want you to know that that scamp of a deaf mute who put you to the trouble and expense of sending him to sea, only to desert his ship within a year, had British blood and British pluck in him, and the devilment helped more than it hindered him when the time for action came.

"I know no army drill; besides, I guessed they might sniff out my character if I applied for enlistment. It struck me that I might work off that deaf and dumb trick on the Arabs and Turks, and I felt I could perhaps bring a little information in if I came across any German officers. Well, it came off; and three finger-nails, and then an arm, came off with it; and a few scars which won't come off were added for a sort of make-up. But I played the game better than I did when less depended on it. I think it was worth playing; all the more as our own men were about as mystified as the rest—all but one or two, who learned something from the Bedouin mute which I hope will help their plans a little.

"I have slipped away as quietly as I came. I could do no more good there, a bit of a wreck physically, and my spy game played out. But somebody is waiting for me at home, thank God. I wish everybody could be sure of such a welcome as I shall get. It will pay for all. Good luck to you, sir: good-bye."

"About how many letters do you get a week?" a magistrate asked me, after piecing together the five-and-twenty scraps of paper comprising the former, and the seven-and-twenty comprising this, and reading the contents with keen interest. I replied that I

receive a weekly average of a hundred and twenty.

"Well," he continued, "if the war lasts twenty years, and your supply of letters is maintained, you'll get none more strange than these among all the hundred and twenty-four thousand odd you stand to receive. It's the oddest story of real life I ever read. You ought to put it in a book. It's as good as a novel, and more interesting, because it's true. They ought to give that fellow the Victoria Cross. He's a brick, and no mistake.

BALLADE OF SAMUEL

My Sammy's sailed over the sea
To hunt for the Hun who would fight him.
So thoroughly germ-proof is he
Not even a cootie will bite him.
His gun is a thing to delight him
When after old Willy he dashes;
Oh, shoot him, dear Sam, then ignite him,
But bring me the Kaiser's mustaches.

My Sammy's tin hat doth decree
That is's useless for Teutons to smite him.
His socks were all knitted by me;
Even that has no power to affright him.
There's only one thing can excite him,
'Tis the towns that are lying in ashes.
Willy's wrong, but my Sammy will right him
And bring me the Kaiser's mustaches.

Though Sammy's a private, you'll see,
As soon as they've time to requite him,
An officer's handsome he'll be;
The king will perhaps want to knight him.
Then, when he comes home, we'll invite him
To show off his wounds and his gashes;
An honor 'twill be just to sight him.
Oh, bring me the Kaiser's mustaches!

Envoy

France, Sammy will soon disunite him,
Spread him all over Europe in splashes,
For he'll blow up Berlin when I write him
To bring me the Kaiser's mustaches.

—Edith Wade Hart.

Right From the Shoulder

By Joseph T. Kescel

DOGS! They came from every nook and corner. Big, yellow, snarling mongrel brutes, falling over one another as they closed in on our mules, their white fangs showing clear in the moonlight.

A vicious kick from my saddle mule which landed on the gaunt side of a lean, mangy cur, caused it to slink away, howling with pain.

The voice of our prospective host, Don Roberto, greeted us effusively above the barking, yelping pack as he made his way through them, to our outfit. Introductions, in good Spanish, were made by Miguel, my guide. That is, it would have been quite good, were it not for the peculiar nasal sound, caused by his voice echoing through the nostrils, opened wide by a revolutionist's rusty sabre, which had sliced off about half his nose.

One by one the dogs were cursed to cover, and then I asked, in accordance with the custom of the country, about the health of Don Roberto, each and every member of his family, and condition of the crops and few head of livestock.

The same performance was repeated by Miguel, who added, as he glanced at the early evening stars, "Now we must continue on our journey."

"Yes, indeed we must," I agreed, remembering my promise to sanction whatever he might do to obtain food and lodging.

Don Roberto feigned surprise, and then went on, "Why—the hour is late and the way long? I insist upon your staying here. My heart would bleed, should you go tonight."

All of this, I knew, was just the regular wrinkle of the country, and I waited Miguel's reply, which was not long in coming. "Don Roberto, it is good of you," he said, "to ask us to stay, but Senor Daw and I would not think of imposing upon your generosity." There was deep feeling in his voice as he added, "Accept from us a thousand thanks, but we could not put you to this inconvenience."

"Senores, I insist," Don Roberto, bowing low, removed his old, homemade straw hat. "It would pain me to have you resume your journey. Not much have I here, but what there is, I gladly place at your command."

"No! No!" Miguel lied again. "We could not consider troubling you. A little food for the Senor, and perhaps some maize for the animals, would, however, be greatly appreciated, for we have had nothing since leaving San Jose at daybreak. Not much you know, just a little. Enough to last until we reach Catalina, but if this would inconvenience you ——"

"Stop! I will not permit you to proceed this night." Don Roberto stamped his foot and tried to look as if he meant every word.

Miguel had gained his point, the Don likewise, and the customary horseplay of the Central American republic had been duly preserved. We were to have food for ourselves and animals. Shelter was of no consequence, for it was more comfortable sleeping outside of the flea-infested shack, anyway.

We followed Don Roberto into the one-room, thatch-roof hut, dimly illuminated by pieces of pitch-soaked pine, stuck into lumps of clay, from which clouds of smoke escaped through the holes under the eaves. At the far end of the room, on a rough cot, constructed of hewn slabs, lay a

woman, who at intervals moaned in a weak voice.

"My wife, Senor," he replied, in answer to my questioning glance. "She has been ill for several days. Food refuses to stay within her stomach.

"I have tempted her with corn bread, the maize of which I ground with my own hands. Also have I offered her the best of frijoles, cooked with quantities of grease. And eggs, too, Senor, but always she is the same. Perhaps the Senor has some medicine? Just a little,—enough to bring back her health? Americans know everything and I am sure you will do all within your power."

Heavy corn cakes, beans soaked with grease, and eggs, probably swimming in rancid lard! Right off I figured that she was suffering from lack of nourishment. In my saddle bag I had a box of bouillon cubes. In less than a minute one was prepared in an earthenware dish, half filled with hot water.

"The medicine, Senor Daw, has worked wonders," said the Don, with another spurt of native horseplay, an hour or so later. "She is stronger and so is her voice. You have our blessings, and we will never forget you."

It was now quite late, and as we wanted to hit the trail before dawn, so as to dodge the heat of midday, I suggested retiring. Declining the hospitality of a grass mat on the floor, I made up another cup of bouillon for the woman and then stepped outside.

Three-thirty appeared to come round before I fairly dozed off. With a bound I jumped from the hammock and awakened Miguel, who turned over with a pathetic grunt as my big toe poked his ribs. The roar of the river now attracted my attention, and as Don Roberto came from the house I questioned him.

"Very likely heavy storms above," he replied. "It happens often, but the water will recede in time."

"The river high? Damn the river," I exploded. "Why couldn't it wait until after we made the ford?"

"It goes not down at any man's command," came the Don's polite but exasperating retort. "I have seen people here for days, much as they wished to be on their way."

"How is the wife this morning," I cut in, feeling sure he was getting ready for a long story about all the travelers whom the high water had ever marooned at his place.

"Much improved, and the medicine has worked wonders. Well did she sleep throughout the night," he fervently answered. "You truly have our blessing, Senor."

At daylight I took a good look at the river. There was no question about it. Nothing could live in that seething, muddy, on-rushing flood. When I got back, Miguel and Don Roberto were exchanging knowing glances, and squinting from beneath their raised hands, at a number of approaching horsemen, who were still some distance up the trail. Don Roberto guessed my thoughts, and replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Revolutionists, probably!"

Nothing so strange about that in this country. Anybody had the privilege of proclaiming himself president, if he showed enough nerve to appoint a thousand or so generals, who scratched up a few privates, and the thing was on.

The gallant leader in this case was General Carlos Sanchez, a small, flat-paunched, black-haired individual, whose swarthy cockroach face showed a tiny, well-waxed moustache, curled up at the ends, the regulation Indian high cheek bones, and a pair of jet, pig-like eyes.

"Quien Vive?" he roared at us, waving a rusty old sabre above his shabby straw sombrero, as he galloped up with his band. I took Don Roberto and Miguel's cue in yelling "Vivas" for the right man, and even added, while swinging my hat in the air, "Down with the dictator, long live the liberator." I had gone through this before and knew the system well.

The General's shoe button eyes questioningly took me in. "How are you, Senor," he said, after dismount-

ing and forking over a greasy paw. "You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes sir, I am an American, Daw by name, a mining engineer, and at your service, Senor," I replied, knowing it was better to let him have the whole thing at once, to save time.

"I thought so! I am a great friend of the Americans, and General of this grand army." He proudly waved his hand at the fifty ill-clad natives, astride their bony nags.

The General got down to business with a rush, after the introduction was over. "I have been admiring your revolver, Senor," was his next play. Then he continued in a decidedly polite manner, while fingering an end of his dinky moustache, "also the belt and holster. Of course, just now, I have no money, but after the revolution, much will I possess. You see, the belt fits me well, Senor," he smirked, buckling it around his skinny waist. "I am sure you will dispose of them. Is it not so?"

"Could not think of asking anything in return for such a trifle," I good naturedly answered. "Keep it, General, as a token of my esteem."

"It is noble of you, Senor. I have always desired a revolver of this make. And your hat," again he smirked. "I notice it is of the pattern worn by military men in our army. May I look at it?"

I handed him the hat. "Certainly, General, here it is."

"Senor, it fits exactly, and I desire this very much," he chuckled, as the hat settled down on his big ears, which alone kept it from covering the greater part of his face. "Could you not be persuaded to dispose of it? Of course, I have no money, but after the revolution——" Then as an afterthought he graciously smiled, and handed me his own ragged straw in return.

"You Americans are so good, and many friends have I among your countrymen." He now spotted my watch chain, smirked once more, and the words, "Ah-h-h, Senor, I perceive you have a watch," bubbled joyously from between his big white teeth. "Could I not examine it? Ah-h-h! It far surpasses my own," he exclaimed, the instant his greasy fingers clutched the yellow case.

"Mine is marked plainly, 'The Dollar Dream,' while yours has a name entirely unfamiliar. Usually, my watch is an excellent time piece, but of late it has not been running well. At sunrise it says 'midday,' when I know it is but early morning. I adjust it, then by the middle of the afternoon it denotes the hour of midnight. This is not as it should be, Senor, and I find it very inconvenient, especially to a busy man like myself.

"Could you not be induced to dispose of your beautiful timepiece? Just now, of course, I have no money, but——"

"Take it, General!" I knew there was nothing else to say. This genteel way of being cleaned out, however, made me feel hot under the collar. But what could I do about it, with those fifty slab-faced coyotes watching every move?

"Men, come here," he shouted, "see the beautiful watch presented to me by the Senor Americano. All of these things you will have, too, when victory is ours.

"I notice, Senor," he went on, before his men had a chance to look, "that you have a small leather trunk over there by the house," and he pointed to my suitcase, lying beside the door. "Does it not contain something that will add to the appearance of my rank? I know you, Senor Daw, would be pleased to have me look it over," he beamed, at the same time motioning Miguel to bring the suitcase to his side.

My blue serge dress-up suit tickled him almost to death. "The fit is perfect," he gurgled, "I am positive you will dispose of it."

"Sure," and I just had to laugh, for his two by four frame filled it out no better than a fourteen-year-old American kid would have done. It fit in spots. You could have dropped one of Don Roberto's dogs in the waist

band of the trousers, and more than six inches of the legs dangled around his ham feet. The coat covered him up from the nape of his dirty neck almost to the knees. All this, coupled with that billiken face, peering out beneath my hat, certainly made a striking picture.

Stooping over to turn up the trouser legs, his pig-like eyes fell upon my clean linen, neckties and shoes, still in the suitcase.

"Ah-h-h! A pair of shoes!" This time he appeared really overcome and tried to slip a big foot into one of my number nines.

"Faugh!" They were thrust aside with a disgusted grunt, and he said, looking up into my only half-sober face, "they are too small, you have feet like a woman. This indeed provokes me!"

"General," I gulped back a laugh, and then continued, "it pains me much that my feet are small. I am indeed, very, very sorry. It would please me, however, to send you a larger pair, when I reach Catalina."

"Would you, Senor?" Right away his voice hit the jubilee cords, and he wound up, "Then we will journey together to Catalina!"

Just because that blamed river was up, I was obliged to stand there and be relieved of over two hundred dollars' worth of stuff. I began to wonder where this disposing stunt was to stop. For reasons of my own I was anxious to retain the shirt and riding breeches. In exchange for my shoes and breeches I was given a pair of dirty muslin trousers and two old sandals.

But, thanks to the General's generosity, my shirt remained with me. Therein lay my real hope. All the money I possessed, he informed me, would be borrowed until after the revolution. As he was so anxious about the shoes, I was now fairly satisfied that I would reach Catalina in safety.

We spent a most pleasant day at Don Roberto's little ranch, my only distraction being the preparation of several more doses of bouillon for his wife, who was now up and fussing around. According to the General, it was pronounced the best day of his life. What he would have missed if the river had been normal? Yes, and what I missed because it was not.

Stars had been out a long time before he suggested, "It is late, we will retire. Since we are good friends, you may sleep by my side, an honor I would grant no other."

At dawn Miguel reported the river normal, and we arranged to pull out. Don Roberto demanded money from me, but he was instantly silenced.

"Money? Money, you dog?" the General's tone was cold and he looked Don Roberto over in disdain.

"The Senor, as you already know, has lent me what money he had with him. He, like myself, is an honest man, and will pay you when he travels this way some other time. You should kiss his hand instead, for did he not restore to your wife the best of health?"

When within sight of Catalina, the General informed me we would camp there till morning. "You see, Senor," he apologized, "I desire more of your company, and cannot bear the idea of your being among strangers. We will go into the city just before the train arrives. You can then purchase the shoes you wish so much to give me. I hope you will have no difficulty in obtaining them."

"I think not, General. I have a friend in Catalina, Senor Edwards, whose office is near the station. With him, your shoes are assured."

"You Americanos are so wonderful!" Once more the General's swarthy face lighted up with joy, the same as a kid who'd just been given a new toy. "I might ask, though," his voice was full of meaning, "that you talk with this friend in Spanish. It is my mother tongue and sounds sweet. You will not forget?"

Would I forget? Indeed not! I had been too long in the country. This pig-eyed shrimp had arranged it well. We would arrive in Catalina shortly before train time. I would borrow

enough money from Charley Edwards to buy a pair of shoes, and then a little later, be shoved into a car and told to keep quiet. There was no use making a fuss. The town was "revolutionist" clear through.

A lone clerk, whom I knew well, tried to conceal his amusement over the exchanged costumes, as we entered Charley Edwards' outer office.

"Senor Edwards is not in at present," he said in response to my query. "Will you not step into his private office and wait?"

Holy Poker, Charley was out! And it looked as if my chance, to be alone with that overdressed insect for a few minutes, was coming, and I was plumb tickled to death to think that his slab-faced band were still camped in the foothills. My heart thumped against my ribs and I glanced at the General, awaiting his reply. The clerk looked so pleased at my having got the worst of it, that no help could be expected from him.

Charley's private office seemed to suit the General, and we at once made ourselves at home, after he had closed and locked the door.

"Have a cigar, General?" I asked, handing him a box which had lain on Charley's desk. He first loaded his pockets and then slipped one in his mouth.

Scarcely had the cigar been lighted, when I systematically began to scratch each and every section of my anatomy. "Caramba," I blurted out, making a dig at my left side, "my friend's office seems to be alive with fleas! Do you not notice them, General?"

His face relaxed and he replied dryly, "You Americans make much of little. They never trouble me!"

"Wish I could say the same," I came back at him, "but you, of course, are much the stronger of the two."

At this he straightened up and twirled the dinky little moustache with one hand, while flicking the ashes from his cigar with the other, wholly absorbed in his own greatness. Squatting there, with arms enough for five men, he felt himself mighty secure.

When he caught me rubbing my bare ankles together, to dislodge another imaginary flea, he threw back his head and roared. His pig eyes narrowed into slits, when the next moment, he stared into the muzzle of a small calibre automatic, which I jerked from inside the shirt I had been so anxious not to dispose of on the previous day.

A shoulder gun was something entirely new to him, and I had been mighty careful, while he searched me the day before, to keep my arm well down over the little weapon, as it lay snug beneath my armpit. The calibre was small, but I bet it looked larger than a field piece to the General.

"Get out of those clothes, and be in a devil of a hurry about it, too," I snapped, after removing all of his artillery.

The General hustled out of them in good time, considering his surprise and fright. With each piece turned over I worked off a good many of those polite phrases used on me, while I was being cleaned out back at Don Roberto's. And I certainly laid them on thick, too.

He bucked up a little when I unfastened his heavy leather money belt. The cold muzzle of the automatic, jabbed against his bare ribs, soon fixed that, and he squealed like a scared pig.

"Ah-h-h! It contains quite a large amount of money, Senor!" I said, hefting the belt. "All that you took from me and considerably more must be here! I can make use of every centavo, for my wardrobe must be replenished. It would be painful, to wear any of the clothing longer than is necessary for me to reach my destination, as it may still be alive with some of your vermin friends."

When the whistle of the approaching train sounded throughout Catalina, the General lay wiggling, helpless as a lamb, in a corner of the office.

His empty money belt was wrapped tight around his ankles, one leg

of the trousers given me in exchange for my riding breeches binding his hands, the other serving as a gag to muffle the frightened gurgles which rumbled in his skinny throat.

"Adios, General," I chuckled, and grinned down, noting with a connoisseur's eye that his brown body matched to a shade the brick floor on which he was sprawled.

"Adios," I pompously repeated, after which I slipped from the window, waved a fond farewell, and then with my suitcase, hustled for the railroad station, which was only a short block away.

WE TWO

Gayly we danced 'mong fragrant flowers,
Or wandered by the murmuring stream.
Joyous we passed the fleeting hours,
Made bright by youth's sweet golden dream,
We two.

With beating hearts we whispered low
Of happiness the years might bring,
And pledged, with loving eyes aglow,
That to the selfsame path we'd cling,
We two.

We parted, but with courage true,
To country's need we gave our all,
Our mutual vows we pledged anew;
Then turned to heed the world's great call,
We two.

Divided now by land and sea,
Though hopes are shattered, joys are past,
We shall forever faithful be,
Truly united to the last,
We two.

—Anna M. Baker.

The Little Picture Bride

By Mabel Sunter

"Strange, passing strange!*****
O'er moor and field a lurid glare
Burns fierce, and there stands revealed
A fox—and yet again
The Phontoms seems to wear
The aspect of a maiden fair."

Old Japanese Poem.

OHARU SAN was her name, Honorable Miss Spring, in Japanese. She had been a pupil of mine in the True Light Seminary in Tokio. Last summer I met her again, at a picturesque chaya, or tea house, beneath a clump of bamboos on the slopes of Fujiyama, overlooking the busy port of Yokohama. As she brought in the tea, bowing with the grace of a wind-touched flower, I thought of a day in early spring, so charmingly did her name fit the dainty figure in her grass-green kimona.

But in the young girl's slant eyes quivered a frightened look, and more than once I saw big tears roll down her delicate oval cheeks. "What is it, Haru?" I asked, when her sharp-featured wisp of a mother had left the room.

At the note of sympathy in my voice the girl drew a photograph from the sleeve of her kimona. "Oh, such an awful marriage have my esteemed parents made for me!" she whispered with a sob. "See, Miss Ritchie, this is his picture. Does the honorable lady think I can marry a man with a face like that? I cry and cry, and my mother scolds and scolds.

It was the picture of a squat Japanese, with a broad face thickly dotted with pock marks, broad nose, puffy eyes and puffy, grinning lips—a man like the obese little images on sale in Oriental curio stores.

"His name is Takanuchi," the girl explained, brushing her sleek hair away from her high forehead. "He lives in Honolulu, in the Islands of the Silver Cane Fields, and he has sent to our village to get him a wife. But when I saw his bad looks, I said: 'Never, never can I be wife to such an ugly-faced man!'

"Besides," she added, a cherry blossom pink tinting the ivory white of her exotic face, "I am betrothed already, Miss Ritchie. How, then, can I marry this Takanuchi?"

"Tell me about it, Oharu," I urged.

"It was at school," she continued, in a voice which was like the cooing of a woodland dove. "He was visiting with his grandparents, but his father lives in the land where Takanuchi resides. He came many times to the school to visit his sister, and we loved each other; oh, so very, very much! His name is Yamamoto, but I call him by his English name, Philip. He is young, just like me, and he wears the Western dress. Oh, he is such an honorable good man! If I could marry with him I would be the happiest girl in the world!"

"And your parents, Oharu? They did not approve?" I questioned.

"Alas, great was their anger, Miss Ritchie! Because I had not asked their permission, they would make for me another marriage, they said. So when the old nakadachi, the go-between, asked for me in marriage to—this man," indicating the photograph with a scornful gesture, "they were only too glad, honorable teacher."

"Oh, surely not, Oharu!" I protested.

"Yes, they were only too glad," she repeated mournfully. " 'To be wife to so wealthy and powerful a man is illustrious honor for our foolish daughter.' Those were their very words, Miss Ritchie. And then the nakadachi sent him my picture, with which, alas, he was only too well pleased."

For an instant she paused, with an uneasy glance toward the door, then went on, in a low, hurried voice. "Already has he sent the marriage presents, Miss Ritchie; things of great value. And already has he sent the money for my long journey to the Islands of the Silver Cane Fields. The day of my leave-taking is now very near, honorable teacher, and my heart is filled with the sorrowful. Oh, is there no help for me?"

Before I could reply, the mother returned and glanced at us both suspiciously. "Aha! Tears and lamentations again!" she complained, seeing the girl's red eyes. "Can I not leave you one moment but you waste the time in foolish repining?"

In my most flowery Japanese I tried to placate the old woman.

"Aaa! spoiled, spoiled!" she cut in, boring me with her temper-squinted eyes as though I were to blame. "Six years I sent her to the Foreign Doctrine School, and behold the result!

"All day the rustic one studies the Western tongue, and even tries to teach it to us, her parents. She apes the unmannerly ways of Western women, scoffs at our revered customs, prates immodestly of marriage for love. Marriage for love! Aaa! Is it not written in our Sacred Books that a woman must follow the will of her parents in marriage?"

To this I made no answer, knowing that any effort to interfere would only result in more trouble for the young girl. Calling my jinricksha man I continued my journey, earnestly hoping that in those far away Islands of the Silver Cane Fields the much-feared Takanuchi would deal gently with the little transplanted maid.

Three weeks later I stood on the deck of the "Shinyo Maru" at Yokohama, homeward bound to America for a year's furlough. As I leaned over the railing where I could watch both steerage and cabin passengers come aboard, all at once on the dock there was a great commotion. An elderly couple pushed their way up the gang plank, dragging with them a young girl who protested most vigorously. It was Oharu San, my Spring Blossom!

A few moments later the last gong sounded and the old couple hurried ashore without the girl. A belated group of kimonaed women, laden with bundles, clattered aboard—picture brides bound for Honolulu and San Francisco to join husbands they had seen only by letter.

Presently the gang plank was lowered. Just as the big liner began to move Oharu came running up on deck. On seeing the widening expanse of water she sank to the floor with a little cry and hid her face in her hands.

I went to her and put my arms around her quivering form. "Haru," I said gently. "You have one friend on this boat."

"Miss Ritchie, Oh, Miss Ritchie," she sobbed, clinging to me with a grip that I could not loosen. "I'm afraid, afraid! Oh, is there no help for me?"

By the time she became quiet the vessel was plunging out into the open ocean, so I led her below and made her as comfortable as I could for the voyage. Each morning after this when the weather permitted the girl would creep on deck and sit by the railing, looking out wistfully toward her beloved Japan; each evening she would haunt the same place, her eyes fixed mournfully on the shimmering path of the half moon on the dark vast ocean. I shuddered at her constant cry, "I'm afraid, afraid! Oh, is there no help for me?"

The night before we reached Honolulu she spoke for the first time of her lover. "Do you know what I see down there, Miss Ritchie?" she asked as we looked over the railing together. "I see the face of my Philip, oh, such a loving, sorry face! Listen, Miss Rit-

chie, I hear him speaking. 'Oharu San, you must not do such a wicked thing as to marry that Takanuchi,' he says. 'Have you forgotten your promise to me?' "

Where the girl pointed I saw only the quicksilver glint of phosphorescent lights; I heard only the low protest of waves cut by the onward movement of the big steamer. In the mellow lights of the ship the girl seemed more spirit than human, and I began to fear for her reason.

"Only one more night," she went on in a tone of heart-rending pathos. "Would it had ten thousand hours! And tomorrow is my marrying-day. My—marrying—day! When I think of the years and years I must live with that man, perhaps till I am an old, old woman, my heart is filled with the sorrowful. Oh, how could my parents make for me such an awful, awful marriage?"

Like a flash, however, passed the night. Long before daylight we were steaming toward the island of Oahu in the Hawaiian group, through a sea so lazy that the great liner moved with scarcely a tremor. In the clear moonlight we could discern tree-shaded plains rising to meet low hills, that in turn ascended into cloud-crested mountains.

But early as it was, the little picture brides who were to go ashore at Honolulu had already been up for several hours, getting ready to land. From an upper deck, screened in the shadow of an awning, I watched their busy preparations to go ashore. Such elaborate arrangement of glossy hair! such jabbering of feminine tongues, like a treeful of birds at evening time.

One by one they at last went below, to array themselves in their wedding finery—richly embroidered silks or soft fine crepes. When the deck was finally clear, little Haru crept slowly up. For a few moments she stood motionless, her tragic face toward the still dark Western horizon. Then, just as the sun emerged full round above the island mountains, she threw down a crumpled bit of paper, turned suddenly, ran to the railing and started to climb over.

I screamed and covered my eyes. When I dared look again, to my relief, I saw that in lowering herself over the railing her loose sash or obi had in some way caught on a projecting hook, suspending her over the side of the moving steamer, desperately trying to jerk herself loose.

At my request the poor little thing was brought to my stateroom, but it was necessary to lock the door in order to keep her in. Did I not say that I was her friend? Then why should I not let her out? If she could not wed the man she loved, what reason had she to live? Would not her honorable friend graciously permit her to cross the Dark River to happiness?

It was many minutes before I could quiet her. When, finally, she lay still, I read her note, which a steward had brought to me. It was the girl's farewell to her lover, which as a last favor she begged that I her dear kind friend, would deliver.

To my delight I saw that the address was Honolulu, whose harbor we were even then entering. Impressed with the coincidence, I sent a wireless message to the Japanese Consulate, asking that the young man be found and sent to the Immigration Station as soon as possible. A difficult task, I well knew, for in a city of Honolulu's size there must be many Yamamotos. But for the girl's happiness a task well worth undertaking.

In half an hour the immigration officials had come aboard and had lined up the steerage passengers. Very soon there was a call for Oharu. At her request I went with her to the immigration station, where she was rigorously questioned concerning her right to enter the islands.

On seeing her photograph of Takanuchi, Mr. Harrington, the inspector in charge, stared at the girl in dismay. "You didn't come here to marry that man, did you?" he exclaimed.

She nodded. Her eyes filled with tears.

I explained the situation as well as

I could, and asked if there were no way out. Perhaps the man would fail to claim her.

"Oh, no fear about that," was the disconcerting reply. "He was round here before daylight this morning to ask if the steamer had been sighted. He'll be here, all right."

"Is he really such a dreadful man?"

"Well, he owns a good rice farm; he's honest, industrious, and all that, but he's a hard man to deal with. His countrymen call him The Shark."

"But can't Oharu be allowed to refuse him?"

"If there is some one else to claim her; a relative, for instance. Otherwise we'll have to deport her if she doesn't marry this Takanuchi."

Seeing my crestfallen look, he added, "Tell you what we'll do. We'll delay things awhile. That will give this other man you speak of a chance to put in an appearance."

Even while he spoke a knock sounded on the outer door.

"Great Scott, I bet that's Takanuchi now!" he gasped. "Get the girl out as quick as you can."

No sooner had we hustled her into an adjoining room than her fiance entered. He was accompanied by a Japanese minister, to perform the Western ceremony required of all picture brides before they were permitted to leave the station.

At the sight of the fellow my heart sank. He was homlier, far, than his picture. On near view his pock marks caught the eye like depressions on hammered brass. A two inch and a half new collar eclipsed his short neck, while his yellow-brown suit lay in dusty folds about his short, pudgy form.

"She come?" he inquired in a high staccato.

"Yes," replied Mr. Harrington gruffly. "She come, but you no can see now. She too much tired. You wait little bit."

The man's face darkened. "No good," he grunted. "I like see now. No got time to wait."

"But you no can see now. She sleep. Three o'clock, four o'clock you come back."

It was only after the utmost persuasion that the fellow was induced to go away. At frequent intervals he returned. At one o'clock he dragged an arm chair in front of the office window and sat down heavily. Crossing his short knees he commenced to roll cigarettes, at the same time keeping a sharp watch over everything that went on inside.

By half past three the man had become decidedly impatient, as I saw by the way he twitched his knobby fingers and scuffed his muddy shoes. Several times he had prowled around the wooden buildings, peering in at the windows; twice he had been in the office. "We can't hold him in much longer," observed Mr. Harrington uneasily. "He's from another island, and his steamer sails at five. Besides, he's getting suspicious. He thinks we're putting up a game on him."

At fifteen minutes past four Takanuchi scuffed away. In twenty minutes he returned accompanied by the minister and also by a policeman. "How long you think I wait?" he demanded angrily of Mr. Harrington. "You no bring girl out now, I go in get."

Seeing that further delay was impossible, I sadly went to bring the little maid. She was upstairs resting. As I entered she jumped up and came toward me. "Has he come, Miss Ritchie?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes, Oharu," I said gently. "He is waiting for you."

She put her little fingers in mine and silently came with me. As I led her in I saw Takanuchi blink with approval and lick his amatory lips. For several moments he studied her closely, consulting her photograph with every glance. "Good," he grunted at last. "I am much pleased. It is true that you have a beautiful look."

With a few gutteral words he dismissed the policeman, and then stepped to the young girl's side. To his surprise she shrank away from him.

"I—am only a poor girl—of ignoble

family," she stammered, with downcast eyes, "not worthy to be wife to the great Takanuchi. Surely my lord can wed with one far better than I."

Putting her conduct down to shyness, the great Takanuchi smiled good-naturedly. "Little one, you must not fear me," he purred. "In my eyes your grace and beauty have found great favor."

"Alas that I must displease my lord, but all my love is for another," she returned in a whisper. "And him shall I love till the day of my death."

"The honorable Takanuchi now knows all," she added wistfully. "Will he not graciously condescend to release me?"

Had Takanuchi been alone with the girl he doubtless would have struck her. As it was, he glowered at her and doubled up his fists. "Most unseemly conduct," he grunted. "By the law of Japan you are my wife already. How, then, can you marry another? Come, I have waited too long. There is yet another journey before the fall of the night."

The pitiful ceremony began.

"I, Oharu, take thee, Takanuchi, to be my wedded husband," stammered the girl of the East in the formula of the West.

I listened, sick at heart.

"Love, cherish and obey," faltered the low voice.

Why, oh, why, had Philip not come?

"Till death us do part."

There was a pause while Takanuchi fumbled for the ring. In his awkwardness he let it drop. On stooping for it, a minute ivory figure, shaped somewhat like a fox, fell from his coat pocket.

Quick as a flash the girl picked it up and hid it in her sleeve. An astounding change then came over her. She plucked at her clothes with twitching fingers; her breath came in convulsive gasps; her eyes stared glassily at some apparition on the opposite side of the room.

"It's over there," she said in a voice that sent cold shivers down my back. "Right over there. Don't you see it? Coming this way! Coming! Coming! Oh, go away, go away! You sha'n't come in, you sha'n't!"

All at once, with a piercing scream, Oharu tore her kimona open at the throat. "It's in!" she cried wildly. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? Go out, go out, go out!"

The minister picked up his hat and left in haste. Mr. Harrington and I stared at the girl like idiots. Takanuchi stood as if turned to stone.

In a high, cracked whine, utterly unlike her own soft accents, the girl spoke again. "I've come and I'll not go out! I'll stay, stay, s-t-a-y. Now, where is he, that man with the heart of a devil? Where is he?"

Her eyes sought each of us in turn and rested at last on the gaping rice farmer. "Ah, there he is, that man with the heart of a devil!" she cried. "Let me get at him! Let me get at him!"

With outstretched hands she advanced toward him.

"Kitsune tsuki!" he yelled, backing precipitately toward the door. "Kitsune tsuki! Possessed by a fox witch! possessed by a fox witch!"

Quickly intercepting him, Oharu chased him around the room, all the while uttering the querulous bark of the red fox that I have heard so many times in rural Japan. At last the fellow managed to tumble out of the open window, but on his dirt-rimmed fingers he bore the marks of the girl's sharp teeth. Down the street with the speed of a race horse he ran, his wind-bulged coat making him look like a runaway dumpling.

After he was out of sight Oharu straightened up and looked at us with a mischievous smile. "See what Takanuchi had in his pockets?" she laughed, holding up the tiny image. "It is a charm against the wicked fox witch. When I saw it, the thought came quick to me: 'Oharu, frighten him and he will let you go!'

"You thought I was crazy," she added gleefully, "but Takanuchi thought the fox witch had got into me, and would get into him also. That

was why he tried to run away. He was afraid of me.

"I beg the pardon of my honorable friends for my most impolite conduct," she concluded, archly, "but it was the only way!"

But even while she smiled her lips trembled. I knew of whom she was thinking. And then I told her how even at that very moment her lover might be on his way to her.

At first she did not understand. Then she came to me and took hold of my dress with both hands, like a little, little girl.

"I shall be the happiest girl in the world, Miss Ritchie," she whispered brokenly. "Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

And then he came! A tall young man of soldierly bearing and polished manner, with a great love for little Oharu.

As the "Shinyo Maru" glided out of the harbor in the glow of a wonderful twilight, I was glad that the future of my little picture bride was to be spent in those color-splashed Islands of the Silver Cane Fields, side by side with the man of her own choice.

HER TEARS

She held them fast within her heart
So that her own might know
That she was just as brave to stay
As he was brave to go.

She keeps them back although they burn
Behind her steady eyes. . .
Her strength is like a glowing sun
That shines in cloud-swept skies.

When he can say his duty's done
He'll hear her softly croon
Beneath a happy, healing rain. . .
Oh! May her tears fall soon!

—Belle Willey Gue.

Art and the Scientists

By F. H. Sterns, Ph. D.

I.

IF AN artist proposed seriously to examine and to pass judgment upon the results of my scientific labors, I would strongly resent it. I would be filled with righteous indignation. I would inform him in no uncertain terms that his opinions were worthless, that moreover they were not wanted, and that the proper course for him to follow would be to mind his own business. I would expect him then to feel completely squelched and to relieve me from further molestation.

Toward such an individual, my fellow scientists, I am sure, would think and act in exactly the same way. For in our own estimation we are a law unto ourselves. The vulgar and the uninitiated may not handle with impunity our sacred mysteries. The standards whereby we may be judged are of our own devising. These we may use, but no one else may measure us by them. And other people's standards simply do not apply.

But we acknowledge no Golden Rule. The right to examine the work of everyone else, we deem to be our prerogative. There is nothing above our criticism. Everything must meet the test of "our free and open scrutiny." We are the self-appointed judges of all mankind, and no one may hope to escape our judgment.

And so I, a scientist, propose seriously to examine and to judge the results of artistic endeavor, regardless of any resentment this course may arouse. I shall treat works of art exactly as I would the products of scientific labor. The creators of the one shall receive no more consideration than the creators of the other. Art will be judged solely from the standpoint of science.

Now, according to popular opinion, scientists know little or nothing about art. They are generally regarded as men wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and having a more or less distorted vision; as being cynics, or at least acting so; as analyzing everything—the beautiful included—and usually finding therein traces of something deemed by the average person to be detrimental to all ideal interests. Naturally they are supposed to have but little love for the aesthetic.

Except for the horn-rimmed spectacles, the popular conception fits the present writer well. He knows so little of art that if his friends thought him to be writing about it they would be amazed, and some of them might even chuckle. Indeed his entire knowledge of this field can be summarized in a very few words. He has learned, for example, of paintings in caverns of France and of Spain made some hundred thousand years ago, of walls sculptured and frescoed by the Mayas of Yucatan at the dawn of the Christian era, and of the crude representations of trivial events engraved by the Eskimo of today upon bone or ivory; but aside from such stray bits of anthropological information, his ignorance of his subject is profound.

Even so, in his method of approach, he has a legitimate excuse for thus dabbling in art. The application of a point of view elsewhere productive of important results may bring about a similar worthy contribution in this new field; the standards of criticism which have enabled science to progress so rapidly may perhaps be useful to its lagging artistic companion;

the experience gained in scientific investigations may develop something of value for aesthetic advancement; the vision of the scientist may open a little wider the eyes of the artist.

For science, too, has a vision no less than art, and its devotees have as lofty ideals. The concepts of the one are as noble as the concepts of the other. The laboratory is as uplifting as the studio. The savant receives as great an inspiration from the wonderland of nature as does the connoisseur. The portion of one in earth's lovliness is as large as that of the other.

II.

The scientist, however, does not claim a disproportionate share in the common heritage. He recognizes that the vision of the artist is fundamentally the same as his own, and hence possesses the same legitimacy. He concedes that harmony differs but slightly from his order and regularity, and hence has the same validity. He will grant that beauty is kin to his logical consistency as an attempt of the human mind to spiritualize the world, and hence has the same soundness. He will acknowledge that the connoisseur's idealization of nature is closely related to his interpretation of sense perceptions by intellectual categories, and therefore has the same justification.

Moreover, the slight differences in detail in two such similar visions, he can easily overlook, just as he does those of the separate sciences. Because he is willing that the mathematician should not look through the eyes of the geologist, he can concede to art its own view-point. As he does not require the physicist to think as the anthropologist, as he does not demand of the biologist the same concepts as of the astronomer, so he may grant to the artist a spiritual interpretation of nature differing from his own interpretation.

Furthermore the scientist will demand of art as the sole excuse for its being such an addition of ideals to the sense world. The exact reproduction of the universe is the business of science, and there is no need of a duplication of its endeavors. The careful description of things as they are is a work for a thinker rather than for a dreamer. The interpretation of natural phenomena as they actually occur is a function of the savant rather than of the connoisseur. Science itself may analyze, but it expects art to appreciate.

So no mere copying of nature will suffice, for in this the artist will always fall short. As the human eye can not see as far or as well as the modern lens, and as the human brain can not record as perfectly as the chemically sensitized plate, so the landscape of the greatest painter will always be inferior in accuracy to that of the mediocre photographer. As the human ear cannot compete with mechanical measures of sound, as human touch cannot compare with the micrometer or the balance, and as human taste and smell cannot detect that which the reagent or the spectroscope make clear, so the artist, depending as he does, entirely upon these senses, will spend his energies in useless effort unless he adds ideals to his sense perceptions.

These added ideals, however, must not contradict nature. The artist may omit or change details of his product as he chooses, but the resultant composition must be consistent with reality. He may introduce the supernatural into his painting, but it must not be incompatible with the natural. He may show in his work the soul of things, but he must not deny the flesh.

And so the name which he gives to his product will determine the alterations he may make in his sense perceptions. If he is endeavoring to give his impression of a dream, he may make water flow up hill; but if he is trying to portray a cataract, he may not do so. If he seeks to picture the spirit of running water, he may show any erosional structure he likes; but if he is drawing for us the Hudson river, his choice is limited to forms which occur on that stream. More-

over if he calls his work the Hudson at West Point, he must omit details which can be seen only at New York. Finally if his title is still more exact, then his freedom to alter nature is still further diminished.

Similar statements hold true for other artistic productions, as a few examples will show. As I have never seen a "nude descending a stairway," I do not know how startled I might be or what confused impressions my senses might receive; but I believe that I would recognize, perhaps dimly, a human form rather than a display of the Aurora Borealis or an explosion of a German mine. I have not visited Mandalay and so cannot judge the relative attractiveness of Burmese and English girls, but I do know that inland city is not on the west side of a bay from China. If the painting was labeled, "The dream of a man dying of concussion of the brain," and the poem, "Shandalay" or some other imaginary name fitting the meter and rhyme and conformable to Burmese phonetics, no scientist would object, but as they stand he feels that the artists were unjustly tampering with their materials.

Art, therefore, may substitute angels for the mechanical forces of the world, but these angels must behave in the same way as the forces they supplant. Art must idealize, but the idealization must not contradict the reality. The spirit of nature which artists conceive must be true to the facts of nature which they may observe.

III.

Hence for the scientist, art is an ideal representation of nature, and therefore is not to be judged by the standards of a "stunt." Artistic work is not a trial of strength with prizes for those who overcome the greatest obstacles, but an endeavor to express the deepest feelings of the human soul. The merit of the production lies not in the handicaps surmounted, but in the nobleness of the emotions aroused. The qualities essential to a masterpiece are not those efforts expended, but the results attained.

So the limitations of the creator will not excuse the faultiness of the creation. We do not inquire whether the scientist is properly trained, whether he possesses the requisite knowledge of the facts, or whether he has had sufficient time to devote to his work; nor do we judge his results by what could be expected of him; but, instead, we accept or reject his conclusions by their conformity or lack of conformity to all the facts known to all the observers, and by the most rigid tests of soundness any of his contemporaries or successors may devise. Likewise we must not ask whether the artist has learned the proper technique, whether he has become sufficiently familiar with his subject, or whether his labor was hastened because of fear of imminent death; nor must we decide upon the merits of his production by his capability; but, instead, we will approve or disapprove of his work by the most exacting standards of beauty any of his generation or succeeding generations may invent.

So we must not give the awards of success to inferior work merely because the workman could do no better. If by inheritance or circumstance thrust upon him he is unable to meet the most rigid tests, if by ancestral defect or by poverty or lack of education his soul is cramped or his power of expression undeveloped, we may sympathize with him and admire his pluck; but only because his product possesses inherent beauty may we exalt it as a masterpiece. If he has imposed limitations upon himself, if he has endeavored to conform to certain rules or the standards of certain schools, we may applaud his triumph over these obstacles or we may pay him well for thus amusing us; but we cannot give him the artist's palm unless he has presented to us a great spiritual message. If his age or his race has a false criterion of the beautiful, the creation judged to be perfect by that age or race, we must remove

from its pinnacle. No limitation of the artist whether inherited or self-imposed, whether personal or social, may influence us in our consideration of the aesthetic value of his work.

Likewise we must allow no influence in our judgment to imperfections in the material medium used. The scientist discards the instrument which will not record to the required degree of accuracy, and so the artist must discard that medium which will but imperfectly express his ideals. If the yard-stick will not suffice, the savant substitutes the micrometer; and so the connoisseur must use marble or the brush if granite is not properly adapted to his needs. Whether we work in science or in art, if certain things are not suited to our requirements we should reject them for others which are suited. The failure to choose the proper materials does not excuse poor work.

Achievement under difficulty is worthy of our admiration, but it must not warp our judgment. Art is something more than a contest of skill. It is more than an endeavor to win under the rules of the game. Art is more than a "stunt."

IV.

Hence, for the scientist, the product of artistic endeavor is not meritorious because of any obstacle overcome, but only because of intrinsic worthiness. This value, too, must be inherent in the work rather than in the workman. It counts for nothing that the artist is highly capable or learned, or that his own age or race ascribe to his art a high place. It is no importance that his reputation is great or that he has produced other works of much worth. Our judgment of artistic excellence of the creation must be divorced from any consideration of the creator.

Art, like science, must disassociate personalities from their achievements. As the scientific theory stands or falls by its degree of conformity to facts regardless of the rank of the scientist or his right to place after his name a Ph. D. or D. Sc. or F. R. S., so artistic work may be judged by its own beauty whether or not the artist be the painter to His Royal Highness or a member of the French Academy. As in science the conclusion of the merest nobody will be accepted against the word of a Newton or a Huxley if it is backed by sufficient evidence, so art must receive the work of an unnamed modern worker if it excels the creation of a Rembrandt. The merit of the product must be decided upon independently of any personal qualifications of the producer.

A man's production of a masterpiece adds nothing to the value of other things he has done. Darwin's demonstration of evolution gives no standing to his theory of sexual selection. Shakespeare is great because he has written great plays; but the greatness of his Hamlet does not render one whit less inferior some of the other poems ascribed to him. The mediocre and the commonplace remain such, even though other works of their creator attain the pinnacle of glory.

The reputation of the artist nor the traditional acceptance of his art do not constitute grounds for our acceptance of it. Because certain men are called "Old Masters," we do not, therefore, find less unreality or stiffness in their paintings, nor do the halos of their madonnas give them any greater glory. The fame of the creators cannot be passed on to the creations.

V.

Just as science insists that art place its ideal above its respect for the artist, so it demands that art make everything else subservient to that ideal. The technique of the work, for example, is of no consequence; but the spiritual meaning expressed for us by the technique or in spite of the technique counts for everything. The form matters not, but the content is all important. Not how was it done, but what was accomplished is the proper test of merit.

The scientist is not concerned

whether you write your field notes with a pencil or a pen or whether you keep field notes at all, he is not interested in your mannerisms of working nor in the style of your published conclusions; but he deems it of vital importance that you have made clear your results and that these should be valid.

So the artist must not be mindful of the way his fellows express their ideals, but he must take account in his judgment of the nobility and beauty of the ideals expressed.

Age, also, should have no consideration. It adds nothing to the beauty or truth of a thing, though there are many who seem to think it does. Indeed when something has become old, we ought to question seriously if it has not been surpassed. If Aristotle's science no longer has standing, and even the work of Darwin has had to prove itself for a new generation, why should the creations of artists, dead many centuries, be accepted as the standards for today? Why, after all, should we measure the value of art by the calendar rather than by the thermometer or the barometer? Why should mere antiquity have weight in aesthetic judgments?

Likewise why should one rave over an original, if a copy possesses greater beauty? Or why should one preserve the monument of the style of Queen Anne if a nameless monument is more beautiful?

Such questions are the sort which science asks of art. The one criterion of merit, it will accept is the expression of lofty ideals.

THE LAST CRUSADE

The valiant sword of Godfrey clangs anew,
  The soul of Richard stalks abroad today,
The Hermit at his side, and wanders through
  The ancient scene of many a gallant fray.

The glitter of their arms has long been rust,
  Vanished the Lion's haughty cavalcade,
And as the troops pass in, the ancient dust
  Dims but the sober khaki's dull parade.

Yet on the somber drab methinks there clings
  That rust of centuries decayed and gone;
In every jingle of their spurs there rings
  The sword of Godfrey hailing a new dawn.

In every ray of sunshine from the hills,
As in a dream, I seem to see arrayed
The gleam of lances, as the shouting fills
  The air, as they acclaim the last crusade.

—William Henderson Remy.

Man From Up North

By Penelope Van

WHEN you've been up there a year and a half straight, why you simply want to come home. And I tell you round at Forty Mile is no place for a single man to stay forever. Why now I started to come back to the States the summer of 1917; hadn't struck Luck yet, either. I'm a man of few words, and up North I believe my words have gotten fewer. The name of the boat—to continue my story—the name of the boat, I'd picked to come home on was the Abner Coburn. Heard what happened to that ship as soon as I climbed aboard her? Why we met an iceberg on the qui vive. It simply wouldn't stop on sighting us; but shook our little boat to splinters. It took the lives of some of us—not me—oh, no, I was saved to find The Luck."

The man from Up North was a youngish fellow—twenty-eight, one would judge from a casual sum-up of his stalwart figure. His bare arms were well tattooed, powerful arms, though. You'd like the clamp of his jaws and the determined look of his face. Eyes hazel, curly hair, a light brown and clipped close, would finish our description. To date we find him dressed in the rough clothing he had worn while in Alaska.

Listening to him was an audience of three, all of whom seemed favorably prepossessed with the Man From Up There, once a Navy Boy. Evidently they knew the preface to the story of his trip, and were welcoming a returned hero.

"So long as I had to stay for the winter, I had to stay. The very dogs Up There are sensible. I got one for a companion; named my husky "Muck." The dog and I then took the long, lone trail back to Snake Creek, and from there on to the diggings. It's a grand life in some ways. The world's your world. You live; live; live. Days are short, and again a moment may last forever.

"You've friends down here. Well, I've friends Up There, too. At Forty Mile were Monsieur Rideau, his daughter, Miette, the California man, Leslie, and others. Sometimes a month would pass before we'd get together, but always the time would come. We looked forward to its relieving the monotony of the silent white night. Finally I got accustomed to it. The one disturbing element was Miette. Always she would say:

"'And some day you'll be going back to the Girl at Home!'

"And always I would answer in a voice that grew gentler as time passed on: 'Yes, Miette, some day I will go back; but never till I find The Luck.'

"Then one night—it had been two months since I had been to the storehouse—we were all sitting by the fire. Les' and Monsieur Rideau flicked cards. Miette and I sat by the fire. Miette stroked the thick fur of the dog. She said no word, but the light of the fire played about her. Someway my thoughts dissolved, and I began to want Miette.

"As before, the girl raised her soft eyes and spoke:

"'Some day, Monsieur, you'll be going back to the Girl at Home!'

"I forced myself to answer, 'Yes, Miette, some day,' (some day at that moment meant never.) 'Some day I will go back, but never till I find the

Luck.' (By that time I knew I might never find the Luck. Only the North seemed real—this hut in the woods, Miette, and my dog.)

"Yet once again I returned to the diggings. And it was hard; hard, for I wished to remain at Forty Mile.

" 'Revoir,' Miette had said.

" 'Revoir,' I had replied.

"The dogs barked loudly; the men waited for me to start; I found my hand waving 'Goodbye,' and the dogs pulling the load.

"Arrived at the place of my former hopes. 'Work,' I said, 'Work like ——.' Her pictures meant nothing any more. A pillow made by her own hands, I flung carelessly aside. She would not be the same should I return, anyway. Listlessly, I glanced at the photos again. But Miette, Miette was here now. My mind had no wish to figure on a future some-day.

" 'Work,' I said, 'work like ——.'

"That week I did not even know the darkness was falling away; the White North held me in its grasp. White days, white nights, and no glimmer of a real sun.

"Was there nothing for me in Alaska?

"Comes the inner voice, 'At Forty Mile there is Miette.'

" 'Work,' I said, 'work like ——.'

"The light of the white night could no longer be classed as twilight; and as the days brightened my hopes returned. It was upon a Tuesday of 1918 I found The Luck, and knew neither joy nor sorrow at the discovery. The world was a blank: but I knew that first I should tell Miette.

"Putting things in condition, I made rapid plans. The long expected was unexpected. Yet my moves were to be certain from now on. Miette, the coast. a letter home. Return, work out The Luck, arrange my passage to the States.

"And sure it was my dog, 'Muck,' knew how I felt. He never teased me as before. Yet he leapt to meet me with the same look of affectionate regard, all rowdyism omitted. Soon. too soon, I should be linked to civilization.

"White snow, the beaten trail, dogs straining in the harness, my whip snaking out to fetch a laggard, or to guide the over zealous. And then we were at Forty Mile! Miette met us; was first to hear the news; surmised my plan before I spoke a word.

"Out upon the beaten trail through the great ice world we made our way, Muck and I.

" 'Revoir, revoir,' had said Miette.

" 'Revoir, revoir,' we had replied.

"In my pack was the long thought out letter for the Girl at Home; in my blood was the tingling pulse beat wrought by the last touch of the French girl's hand.

"And so I returned from mailing my letter home by a round about way, that would obviate the necessity of my stopping at the trading post and seeing Miette.

" 'Work,' I said to myself, 'work like ——.'

And then the questioning voice of one of the listeners broke in.

"But, Phil, what about Miette?" It was Marian speaking, and she placed her hand upon his arm.

A sort of tremor shook the Man From Up North, but this lasted only for a second. He had learned many a lesson in the past three wears, and one was self control. It was then with a tender smile he replied:

"Miette! Poor little Miette. God took her away while I was gone. She lies among the ice flowers, Marian, and the cold Northern Stars guard her grave. Miette was struck by a falling pine. It killed her instantly. They buried her before I knew.

"On my claim far back of Forty Mile, I worked and worked. Each day told of my success. The long passageway leading to the mine itself was so blocked with ore that I thought best to remove it to the outer dugout. I will say dugout, for this was no room. My plan of work had been my own from the beginning. First, I took up a homestead, building a cabin there, I made it my abode. Soon I built on to the cabin and from the third room shoveled out a long tunnel

to the mine, which I had previously located. I took a certain satisfaction in living this way. My private plans could not be altogether surmised by the world, although people surely knew I never meant my farm when I spoke of 'The Luck.'

"I had set the date of my return to the States as early as August 5, and knew that sometime in the month of September I could arrive in California. My mind roved back to the Bay, to adventurous days in San Francisco. The home picture was resurrected, and often I could see within my mind the Golden Gate and some ship homeward bound. The stars at night became signal lights as they used to flash from the Island. It was then I knew not what to think of myself, so quickly can circumstance change one's mood and feeling.

"But the time came when I must have help in The Luck. Muck and I decided to go to Forty Mile for the necessary aid. Having found the yellow stuff, we must get it out. I arrived at Forty Mile. I took the same trail I always had travelled, and expected that all would be the same. However, as I drew near the place, I had a sensation as if something were amiss. Before I reached the trading post I knew something must have happened. Several half-breeds came out to meet me, yet said nothing to prepare me for what was to come.

"Monsieur Rideau I found smoking his pipe; in a peculiar choked voice he addressed me:

" 'Monsieur,' but could proceed no farther.

"In my excitement I shook the old man by the shoulder. Of a certainty there was something wrong. I should find out what it was immediately.

" 'Where is Miette, Monsieur Rideau? What has happened to her?'

" 'Eh, la pauvre Miette, ma petite, ma petite,' burst out the old man. Here was someone at last who had meant much to his girl. 'Elle etait tuee, ma bonne, ma belle.'

" 'Killed,' I said, 'killed, Monsieur!'

"The words of the old man stunned me. Had not Miette indeed waved goodbye to me but a short time ago?

" 'Who would kill the sweet little Miette? Dites-moi! Tell me, I say!'

"Through my mind rushed a strange picture of the half-breed's flashing knife. I raged with anger and jealousy.

" 'Non, non, you do not understand,' repeated the old man, queriously. 'Ce n'etait pas d'homme. It was a tree. A tree fell on ma petite. She is dead. She is buried; I show you the grave.'

"Marian, the time could not come too quick for me to leave the North. One week was left in which I meant to work my stake. Then I would leave forever, and with no regret. However when the time did come, I found I could not depart without a certain heart throb. There was a pull that seemed to say, 'Remain." And once I dreamed I saw Miette within the cabin door. As I pulled off with my dogs, she waved 'Revoir.'

"Still the spirit of Miette was not strong enough to hold me.

"So it was that I found myself taking the last load to Forty Mile. It was a slow pace I set the dogs to Snake Creek. The grey winter shadow now had fled; Alaska blazed with light. And I was going home! At Forty Mile we spent the night with Monsieur Rideau. Monsieur stroked the dog, Muck's head, and looked long into the fire. Les' and the Californian were not there. To Miette's father alone then I bade 'Adieu,' and from his lips only I heard the word 'Godspeed.'

"Yet as soon as Forty Mile was cut off from me, I felt my heart grow lighter. Zip, zip, padded the team upon the homeward trail. Thud, thud, flashed my thoughts toward the breakers on the coast. Eighteen hundred miles we travelled, Muck and I, until we located our station on Bristol Bay.

"And what was my present state of mind? Now I owned The Luck. Without a doubt I knew the sloop in port would carry me safely to the States. My mind centered on that one fact, 'I was going home!' Arrived, Marian, last night, as you know."

The listening group moved uneasily,

yet the man from Up North continued smoothly,

"Yes, Marian, here I am; not the heedless boy who went away from you, nor yet quite the man you expected to come back."

The girl was looking down. She seemed incapable of speech.

It was little brother Jimmy-Boy who broke the silence as he restlessly pulled his mother's sleeve, "Say, Mummy, tell Marian to go play that piece on the piano she's been playing for three months, ever since she got Phil's letter from Alaska. Tell her to play 'I'm Coming Back to California.' "

But Phil's arm moved around the girl, "The piece that says, 'To the Golden West and you?' is that the one?"

Then as grey eyes smiled up at him, how his seemed to devour her.

"I've come back, Marian, from my own adventure, but one week from now,"—it was his turn to look down; to find himself speechless. Then he tried again:

"There is something else I must tell you!"

"Phil, what have you done?" the girl asked breathlessly.

"One week from tomorrow I'm back with Uncle Sam."

"You have enlisted again?"

"Yes, Marian."

There was a long drawn "Oh," while he watched her anxiously, for he could not fathom its meaning.

But once more grey eyes smiled up at him, and these words framed themselves:

"I am proud of you, Man From Up North."

The Social Problem of Today

By Thos. O'Shaughnessy

SOCIETY in its practical working is never without stains. There never was, is not, and never will be, a perfect society. This does not mean that society cannot be improved; it means that we must discard our Utopian ideas of absolute perfection and be content with improvement. The transformation of society is the ceaseless work of mankind, and consists of a series of measures and reforms that continually grow out of each other as the human race progresses toward perfection.

The social question consists of a series of problems; the special obstacle blocking the social progress at the time is the problem for each age. The social problem of any time is the question of removing the worst obstacle to social well being that then exists. Social obstacles are placed in the way by nature, or arise from the ignorance and selfishness of man. Selfishness and ignorance always favor what is, and cling to established customs, special privileges, and injustices, thus blocking the progress of the race.

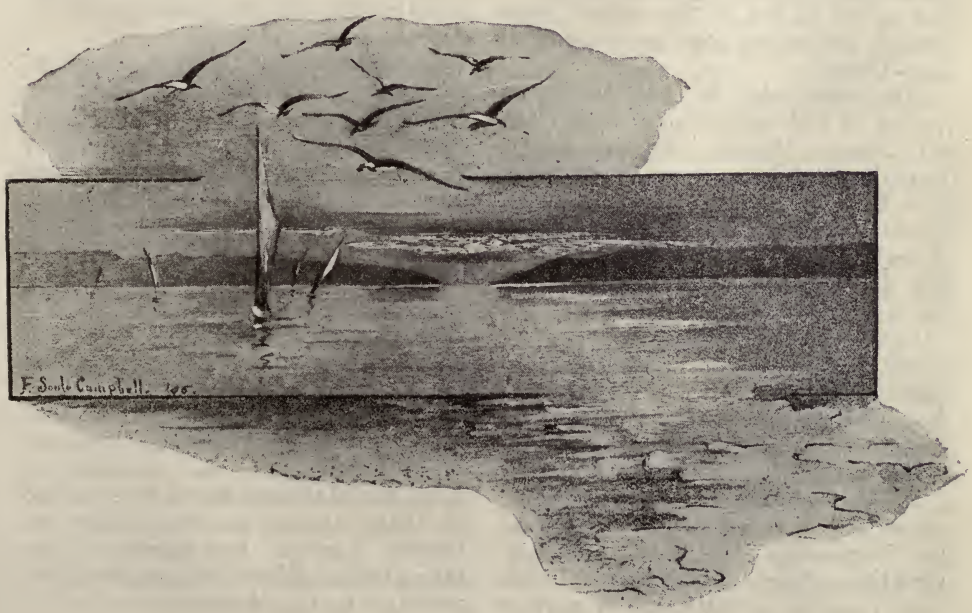
In the primary stages of social development superstition made man a prey to blind impulses, and a victim of illusions, and consequently he was easily ruled through his fear of the gods. Religion, therefore, became the most powerful of institutions, and naturally became oppressive. Heresy, which is independent thinking, was the only unpardonable sin. Hence for centuries religious freedom was the social problem. When men partly freed themselves from ecclesiastical domination the power was transferred

to the political potentate, and the battle had to be fought over again. Then the social problem was political freedom. And just as men were about to acquire religious and political freedwom the power is again transferred to the money mad mammon worshipers, who, through the unlimited private ownership of the earth and means of production, have power to rule ana exploit the masses.

The inventions upon which the factory depends have been slowly worked out, each generation improving upon the gifts of the last and transmitting the inheritance until it has become a social possession, and should be a social benefit and shared by all. For the good must be extended to all before it can be held secure by any one person or class. It is doubtful if what is not good for all is worth having. To continue our progress all must be incorporated in the hopes and advantages of society, and rejoice in its benefits. Those who own the lands and machinery of a country can make whatever terms they please with those who must use them in order to live. It would be a miracle if such a power were not abused. Thus the greatest obstacle to social progress and the happiness of mankind is no longer religious or political, but economic. And as yet we really have no public or political economy. What we have is individual, corporation, and trust economy that is perfectly indifferent to the public welfare.

When society neglects to give to all its members an opportunity to provide for their wants in a legitimate manner it forces them to provide for their wants in an illegitimate manner or starve. In a country where all of the lands are appropriated by individuals, society cannot permit any individual to hold a million times more than he needs, without thereby forcing thousands of others to suffer and perish from want. Therefore the problem ot today is: How can the mass of the people obtain access to the gifts of Mother Nature, and to the machinery of society, which they, through their ignorance have allowed a few men to appropriate without limit?

History teaches us that civilization continues to rise until society fails to solve the problem that obstructs its progress, then it hits the toboggan and slides back centuries. Will we solve the problem, or allow the history of civilization to again repeat itself?



Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

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(Concluded)

Chapter XIX.

CAPTAIN FITCH, having established a furnishing store in San Diego, and been appointed town lawyer, also surveyor of town lands, becoming a citizen of California, applied for and received land grants of Sotoyomi Rancho, north of San Francisco, and Healdsburg Rancho, and in the south near Lake Elsinore. Becoming a land baron, or great landed proprietor, he placed agents in charge of his ranchos and continued his record as one of the earliest, most useful and most popular citizens of San Diego.

Ten years later, in 1846, on the invasion of Colonel Fremont with United States Marines into San Diego, Captain Fitch was placed in charge of the Custom House, protecting his Spanish friends; he welcomed the American officer and assisted in raising the first American flag over the pueblo.

Comandante Andres Pico won the battle at San Pascual over Brigadier-General Kearney with U. S. Dragoons; he signed the treaty of peace with Colonel Fremont, and California becomes a star in Old Glory's field of blue.

In 1846, during the Mexican War, caused by disputed boundary of Texas, Commodore Sloat, acting under instructions from Washington, to "At once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco," had occupied Monterey and San Francisco. His instructions were to "preserve if possible the most friendly relations with the inhabitants." He soon retired and was succeeded in command of the naval squadron by Commodore Stockton.

On arrival of the naval vessels at Monterey the inhabitants were alarmed, and the disputing factions joined in common defense of the province. Armed men assembled in the north, led by General Castro and General Vallejo, and in the south Governor Pio Pico trained one thousand recruits in defense of Los Angeles.

Colonel John Charles Fremont, pathfinder and scientific explorer, with a company of one hundred and sixty Marines, sailed from Monterey in the chartered merchant ship, Sterling, for the southern coast, intending to capture Los Angeles.

Captain Merritt sailed from San Francisco on the Savannah October sixth. He landed three hundred and fifty men at San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, where they joined Captain Gillespie's men from the Vandalia. They intended marching to Los Angeles, but were opposed by the sharp-shooting of the Californians from the bluffs of Point Firmin, and to avoid useless slaughter, they retreated, boarded the Savannah and sailed to San Diego, deciding to march overland to Los Angeles.

As Colonel Fremont landed his company on the bay shore at San Diego, a cannon-shot from Fort Guiharros sounded an alarm to the inhabitants of the pueblo, and a note of defiance to the Americans. A clatter of hoofs resounded down the shore road and a horseman appeared enveloped in a cloud of dust. For a moment he halted and surveyed the invading band, then wheeling his horse, he road like the wind to the town.

"The Americanos are coming!" he shouted to Captain Santiago Arguello. "Hide! hide, or you'll be taken prisers. Run to the Presidio. Run to the Presidio, and seek safety!" shouted Juan Peralta, frantically. Then he galloped up Presidio Hill to warn the commander.

Arguello met Don Juan Bandini, who was hurrying to learn the cause of the excitement.

"The Americanos have landed! Governor Pio Pico has gone north, and Captain Andres Pico is drilling recruits in Los Angeles. Our guards at the Presidio are not sufficient for defense. What shall we do with the Customs Receipts, Don Juan?"

Don Juan Bandini threw up his hands in consternation. "Let them come," he cried. "But how shall we prevent loot and confiscation? I have it! We will place Don Enrique Fitch in charge of the Custom House. He is no coward. He will demand fair treatment from the Americanos. They will listen to him, being of the same race. He will protect our interests, because they are his interests."

"Right! You are right, estimado! Let us go at once and advise with him."

At this moment Alcalde Marron hastened up to the two members of the diputacion. "What is the trouble, Don Juan?" inquired the alcalde. "What is the meaning of the cannon shot from Fort Guiharros?"

"The Americanos are in the harbor. We must take measures to protect our pueblo from loot and destruction," explained Arguello.

"True enough! But how will a handful of soldiers defend our lives and property? How strong are the enemy?"

"Hundreds of them, so Juan Peralta reported," replied Don Juan Bandini. "We suggest asking Don Enrique Fitch to take charge of the Customs Receipts. Are you in favor of it?"

"A most welcome solution of our difficulties!" replied the alcalde.

"I will accompany you to the store of Don Enrique and give him my authority to act for us. Then, as we have elected him our town attorney, he is capable of pleading our cause."

The three representatives of the diputacion, or town council, walked hastily to the store of Captain Fitch. "Buenos dias!" greeted Don Juan Bandini.

"Buenos Dias," replied the Captain, "What can I do for you this morning, Senores?"

"You can do much for the whole pueblo," replied Bandini. "The Americanos have landed in great numbers at the harbor. Will you do us the favor of taking charge of the Custom House at once, Don Enrique?"

"There is no time to be lost," added Captain Arguello.

Captain Fitch snatched his hat, "I will stand between you and my countrymen! Do not be alarmed, Senores! They will not molest you, if you do not use arms against them!" And the four arbiters walked hastily to the Custom House, while the Spaniards heaved sighs of relief.

Don Pedro Carillo, the Collector of Customs, greeted them cordially. "What is the trouble, Senores?" he remarked.

"There is cause for apprehension, Don Pedro. Did you hear Fort Guiharros' cannon shot and Juan Peralta's warning?" inquired Captain Arguello.

Don Pedro's eyes widened. "Has the enemy arrived?" he demanded. "I cannot carry this heavy iron chest filled with silver reals up to the Presidio. And even there it is not safe."

"We have an easier and more satisfactory way," interjected Don Juan Bandini. "Don Enrique Fitch will take charge of the Customs Receipts for you."

"Excelente," responded Don Pedro, gladly.

"I give you full authority, Don Enrique," he said impressively to Captain Fitch. "I appoint you my representative. You speak the Americano tongue. I send them greetings through you. I offer them the freedom and hospitality of the pueblo, and in return I beg their consideration for the safety of our citizens."

"Leave the Americans to me," replied Captain Fitch, "they are my countrymen and friends. They will not molest you, unless you point a carbine at them."

"The time and place are pregnant with new conditions," declared Captain Fitch. "This era of unstability under Mexican government will pass away. My countrymen, imitating the noble soul of Washington, will deal justice, and you will receive fair play and a generous administration of government."

Thud! thud! tramp! tramp! came the sound of marching footsteps in orderly precision, and a company of one hundred and sixty uniformed men carrying muskets passed a bend in the road and marched to the Custom House, the flag-bearer leading with the Stars and Stripes.

Captain Fitch seized his hat and met the approaching company. He wore his American costume, which he never had exchanged for Spanish dress. Standing in the pathway of the invading company, he waved his hat and shouted: "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!"

The moving men halted now. The leader, Colonel Fremont, stepped forward and greeted Captain Fitch. The penetrating eyes of the Pathfinder searched the countenance of the man wearing American clothing who barred his path.

"I am Henry Fitch, a native of Massachusetts and former sailing master of a Boston brig," explained the Captain. "I salute the colors of my native country," baring his head and looking loyally toward the flag, "and I greet you in the name of my Spanish friends in San Diego. I have a furnishing store here. I also have charge of this Custom House. I present you with the freedom and hospitality of the town in the name of the mayor, and I ask in return that you will protect its citizens and their homes."

For an instant Colonel Fremont scanned the face of the man confronting him; he smiled and extended his hand cordially to Fitch.

"No loyal citizen of the United States shall be disturbed," declared Fremont. "A peaceful surrender to the authority of the United States is all I demand."

"I thank you in the name of my adopted country," replied Captain Fitch.

Don Juan Bandini and Captain Arguello, noting the friendly attitude, stepped out of the Customs House and advanced to meet Fremont.

"Colonel Fremont, allow me to introduce to you my friends Don Juan Bandini, commissioner of revenues, and Captain Arguello, former commander of the Presidio," said Captain Fitch.

"I offer you the hospitality of my house, Colonel Fremont," said the commissioner, "I stand for American authority and a stable government."

"I offer you my military service," proffered Captain Arguello, with a soldier's salute. "My sympathies are with Don Juan Bandini."

"Your offers of hospitality and help are gladly received, gentlemen. Walk on with me to the plaza," replied the colonel, while Captain Fitch acted as interpreter.

Captain Fitch stepped to Colonel Fremont's side. Don Juan Bandini and Captain Arguello wheeled into line with them, and the volunteers marched to the plaza, where Captain Fitch assisted in hoisting Old Glory over the town of San Diego.

Joaquin Carrillo, Jr., who was riding past the plaza, heard Juan Peralta's warning and dashed home to inform his parents. Dismounting from his horse, he ran breathlessly into the sala, where his father and mother were sitting with his sister, Benicia.

"The Americanos have landed in

the harbor! They are marching to the pueblo!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"The Americanos!" repeated Dona Ignacia. "What shall we do, Don Joaquin? The enemy will murder us and destroy our home," she cried tremblingly.

"We will go up to the Presidio. Perhaps the garrison can hold the fort against the enemy," proposed Don Joaquin, doubtfully.

"That handful of men!" shouted the young man. "The Americanos have ten times our number of soldiers," he added, magnifying the danger.

"Come!" entreated Benicia. "Let us run to Ysabella's home. Don Enrique will protect us! The Americanos will not trouble him."

"A wise thought," returned Don Joaquin, shrugging his shoulders. "Our foreign son-in-law may stand us in good stead just now."

Dona Ignacia threw up her head in objection, but Benicia took her mother by one hand and Don Joaquin by the other and the young man led his relatives hurriedly from their home.

Benicia had married Lieutenant Mariano Guardalupe Vallejo four years after the marriage of Ysabella, and was now visiting her parents, while her husband, General Vallejo, was leading his men in defense of Monterey. He was now one of the wealthiest and most noted men in California, and proprietor of a vast estate north of San Francisco, consisting of five hundred thousand acres of land and fifty thousand head of cattle, and a town was established and named "Benicia" in his wife's honor.

And Don Joaquin Carrillo, who was elected vocal suplente, having been sworn in and taken his seat in the Government House at Monterey, had returned to San Diego to visit his family.

Dona Ysabella was in the sala talking to her son, Henry Jr., now fourteen years old. "Your father has nearly prepared you to enter Harvard College, at Boston, where he received his education, and you, too, shall see your native land again, for you are a son of the United States." She went to a desk, unlocked a drawer, and took out a roll of paper, yellowed by time and tied with a faded blue ribbon. She untied the ribbon with loving care and handed the paper to her son. "This is a precious gift, Enrique, from your dear, dead American grandma. I have kept it for you all these years, since you were a baby. Grandma Fitch wrote these guide lessons for you, in her beautiful home in Massachusetts, where you were born. She named them 'Guide-posts on the Journey of Life.' You are now old enough to appreciate the excellent advice she wrote specially for her beloved little grandson. She loved you dearly."

The lad accepted them with thanks. "I should love to see the land of my birth; I am an American," he announced proudly. "Hark!" he exclaimed. "What was that noise? Some one is shouting in the plaza! Look, madre mia! People are running to Don Jose Estudillo's house! What can be the trouble?"

Ysabella and her son rushed to the window and looked out, as Don Joaquin entered the sala drawing his wife with him.

Dona Benicia ran to her sister imploringly. "Take care of us, Ysabella," she supplicated. "Padre and madre are afraid of the Americanos. The soldiers are already landed!" she cried.

"Oh, my daughter, you have lived in Boston and are acquainted with the Americanos. Intercede for us! Save us!" begged Dona Ignacia, falling on her knees.

"Rise, madre mai, rise," replied Ysabella, consolingly, as she assisted her mother to a chair. "The Americanos are not barbarians. My husband will protect you."

"How I wish my husband, General Vallejo, was here to protect us," exclaimed Benicia.

"My husband will protect you," replied Ysabella, with gentle dignity.

At the Presidio the excited guards examined their carbines and stood ready for defense, but no attempt was made to capture the fort that day. The anxious inhabitants waited trembling-

ly for an assault; but they waited in vain.

The Volunteers (so termed because Commodore Stockton had no military authority on land) went into camp and Colonel Fremont accompanied Don Juan Bandini to his spacious villa, which he accepted as headquarters for the American officers at San Diego.

At nightfall Captain Fitch locked the door of the Custon House, dropped the key in his pocket, and turned his steps homeward. He found his wife surrounded by her relatives.

Don Joaquin went quickly toward his son-in-law. "Don Enrique, I entreat your protection," he supplicated.

"You will not be molested," replied the captain, "but if you would feel safer, you are welcome to remain in my house."

"Gracias! gracias!" replied both Don Joaquin and Dona Ignacia, settling themselves on a sofa. "We will stay with you for the present."

Later, seated around the captain's table, his guests listened to the report of his interview with Alcalde Marron and his meeting with Colonel Fremont.

"Wonderful are the ways of Dios!" exclaimed Don Joaquin, lifting his hands in astonishment and admiration of his American son-in-law's political importance.

"Don Enrique can give us better protection than Governor Echandia could have given us, if he had become our son-in-law," declared Dona Ignacia, beaming pleasantly upon her daughter.

Captain Fitch and his wife exchanged glances. "It is time to display my little American flag," he announced, going to a desk, which he opened and took out a small, silk flag that he had used in decorating his room at Harvard College. "This is an emblem of freedom," and he unrolled the silken folds and placed the flag in the window.

"Hurrah!" shouted Henry, Jr.

Colonel Fremont made San Diego a military base for the capture of Los Angeles. And after collecting cattle and other supplies, the Volunteers marched north, led by Colonel Fremont, who rode an "uncommonly fine sorrel horse" presented by Don Juan Bandini.

A small garrison was left at San Diego; but the American partisans did not consider it adequate for their protection.

In the meantime Colonel Fremont now military commander and acting Governor of California, appointed by Commodore Stockton, ordered an election of alcaldes in all the pueblos. And Henry D. Fitch was elected first American mayor of San Diego.

"Now that you are in authority here, Don Enrique," suggested Don Juan Bandini, "we expect you to use your influence for our better protection. Our American garrison is not sufficient. The Spanish partisans can capture this pueblo easily."

"I will send for more guards," replied Mayor Fitch. "Whom can I trust to take a letter to Colonel Fremont?"

"Captain Arguello will find a messenger for you. I will see Arguello at once," replied Bandini.

"Wait!" exclaimed Mayor Fitch. He took out his notebook and hastily wrote an urgent request for more soldiers to defend his port.

Captain Arguello, relative of Don Luis Arguello, came up the street.

"Halt!" commanded Bandini, catching Arguello by the button-hole, "you are wanted at a consultation of citizens' safety."

"At your service, amado compadre."

"Alcalde Fitch needs a messenger to send to Colonel Fremont. Who is your best man?" questioned Bandini.

"Come to my quarters and I will give you the swiftest rider in San Diego." And the three members of the Committee of Safety passed quickly down the street and met a mounted patrol. "This is the man for you," declared Arguello, beckoning the rider toward him.

"Carry this letter to Colonel Fremont at Los Angeles, at once, it's 125 miles," directed Mayor Fitch.

Carlos Mendoza dismounted, took the letter, "Si, si, alcalde," he replied.

"Take this pistol," added Captain Arguello, "it is easier to handle than a carbine. Come back with more men."

Mendoza holstered the weapon and spurred northward.

Don Juan Bandini returned to his home. "And we have no American flag," he complained to his wife. "Colonel Fremont took his only flag when he marched to Los Angeles."

"We will make an American flag for you, Padre," declared his three daughters.

Then Dona Arcadia, the eldest, who had married Don Abel Stearns, a merchant of Los Angeles, and was visiting her parents, brightened and replied decidedly: "We will make it! You will see! I have a little secret which I will try to keep for a day or two," she declared laughingly to her father. "No! no!" she exclaimed. "Do not tease me! I will tell no one today!"

On the following morning Dona Dolores Bandini asked Senora Fitch the favor of the loan of their little American flag, and she explained her plan to make a flag.

"You shall take my husband's flag with the greatest pleasure," replied Ysabella warmly.

"Gracias," returned Dona Arcadia happily. "Won't Padre be surprised when he learns my secret! But you musn't tell him."

"No, no! We can keep a secret, too!"

And in a few days Dona Arcadia proudly said to her family: "Here is your American flag, Padre mio!"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Don Juan Bandini, opening his eyes in astonishment and admiration.

"We will have the flag hoisted above the plaza tomorrow with appropriate ceremonies," he declared pinching his daughter's cheeks. All the American partisans of San Diego joined in celebrating the event, as Mayor Fitch impressively raised the patriotic gift of Dona Bandini over the plaza.

Meanwhile Brigadier-General Kearney, leaving Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, at the end of June, 1846, had occupied Santa Fe, and accomplished the conquest of New Mexico in August. Before he started on this expedition he received orders, dated at Washington, June third, to march across the continent from Santa Fe and take possession of California. He was to co-operate with the naval forces, which would be found probably in possession of the ports.

General Kearney left Santa Fe September, 1846, with three hundred first dragoons for California. The march was down the valley of the Rio Grande.

About the first of October Kearney met Kit Carson, that picturesque scout of the Rocky Mountain district, with fifteen men, including six Delaware Indians, en route from Los Angeles to Washington, with dispatches from Commodore Stockton. Carson brought news that the conquest of California had been effected by Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont at his departure in August; that there was not the slightest opposition to American rule; that Stockton was engaged in organizing a civil government and that Fremont was appointed Governor.

This news caused Kearney to modify his plans, and he sent back to Santa Fe two hundred of his dragoons, under Major Sumner. Kearney insisted that Carson turn back and accompany him to California and became responsible for the safety of his papers. The whole force of men was then one hundred and twenty-one. Two mountain howitzers were taken under charge of Lieutenant Davidson. The men were mounted chiefly on mules. The luggage was carried at first in wagons, which were abandoned for pack mules. They emerged from the mountains in the valley of the lower Gila and reached the vicinity of Colorado Junction.

The march had been a hard one; many animals were lost, some eaten, and the remainder were in bad condition; but there were no serious mishaps or suffering. At the Junction they found a small party with a band of five hundred horses coming from California and bound for Sonora, Mexico. These men gave alarming but

contradictory reports of the revolution in Los Angeles; and a bearer of dispatches was also captured, whose papers confirmed the information that a large portion of the country was yet in possession of the Spanish, including the region through which they were to pass.

Many of the soldiers succeeded in gaining fresh mounts on which never man sat. They got many tumbles, but stuck to the furious animals until they succeeded in retaining their seats.

The chief of the party was a tall, venerable-looking man. "I am a poor employee of several rich men engaged in supplying the Sonora market with horses," he explained to the American officer.

General Kearney subsequently learned that this man was Colonel Jose Maria Leguna in the Mexican service. and that Felipe Castillo, the mail carrier of the party, was dispatched by Don Coronel from Los Angeles. His letters were opened, read and re-sealed, then being discharged, he proceeded on his journey to Sonora. The contents of the letters recorded affairs in California as confirming the report that the province was largely controlled by Spaniards; and that many of the horses were the property of General Castro, of Monterey. It was suspected that Captain Segura, in the party, was acting in secret accord with General Flores, who sent funds in advance, intending soon to flee to Mexico.

General Kearney's company forded the Colorado river November 25th, and on the first of December the dragoons reached Agua Caliente and their lack of food and water was at an end. At Warner's ranch every attention was shown the Americans. They were met here by Stokes, an English ranchero of the region, who volunteered to carry a letter to Commodore Stockton, and he delivered it two days later. The letter asked for information regarding conditions in California and for a guide to lead the dragoons to San Diego.

Commodore Stockton responded by sending Captain Gillespie with a detachment of mounted riflemen and a field piece without delay, stating in a letter that Gillespie was fully acquainted with political conditions in California.

General Kearney, having learned that there was an armed party of Californians with extra horses at San Pascual, an Indian village three leagues, or nine miles, distant, on the road leading to Warner's Camp, sent Lieutenant Hammond with ten men to reconnoitre.

Captain Andres Pico had been sent south by General Flores to cut off Captain Gillespie's men, understood to have left San Diego for the region of Santa Isabel. The Americans returned before Don Andres arrived, but Pico remained in the south, making his headquarters at San Luis Rey and Santa Margarita Rancho, co-operating with Captain Cota in watching and keeping supplies from the enemy and awaiting the arrival of General Flores with the main force to resist Stockton's advance.

Captain Pico arrived at the Indian village of San Pascual with about eighty men on the fifth of December. His purpose was to cut off the retreat of Gillespie, whose departure from San Diego on the third was known, and whose mission was supposed to be to obtain cattle and horses. Pico had no expectation, when he went to San Pascual, of meeting any but Gillespie's men, and Cota had been sent to cut off the American's retreat, if by any chance, they should take another return route.

Before the night of December fifth the Indians brought in reports that a large force was approaching not far distant; but as these reports were somewhat contradictory and did not agree with what was known of Gillespie's party, the only enemy whose presence they suspected, little attention was paid to them, or even to messages from Don Coronel, describing the taking of his horses by a big party coming from the east.

Pico carelessly had sent away most of his horses to feed at a distance of several miles. The night was

cold and rainy. Shortly before midnight the sentry was alarmed by the barking of a dog. To his "Quin vine?" (Who's there?) no reply was given; but he thought he saw retreating forms. Lieutenant Hammond's party returned to camp and reported to General Kearney, who ordered "To horse."

At early dawn the near approach of the Americans was announced, and scarcely could the Californians mount their horses, lance in hand, before the advance guard of the foe was seen at full speed charging down the hill upon them.

It required more than the ardor of anticipated victory to make the march of General Kearney's men a comfortable one. The animals were either stiff or worn out by their long journey, or partially unbroken and unmanageable, while the men's clothing was soaked by the night's drizzling rain and the cold was intense. In the gray dawn of morning they drew near San Pascual, and, as they came in sight of the Indian village and the enemy's camp, a charge was ordered by General Kearney, and down the hill dashed Captain Johnston with his men at a gallop.

It was no part of the Spaniards' tactics to stand still and receive the charge. Had Gillespie's forty men come down upon them in a compact body, Pico's men would have retired at least far enough to find favorable ground for a counter charge; and had Kearney's force appeared in like manner—of whose presence he had as yet no knowledge—they would have retreated promptly to the hills to await an opportunity for a sudden dash or to content themselves with harassing the foe and driving off the enemy. Seeing less than twenty horsemen coming down the hill, the Californians made a stand, discharged the few carbines and pistols they had, and, with lances, stood ready to receive the shock of the advancing dragoons.

Captain Johnston received a musket ball in the head, and fell dead; a dragoon also fell badly wounded. Overpowered by numbers and confused by the fall of their leader, the Americans fell back a short distance after the first shock, but at that moment Kearney's main force appeared on the scene and Pico's men fled.

Filled with enthusiasm at the sight of the retreating foe, the gallant Captain Moore called on his men to charge in pursuit and was followed by all who had come up. Most of Gillespie's and Moore's forces followed the Californians. All rushed pell-mell, each urging his animal at full speed, and between the freshest and fleetest horses with the most worn-out mules, there were many graduations of speed.

Don Andres rode half a mile or more to ground more favorable for military tactics, then suddenly wheeled his column and rushed back to meet the Americans. The conflict, though brief, was terrible. Kearney's men derived slight benefit from their fire-arms, either because the rain had rendered them useless or because most of them had been discharged at long range upon the fallen foe.

It was sabre against lance—sabres and clubbed guns in the hands of dragoons and volunteers, mounted on stupid mules or half-broken horses, against lances, the Californians' favorite weapon, in the hands of the world's most skillful horsemen.

The Americans fought with desperate valor against heavy odds with loss of life; and they stood their ground. For fifteen minutes, perhaps less, the hand-to-hand conflict raged, and then, when the force of the assault had somewhat spent itself and the two howitzers were brought up, the Spaniards fled again. This time the Americans were in no condition to pursue.

The mules attached to one of the howitzers took fright and dashed wildly after the Californians, who captured the gun and killed the man in charge of it.

On the memorable 7th of December, General Kearney, who was wounded, resumed command of his army, "The

most tattered and ill-fed detachment of men that ever the United States mustered under her colors." They marched to San Diego, where the Spanish women and children, on the approach of invaders from the East, fled again into the strong and spacious walls of casa de Estudillo.

In this Mexican war the people of San Diego lived through an anxious and exciting experience. The town was of great importance as the only port in Southern California, and both factions tried to hold it as a base for military operations. During this anxious period the Spanish women who had married Americans stood by their husbands in loving fidelity, even when their fathers and brothers were fighting for the supremacy of Mexico.

Governor Pio Pico, being vested with extraordinary power as war governor of the province of California, had adopted drastic measures in securing money for the defense of his country by selling Mission San Diego de Alcala to Captain Santiago Arguello, and other missions to citizens of California. In 1834 Don Pio Pico had married Senorita Maria Ignacia Alvarado, and had bought the extensive Santa Margarita Rancho, near Mission San Luis Rey, from Jonathan Warner and was appointed Majordomo of the Mission after the departure of the missionary, Father Antonio Peiri.

On the invasion of the Americans Governor Pico left his home in the South, transformed from a gay cavalier of 1830 into the careworn ruler of his province, and issued a proclamation:

"To the Loyal Citizens of California, Greeting and Warning:

"Our country is threatened by land and sea forces. I call upon you, my countrymen, to prepare to defend our country in a just cause and to muster around our colors against the invasion of intending usurpers."

"Pio Pico, Governor of Alta California, 1846."

Governor Pico came hurriedly from his quarters at Los Angeles wearing a short velvet cloak flung around his shoulders over a short jacket of the same hue elaborately embroidered with gold thread; his small clothes decorated with silk embroidery; his leather leggins held in place by long silken garters embroidered by his sister, Estefana; his high-peaked, broad-brimmed sombrero glittering with gold cord. He mounted his restless horse, thrust his feet into wooden stirrups carved in elaborate design, and grasping silver-plated reins, dashed across the plaza to head his countrymen in defense of Los Angeles; his strong features and full black eyes animated with stern resolve to defend his country against the American invaders.

On the arrival of Lieutenant Fremont with reinforcements from San Francisco the threatened capture of Captain Gillespie's garrison was averted at Los Angeles, and Governor Pico saw with a prophetic eye that the Americans with superior numbers and fire-arms would be victorious. And he sadly wrote a letter to the citizens of California:

"The Americans outnumber us and are better equipped with fire-arms to win victory. They offer me power under the rule of the United States, but I choose emigration attended with some hardships rather than continuance of power that has been promised me coupled with dishonor in the eyes of my countrymen.

"Between ignominy and emigration I choose the latter course in our desperate circumstances and want of resources that have brought us under the usurper's yoke."

"Pio Pico, Governor of California, June 8, 1846."

In the night watches Governor Pico ordered a sentinel to bring his horse, and, mounting the animal, he rode out of Los Angeles alone and unattended, having decided with admirable pride to endure the hardships of emigration rather than accept the emoluments of public office under American rule, but in 1848 he returned to California, deciding that life under the stable and

protecting government of the United States was not undesirable, well knowing also that some other strong nation would have assumed control of Alta California if the United States had not made the initiative move at a crucial time in its history.

General Flores also retired to Mexico, seeing no hope of victory for his country, and General Andres Pico was left to cope with the martial situation in Southern California.

The war ended with the battle of San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, January 9, 1847. At the capitulation of the Californians and the occupation of the Americans, the Treaty of Peace was signed at Cahuenga Rancho in the Santa Monica mountains a few miles north of Los Angeles, January 13, 1847, by Lieutenant Colonel John Charles Fremont for the United States and General Andres Pico for Mexico, and Alta, or Upper, California became a territory of the United States.

In 1848 the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, patron saint of Mexico, was ratified by President Polk at Washington and General Santa Ana, the Dictator of Mexico. Thus the splendid domain of the Spanish conquerors, consisting of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, Utah and Nevada, excepting the district known as the Gadsden Purchase, with their Aladdin treasure of mineral resources, containing over six hundred thousand square miles of mineral wealth, came under the dominion of the United States. And the slogan, "America for Americans!" fulfilled its prophecy.

So the religious rites and military splendor of the Spanish conquisadores mingled with the patriotic consecration of the Americans in a noble and glorious municipality in this Spanish-American terrestrial paradise.

On a golden morning succeeding the signing of the Peace Treaty Mayor Fitch left his furnishing store with a clerk in charge and entered the white walls of his villa. Advancing softly into the sala, he saw his wife sitting at a deep-set window sewing. Suddenly two strong hands were placed over her eyes obscuring the sight of those luminous, expressive orbs.

"Mia Rosaria, are you happy?" asked a familiar voice.

"Luz de mi ojos," (Light of my eyes) responded the wife softly, placing her hands over her husband's fingers. "Art thou happy?" inquired Dona Ysabella.

"I shall always be happy as long as I have my Castilian Rose."

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Disabled Soldiers," by Dr. Duglas C. McMurtrie, Director of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. The Macmillan Company, N. Y.

This work for the first time adequately describes the whole modern principle of rehabilitating disabled soldiers, so injured that they would have been condemned in the past to a future of idleness and uselessness.

The author gives in detail the vocational training of disabled men for occupations which they can follow in spite of their handicaps. The scope of his chapters is shown in the following outline of contents:

I. A Record of Injustice: indicating how the neglect of disabled men in the past often led to mendicancy; II. Breaks in the Wall: describing the pioneer school for industrial cripples at Charleroi, Belgium, and the pioneer school for war cripples at Lyons, France. III. Orders to Advance: showing that the disabled soldier must not be allowed to rest on his laurels, but that he still has a duty to his community. 1V. First Steps to Self-Support. V. The New Schoolhouse: indicating what the new intensive methods of education are. VI. At Work Again: showing how the disabled man is placed in a job. VII. Help or Hindrance: making clear the part that the public is to play. VIII. Hors du Combat: taking up the different kinds of cripples. IX. Out of the Darkness: explaining the methods of re-training the blinded soldier. X. In Wake of Battle's Din: treating the deafened soldier. XI. The Brink of the Chasm: considering the mental cases, shell shock, etc. XII. The Step in Time—The Tuberculosis Soldier. Following these chapters come four dealing with the work that has been done along these lines in France, Belgium, Italy, Great Britain, Germany and Austria. Finally there is a chapter on the American program as determined by legislation and work actually under way.

"Khaki," by Freeman Tilden. The Macmillan Company, N. Y. Price $1.25.

Another war novel, but one which deals with a great deal of American home life, ideals and aspirations. The picture of a sleepy, conservative, Tredict, a little New England town becoming alive with patriotic fervor is stimulating in the extreme. Tredict becomes on the outbreak of the war alive with sacrifice and idealism. A thrilling plot against a patriotic background; is a splendid book for soldiers everywhere, and for their fathers, mothers and sweethearts at home. In addition to being a well written tale "Khaki" is a clean book of high ideals and patriotic motives.

"A History of the Great War." By Arthur Conan Doyle. Volume Three. The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1916. Maps and Plans. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

The third volume of the monumental work upon which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has spent much of the time since the beginning of the war deals chiefly with the events of the British campaign on the western front during the year 1916. Although he calls his work "A History of the Great War," it is, in fact, devoted almost entirely to the part borne in the war by the British Army. The first volume dealt with the breaking out of the war, its effect in England, and the occurrences upon that part of the western front held by the British during 1914, which he describes as "the year of the recoil." The second gave a narrative of what took place in the same sector of that front during 1915, "the year of equilibrium." Now he essays a detailed account of the events of 1916, which he terms "the first of the years of attack and defense." This third volume is given over almost wholly to the story of the battle of the Somme,

concerning which the author declares that "it can be said without fear of ultimate contradiction that nothing approaching it has ever been known in military history, and that it is exceedingly improbable it will ever be equaled in its length and its severity." His opinion would seem warranted if one looks only to the past. But in such a war as this whose end is not yet in sight, it seems somewhat presumptuous.

"Firebrand" Trevison. By Charles Alden Seltzer, author of "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne." A. G. McClurg & Co., N. Y. Price $1.40.

The coming of the railroad marked an epoch; the two thin, thread-like lines of steel were tentacles reaching out to bind the wide open, unfenced West of "Firebrand" Trevison into a stuffy crowded community of little farmers and prosperous shop-keepers. But Trevison did not grow bitter at the encroachment, for it brought with it Rosalind Benham, daughter of the president of the railroad. And also it brought a man to hate, a confident, overbearing individual, whose unscrupulous power had been the tool with which he was accustomed to crush all who opposed him. Corrigan, the undefeated, encounters a new situation, however, when he runs against the cold, indomitable will of "Firebrand" Trevison, and beginning with the clash of their first meeting, there ensues a long period of ruthless conflict between the two that ends only when the better man wins complete victory. It has been may days since there has appeared such a big, gripping story of the tempestuous days of transition from the Old to the New West. Illustrated by P. V. E. Ivory.

"The Third Estate." By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

One of the best things obout Marjorie's new historical romance is the spirited way in which the figure of her chief character stands out from its background. Her Marquis de Sarcey is a colorful and vital embodiment of the nobility of France, as they are pictured in history and memoirs, before the Revolution. He pursues his arrogant way, proud, handsome, insolent, feeling and asserting his right to take for his own benefit and pleasure whatever he desires, through her pages during the early months of the Revolution, and until the end of the story no one has said him nay with success. The French Revolution has offered for a hundred years a strong attraction to novelists in search of a scene, but who yields to its lure must have skill and power, or the very uproar of his setting and background will dwarf his personal drama. Miss Bowen has been wary and has steered clear of such dangers by keeping the Revolution very much in the background, although its growing strength is constantly felt. Probably her handling of the relation between it and the people and scenes of her drama is historically true. For her people are practically all of the nobility and their contempt for the growing uneasiness about what the populace is doing interfered but little with their lives until after the dethroning of the king and queen. At any rate, Miss Bowen succeeds in telling a deeply interesting story of personal affairs, while the Revolution in its early stages thunders sometimes faintly and sometimes strongly in the distance. Chiefly, it is a love story, and is concerned with the fates of the two daughters of a Parisian of rank, one of whom is betrothed early in the tale to M. de Sarcey. But hardly is the betrothal completed when he meets her younger sister, herself about to be betrothed to another member of the nobility, and the two of them fall at once in love with each other. The developments make the story, which has many complications, much suspense, many dramatic and emotional situations. It is, in fact, much better as a story than Miss Bowen's historical romances have been in the past. Its settings are, as usual in her books, very rich and full of detail and historically

true to life. Sometimes in her former works the descriptions of these settings have delayed and embarrassed the progress of the story, making it slow and cumbersome. But in "The Third Estate" they keep their proper place, so that the romance becomes a well proportioned story, historically full of color and life, and as a drama of personal fortunes deeply interesting.

"Dr. Farquhar's Standard Work on India."

Since its publication, a little more than three years ago, "Modern Religious Movements in India," by J. N. Farquhar, has come to be regarded as one of the more important volumes in the field of missionary literature. It has been out of print for a short time and the announcement that it has now been re-issued, without change of text or illustration, is a welcome one. This new printing was published July, 9th. "Fortunately," says The Dial, in commenting on the work, "Dr. Farquhar has not only had a varied and valuable experience in the land of which he writes, but he also brings to bear sound methods of investigation and presentation with the natural result that he has given us a thorough and useful volume." To this may be added the opinion of The Indianapolis News that "no student of missions, of oriental nations and literature can afford to overlook this remarkable addition to our knowledge."

"With Three Armies." By Arthur Stanley Riggs, F. R. G. S. With illustrations, cartoons, posters, placards. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

This is not a soldier's story, but that of a well-equipped literary correspondent, possessed of the courage, tact, industry, alertness and insight requisite to set forth a fresh, suggestive view of the effects of the struggle as contemplated by an intelligent layman "on and behind the western front." Several times the author found himself under fire, as he visited many places along the lines, once being knocked down into a trench by the impact of a sharpshooter's rifle grenade on his helmet while trying to see more than a periscope could show him. New phases of the boche's criminal handiwork in the devastated regions of France and Belgium are divulged with adequate psychological interpretation of the motives behind it, to point the moral that the enemy must have no voice or place at the peace table. Use of prisoners of war by the Germans to get trade in neutral countries is cited as foreshadowing the lengths he will subtly go to regain his foreign commerce after the war unless all outlet is sealed against him by a league of nations. Inspiring evidences are revealed of how America is finding her national soul in this crisis of democracy. In contrast with the pictures of horror and devastation in Belgium and Northern France, there is an idyllic picture of the comparative quiet that reins along the front in the blue Alsatian Mountains, where the French are striving to regain their lost territory and the Germans striving to hold it with as little destruction as possible. The book teems with significant narratives, depictions and thoughts presented in a charmingly connotative style unusual in books about the war. Of importance to prospective visitors to France in wartime are the difficulties, dangers, discomforts, and comical embarressments to which civilian strangers are entertainingly shown to be subjected in getting about over there.

"That Which Hath Wings." By Richard Dehan, author of "One Brave Thing." Putman Company, New York.

"That Which Hath Wings," the new novel by Richard Dehan, author of "One Brave Thing," again shows that this writer has imagination and good story-telling ability. The book gives

a dramatic picture of Europe hovering on the brink of Armageddon,—dramatic in proportion to the feeling of false security, the hectic pleasure-seeking, and the competition in extravagance that formed a contrasting prelude to the greatest of world tragedies. The story is brim-full of action, but of action that leaves its impress upon character, that strengthens but does not toughen the fiber through the hard tests it imposes. There is love but its course is beset with obstacles. There is villainy, but it meets its match. The story involves the theft of the Plans for the War Engine of Clanronald,—a mysterious, secret weapon, a weapon that could end a war in a twinkling by sheer deadly effectiveness. To make the appeal of the story complete, several of the characters that endeared themselves to readers of "One Braver Thing" again make their appearance under circumstances that intensify their interest. "That Which Hath Wings" is about to appear under the Putnam imprint.

"A History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States." By William Dunlap. A new edition. Illustrated. Edited, with additions, by Frank W. Bayley and Charles E. Goodspeed. Three volumes. Boston: C. E. Goodspeed & Co.

Dunlap's history of American art up to 1834 has been the principal source of information concerning our early painters since it was published, and there has been no revised edition until this by Mr. Bayley and Mr. Goodspeed. The editors of the new edition have wisely avoided the tempting scrupulosity of reproducing errors and irrelevances and adopted the more difficult but much more rewarding method of giving the text as originally printed so far as essentials are involved, but with adequate pruning and correction. In addition, they have provided important accounts of several hundred painters, engravers, sculptors and architects working before 1835, and have included in the text a bibliography of American art and artists before 1835 compiled by Frank H. Chase, Ph. D., which is not exhaustive but covers the field within the boundaries set by Dunlap himself, who emphasized the biographical side of his work. Notes by the editors accompanying the body of the text, and occasionally, as in the note of Page 209, regarding Captain Jean Audubon, these are long and rich in biographical detail. The illustrations are numerous and are drawn from material found in museums, historical societies, private collections and the collections of dealers, adding greatly to the interest of the book. Even with the temper of experts in control of modern literature of this type, the opinion of the editors will be widely echoed that Dunlap as a pioneer deserves the fullest credit, and that while much of his writing has been proved incorrect in fact and conclusion, the substance of his work still retains its value.

"The Mayflower Pilgrims," by E. T. Carpenter.

The late Senator Hoar once characterized the manuscript book of the history of the colony of Plymouth by Gov. William Bradford as "the most precious manuscript on earth, unless we could recover one of the four gospels as it came in the beginning from the pen of the evangelist." Edward James Carpenter, the author of "The Mayflower Pilgrims," speaks of Alice Carpenter, wife of Gov. Bradford, as "my faraway kinswoman." Mr. Carpenter answers the question, "Who are the Pilgrims?" describes their home region in England, their flight to Holland, where they remained 12 years, and the reasons for leaving Leyden for America.

The Mayflower voyage, the joy of arriving at Cape Cod and the landing at Plymouth are more familiar history. The five or six weeks spent at Cape Cod constituted a memorable period in the life of the Pilgrims,

which has often been obscured by the emphasis given the more spectacular event of the dramatic landing on Plymouth rock. Mr. Carpenter gives an account of the early Plymouth days, the treaty with Massasoit and the disheartening experiences of the colonists. "Home life in early Plymouth," and "The Plymouth of today," with its few traces of the pilgrim past, are portrayed in the closing chapters.

$1.50. Abington Press.

BOOK AND LITERARY NOTES.

A new book by Francis A. Collins will be published in September by the Century Co. It is entitled "Naval Heroes of Today," and consists of more than fifty of the most thrilling sea stories of the war, presented in Mr. Collins' usual popular vein. The stories include those of naval air pilots and observers, armed guards board merchant ships, and the heroes of scouts and destroyers in battle against German submarines.

Two new books by Rudyard Kipling are announced for Autumn publication by Doubleday, Page & Co. One of them promises a return to the old Indian themes with which he won fame, but which he has not used for a long time. It will be called "The Eyes of Asia," and will be a collection of letters purporting to have been written by an East Indian serving in France to his people at home. The other, which will appear in October, will present under the title "Gethsemane," all of Mr. Kipling's recent work in verse.

Maria Thompson Davies calls herself an exile, for since the sixty million dollar Government powder plant came and sat down on the corner of Sweetbriar Farm, her Tennessee home, she has lived in an apartment on Gramercy Park, New York, with only a couple of window boxes to do farming in. "I had to flee," she says, "I couldn't risk seeing my lilacs and asparagus bed blown into the air." When the Famous Players—Lasky Corporation—was bargaining for the film rights of her new romance, "The Golden Bird," Marguerite Clarke, who was to star in it, was uncertain about approving the purchase because of the barnyard citizens she would have to accept as intimate friends in the filming of Miss Davies' agricultural romance; but on account of the proved patriotism of the prolific hen she finally made up her mind to take her to her bosom and now threatens to buy Miss Davies' farm and all the live stock.

Two novels are scheduled for publication the middle of this month by Little, Brown & Co. One will be E. Phillips Oppenheim's German spy story, "The Zeppelin's Passenger," and the other Jeffery Farnol's romance, "Our Admirable Betty," which has a background of English country life in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The Putnams will publish in the early fall a volume entitled "Lads Who Dared," by Raymond Comstock. This collection of spirited stories of lads who, confronted with some typical form of danger or nerve-testing experience, rose to the emergency and proved the stuff they were made of, should appeal to all boys who admire the quality of manhood in their fellows. The author has already endeared himselft to a large circle of readers through his contributions to the American Boy and other magazines. The book is illustrated with numerous striking depictions of the bold adventures in which the lads won success.

Liberty Loan Lessons

THAT the Liberty Loans have been a success is due to the business men of the country; to the banks; the banking houses, and to the associations of advertising men throughout the land.

There has been no Government money available to cover the expenses of selling campaigns. It has been thought in Washington that funds for this purpose were unnecessary. Experienced business men and bankers, however, knew from the start the necessity of wide publicity and advertising and the necessity of personal and persistent solicitation.

The fact that there were no funds available for the purpose has made no difference. The thing had to be done, and was done, and the three Liberty Loans have been a success; made so by the enthusiastic, wholehearted, unselfish patriotism of the men who knew how to do it.

It is to these men that the credit of successfully floating the Liberty Loans belongs.

We are now asked to subscribe to a fourth war loan, bigger than any of the others. It is just as necessary that this should be a success as it was in the other cases. But the bonds will not sell themselves. It is going to require the most strenuous, persistent, co-operative work on the part of the same class of men who made the former loans a success, before these new billions can be subscribed.

No estimate has been made of the value of the work donated by these agents in the past. It would be impossible to make such an estimate. Measured on the basis of compensation for work of a similar character, the sum might easily reach into the millions of dollars. Add to this the loss of other business that might have been handled profitably while so engaged, and the sum total would be greatly increased.

The Government can afford to pay a fair and equitable compensation to the men who devote their trained energies to the task of making its war loans possible. Ability to do these things is the capital, the stock in trade of these men and these institutions. Have we reached that desperate stage where it is necessary that the Government "commandeer" the services of these trained experts? This may be putting it strongly, but the failure of the Government to provide compensation for such services amounts to "commandeering," for they are going to see it through anyway; they are going to see that every war loan is a success, pay or no pay; their patriotism will see to this.

The high proportions reached by the first three Liberty Loans are told by the figures of the Comptroller of the Currency, who states that:

"The National Banks of the United States have been most useful and effective instrumentalities in the placing of Liberty Loans and very potent factors in insuring the success of the issues.

"The records show that the total subscriptions to the three Liberty Loans received through National banks aggregated more than $6,000,000,000, out of a total of all subscriptions of $11,828,000,000. The total amount allotted to subscribers was $9,975,000,000. The bonds have been widely and thoroughly scattered among investors, and only a small portion has been retained by the National banks themselves. The effect of this distribution has been to leave the resources of the National banks free to supply the commercial and industrial needs of the country.

"On June 29, 1918, the aggregate amount of Liberty Bonds of all three issues held by National banks was $408,859,000, or 2.29 per cent of the total resources of the National banks, which on the same date amounted to $17,839,000,000.

"The National banks further report that the total amount of money which

they were loaning on the security of Liberty Bonds of all the three issues on June 29, 1918, was only $457,000,000, or 2.56 per cent of total resources.

"These figures indicate clearly that these banks have pursued a conservative policy in keeping their resources in a liquid condition, and have not over-invested in Liberty Bonds, but have performed an exceedingly valuable service in effecting a broad distribution among their customers and to the public.

"The banks of the country are now in a position to contribute largely of their own resources toward the purchase of Liberty Bonds if there should ever be occasion to do so; but it is hoped and believed that they will be able to continue successfully their policy of aiding in the diffusion to the Liberty Loans widely among the people, rather than of buying them for their own account.

"The bonds of the three Liberty issues owned by the National banks on June 29, 1918, exclusive of bonds they had sold or contracted to sell included $62,290,000 of 3 1-2 per cent. bonds; $272,016,000 of 4 per cent. bonds, and $74,553,000 of bonds of the third issue. In addition to these bonds the National banks also reported holdings of $618,766,000 of United States Short Term Certificates of Indebtedness.

"It is noteworthy that the net amount of Liberty Bonds of the third issue retained by all National banks in the New England States is only $4,017,000. The amount retained by all National banks in the Eastern States, including the large cities of New York and Philadelphia, is only $55,435,000; by National banks in the Southern States, $6,162,000; and in the Middle States, $7,254,000. The National banks in the Western States have in the aggregate disposed of an amount equal to that they subscribed for, and the net balance of the third loan kept by National banks in the Pacific Coast States was only $2,329,000.

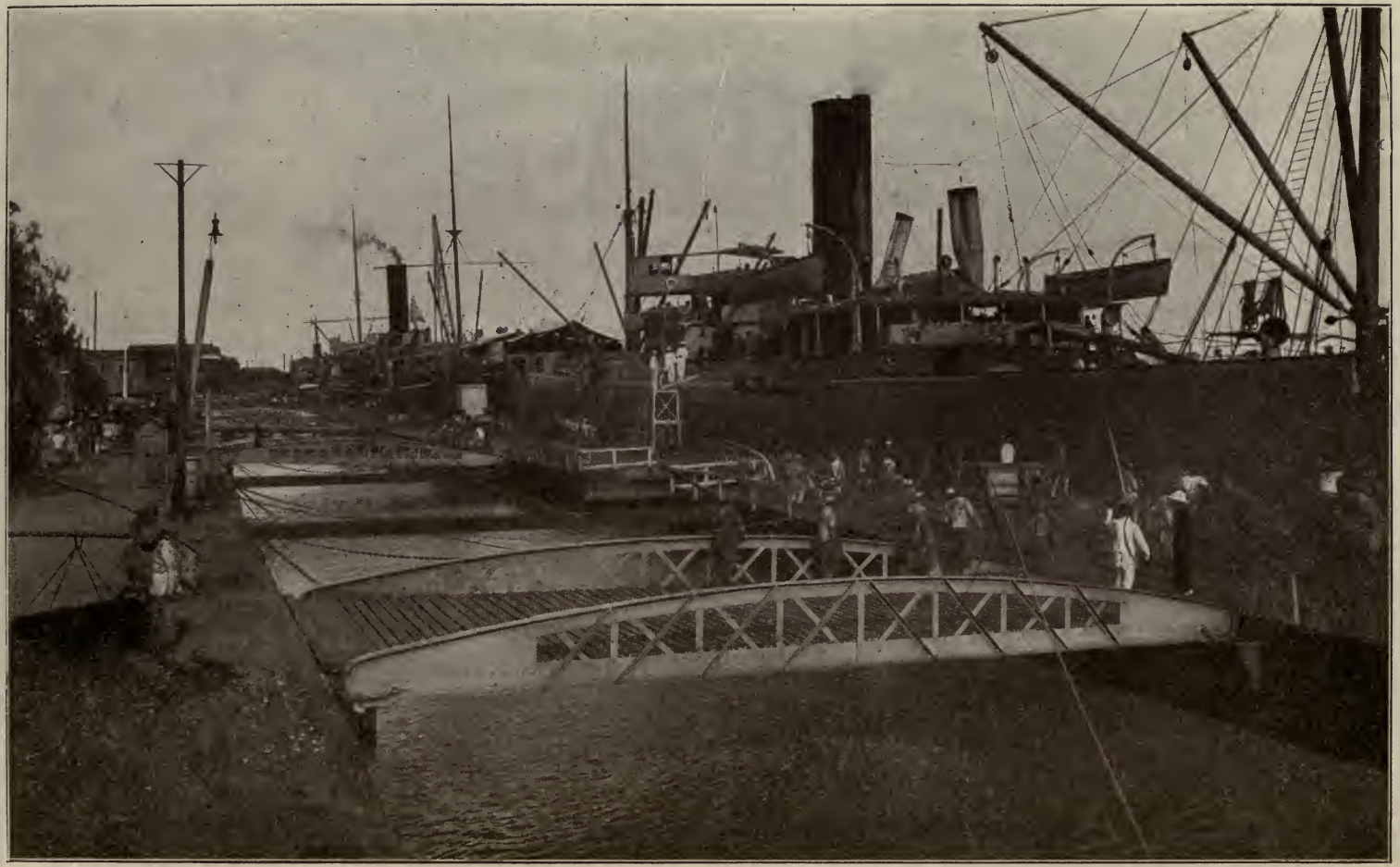
"The net amount of Liberty Bonds of all three issues retained by the National banks in the Central Reserve cities was reported at $113,095,000; in other Reserve cities, $85,172,000; and in the country banks, $210,592.000. The country National banks hold $12,325,000 more Liberty Bonds than the combined holdings of the National banks in all Reserve and Central Reserve cities."

The Fourth Liberty Loan, which reaches figures in finance that make all previous loans look comparatively small, will definitely show the world how much in earnest Uncle Sam is, and how well able his people are to finance the war to a successful finish.

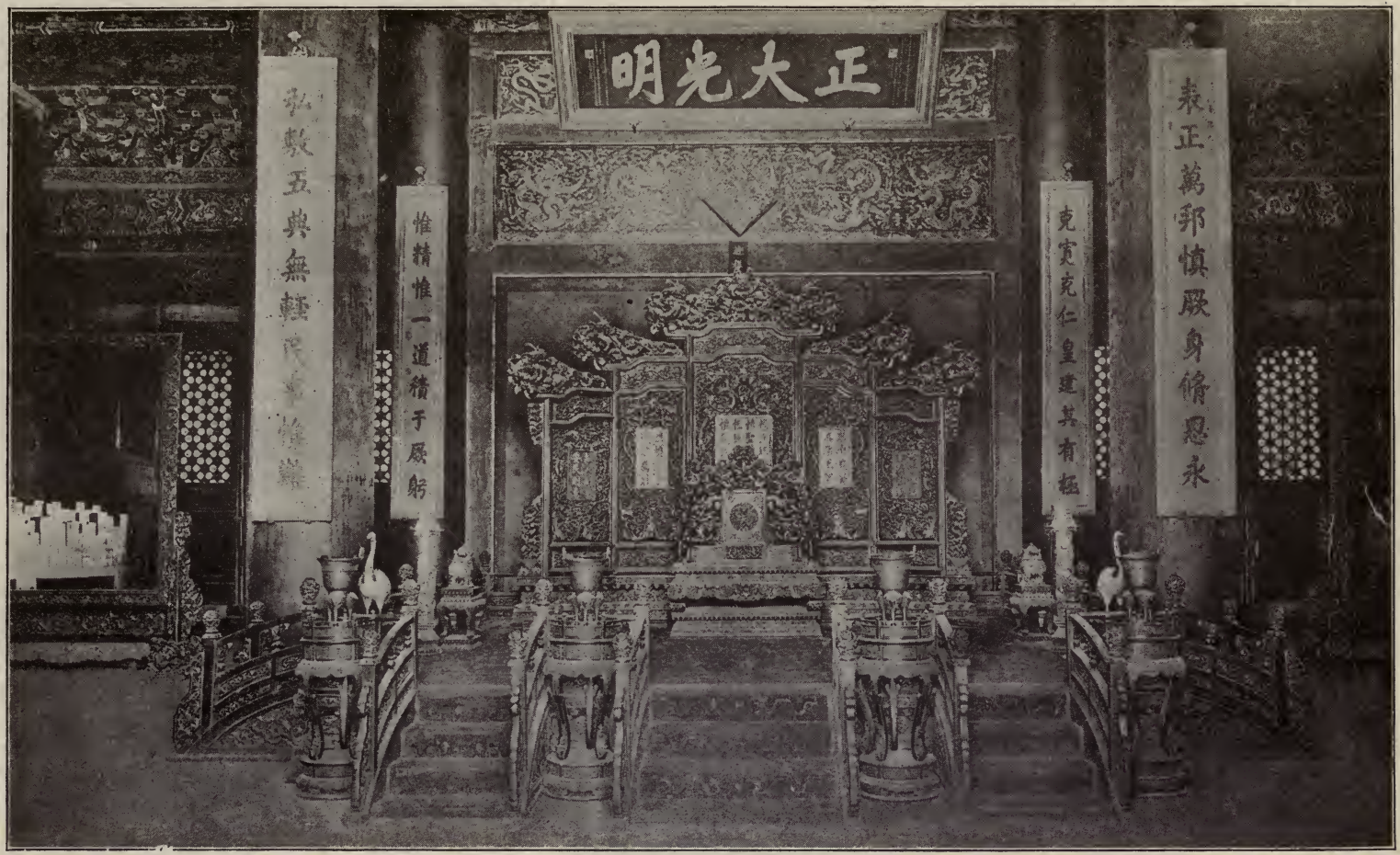
Scenes In China—City Gate, Western China.

Scenes In China—Bridge Over a River in Western China.

Scenes In China—Buildings of the American Legation, Peking.



Scenes In China—Steamers Alongside Wharves Whangpoo River, Shanghai.



Scenes In China—The Throne Room, Imperial Palace, Peking.

Scenes In China—A Typical Chinese Gateway in a Residence of Distinction

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First Jail in San Diego.

The Plymouth of the Pacific Coast

By Lena Hunzicker

NESTLED between the "Harbor of the Sun" and the low overshadowing hills, green in winter but brown and dry the rest of the year, lies, drowsing in the genial Southern California sunshine, the old Spanish town of San Diego, known locally as Old Town. Here was made the first permanent settlement on the Pacific Coast of the United States by white men; here was built the first mission; here were planted the first gardens; so the site may rightly be called the "Plymouth" of the West Coast. Other California cities may boast of their old Spanish towns, but none antedates this one; and in none is better preserved the dreamy, care-free atmosphere of the old Spanish life with such utter dis-

Patio of "Ramona's Marriage Place."

regard for the hustle of modern life. Once, Old Town was the scene of much life and gayety, and those were the days when the dark eyed senorita charmed and the dashing caballero came to woo. Now all the gay life is gone, and there remain only the few houses, the plaza, the church, and the meagre Spanish and Mexican population to recall the old day. Were it not, perhaps, for the fact that clear titles to property here are difficult to obtain, owing to Spanish land grants being so very confused, the shrewd Yankee real estate agent might long ago have replatted romantic Old Town and irreverently rebuilt it according to a modern plan.

Scarcely more than a twenty minute car ride from the center of New Town, with its busy civilian life and hordes of men in khaki and blue, Old Town is peacefully dreaming away a quiet old age. Here the tourist may spend a delightful afternoon and the student of history and romance revel in scenes of by-gone days and forget the cares and worries of these troublous times to muse on the days when "Pueblo Viejo was San Diego."

Leaving Fifth and Broadway, we ride through the business section of the city and shortly find ourselves skirting the shores of the bay, whose quiet waters are so marvelously blue that they are said to rival those of the Bay of Naples. At the end of the car line we alight at a low rambling adobe house, popularly known as "Ramona's Marriage Place." A visit to this old house, in reality once the home of the Estudillo family, prominent in early California history, is well worth while, and is made especially interesting by its genial host, Mr. Thomas Getz, the lessee, who has done so much to restore the charm and atmosphere of the old Spanish and Indian life. Built originally about 1825, the place was restored in 1910 under the direction of Mrs. Hazel Waterman. The house is built after the manner of all old Spanish houses, a low one-story adobe with walls two or three feet thick and a red curved tile roof. A spacious patio enclosed by high adobe walls extends on from the two wings of the house on the south side. Here centered the life of the home. The space is now planted in delightful gardens of old-fashioned flowers and shrubs. On the west side a door leads through the old adobe wall into a cactus gar-

Plaza, Showing Bandini House in Background.

den, where many varieties of this desert plant may be found, from the low-growing pin cushion to a miniature giant cactus. Within this patio and at one end of the garden walk is a fine old grape arbor shading a pebbled and shell-bottomed wishing well. The quaint inscription over the well reads:

"Quaff ye the waters of Ramona's Well,
Good luck they bring and secrets tell,
Blest were they by sandaled friar,
So drink and wish for thy desire."

You accordingly drop a small coin into the water, sip of the cool liquid, and make the wish that will certainly come true.

In the patio, near the kitchen door, is a huge earth oven, just such a one as was used in the old days. The kitchen, which is at the end of one of the wings of the house, contains an enormous fireplace. A large copper kettle swings from the crane, while above the fireplace and across the room are hung strings of red peppers, without which no true Spanish housewife can cook, The cupboards contain many rare old copper kettles and kitchen utensils and a number of pieces of old china, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, The rooms in the west wing have been converted into a museum of Indian and mission relics, while in the rooms in the front part of the building are a shop, where the tourist may indulge in souvenirs and a lecture room, where one may hear the story of the missions and the romance of Old Town. The floors of the corridor around the patio, as well as those of the house itself, are of red brick flags made by the Franciscan friars. A closer observation of the ceilings show the supporting beams to be lashed together with rawhide thongs. The house becomes doubly interesting when we learn that the timbers used in its construction were carried on the backs of Indians from the mountains sixty miles back.

Across the street from "Ramona's Marriage Place" is another interesting old Spanish house, built by one John Bandini, a native of Peru and prominent in early California history. During the Mexican War Commodore Stockton used the house as his headquarters. After the Civil War a second story was added and the place became the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Later it housed an olive works, but now it is the home of the proprietor of the Mission Olive Factory.

In accordance with the old Spanish

Casa Mexicana.

idea of planning, Old Town is built around a plaza. As you come out of the Ramona House you are facing this plaza. Here centered the life of the village, and here it was that Fremont first raised the American flag on July 29th, 1846. In the center of the plaza a flag pole has been erected and a huge boulder placed bearing this inscription:

"On this spot the
United States Flag
was first raised in
Southern California by
Col. John C. Fremont,
July 29th, 1846."

General Fremont's daughter was present at the dedication of the memorial.

Near by on the ground, neglected, lies an old Spanish cannon, cast in Manila in 1783 and originally used at the old Fort Guijarros at Ballast Point, near the entrance of San Diego Bay. During the American period this cannon served the double purpose of hitching-post and a whipping-post for naughty Indians. So it has seen much service under three flags and always on American soil, and has been used for purposes civil as well as military.

Facing the plaza on the west side are two other adobe houses also very old; one of them is in a hopeless state of decay, the other has been leased and christened the Casa Mexicana. Here is housed a museum of things interesting of the Spanish and Mexican life of Lower and Southern California.

For many years the Spanish and Mexican population has worshipped in the little old church a few squares from the plaza. The church is of adobe, but many years ago it was boarded over to preserve it from further decay. Until recently two old bells hung from the wooden beams outside. When the new church was completed these were removed and hung in the bell tower. These bells were brought by the padres from Lower California. Upon entering the chapel one seems to drift back out of the world of the present into the past. The atmosphere, the whole interior gives you a sense of age; the faded pictures on the wall, the worn floors and pews, and the dingy altar. To the right of the nave is a small transcept dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Sunk in the floor in front of this altar is the grave of Don Antonio

Ramona's Marriage Place. Earth Oven.

Aguirre, a native of Spain and the donor of the church. The parish priest still wears the same robes and uses the same altar service as in the old days.

It is beyond doubt this little chapel Helen Hunt Jackson had in mind when she pictured the marriage of Allessandro and Ramona.

Not far from the church is the ruin of the first jail built in Old Town. A beautiful pepper tree is growing in the space once a cell. A much better prisoner it, than the first one, who is said to have dug his way out the first night of his incarceration.

Coming back toward the plaza we presently reach the cemetery, now overgrown with weeds. A few bits of broken and crumbling adobe heaps are all that remain of the four-foot wall that once enclosed this little Camp Sancto, and only two headstones are left to mark the almost forgotten graves.

Another practically unknown site is the Protestant cemetery a quarter of a mile to the west. Here for many years slept the heroes of the Battle of San Pascual, fought in 1846, until removed some years ago to the military cemetery near Fort Rosecrans, on Point Loma. Delapidated wooden palings mark the very few graves still left.

Several blocks from the Spanish cemetery is the Whaley House, the first brick residence built in "Pueblo Viejo." Many times has the old house rung with laughter and the shouts of gay festivities, for the Whaleys were one of the prominent American families. It is interesting to know that the plaster for this house was made of ground sea shells and the brick were made in Old Town. The white cedar used in the woodwork and the hardware, however, were shipped by boat around the Horn.

The "Plymouth Rock" of the West Coast is however, a good quarter of a mile from the plaza. On the bluff known as Presidio Hill and overlooking the town, Mission Valley and the bay, is the spot where the gentle Padre Serra watched and prayed the long hours for the relief ship which was to come from Lower California bringing the much-needed food and supplies to the band of priests and soldiers. Here has been erected to his memory a cross built of the brick used in the first mission building. Here, every year on Easter Sunday are held special memorial services which are attended by hundreds of people from San Diego and surrounding towns.

At the foot of Presidio Hill stands the oldest living pioneer of California, a venerable palm tree. The seed from which this tree grew is said to have been planted by Padre Junipero Serra in 1769, the year of the founding of the mission. Until some six years ago the palms of this first planting remained. John Vance Cheney has thus beautifully described the old palms:

"But yonder pair, the Parent Palms,
oft tell
Two things, as of them all their
dream was made,
How oft rang out the branch swung
mission bell,
How Padre Serra prayed.

And while they speak, the old winds
softer blow,
Past palsied Old Town drowsing in
the sun,
Breathing some pertinent burden—
'Long ago
The padre's work was done.'"

THROUGH THE OZARKS

A little winding way—
Where would that lead us?
Oh, why so fast all day
Does the train speed us?

A little bashful stream—
Cool in the dawn;
Oh, for one hour to gaze, to dream—
Flash! it is gone.

A cottage gray and old,
With the hills above;
Do littlest houses hold
The greatest love?

Rumble and roar and grind,—
Onward we pass;
Leaving black smoke behind
On the clean grass.

JESSICA NELSON NORTH.

Indian Life in Sierra Forests

By Charles Howard Shinn

THERE seems to be a revival of interest in the Indian tribes of the California mountains, and their relation to our social problems. Several books have lately appeared about them, and the very definite interest they take in the war has made people ask: "What next?"

If you knew these Indians so well as to get their honest opinions they would sum up about this way: "More land, more live-stock, better education for our children, and the 'square deal.'"

As autumn days are here most of the Mono men, women and children have begun grape-picking in the San Joaquin Valley vineyards; their cabins are deserted and their cheerful faces and willing help are missed by their white neighbors. Nobody to pick fruit, shoot birds out of the little orchard; look up stray cattle. Still worse, nobody except one's own self to saw and split wood, wash clothes and tackle the back-breakers.

Besides, when the grape harvest is gathered our Indians will come home happy; well supplied with funds, and able to take it easy for awhile. They have had their sort of a vacation.

These Monos, or "Mono-Piutes," as some scientists call them, have occupied for several hundred years the areas where they still make their camps. Their traditions tell how they once lived in Nevada deserts, and were driven west by hostile tribes, across Piute and Mono passes, to the then unpeopled wilderness of the great pine belt and the warmer foothills. Other Indian tribes, mainly distinguishable from the Monos by an eth-

A Daughter of the Forest.

ologist, occupy with them the eastern parts of Mariposa, Madera and Fresno and portions of Inyo and Mono. They do not number, all told, more than a thousand—a little people, indeed, and yet they travel about so much that one is apt to think of them as three times as numerous.

A detailed account of the Indian tribe-families whose scattered groups live in the Sierras south of Yosemite and clear to the Mount Whitney region would fill many pages. It can be found in past volumes of the Overland Monthly back to the days of Stephen Powers. "Have different talk; tell different stories (traditional); most all same Indians"—so one chief said.

The permanent homes of the mountain Indians as distinguished from their many summer camps (when they do not choose to go grape picking) are small cabins or huts near little springs in sightly and very picturesque locations which as a rule command fine outlooks.

"Indian no like get shut in; rather pack water up hill," as one of them put it.

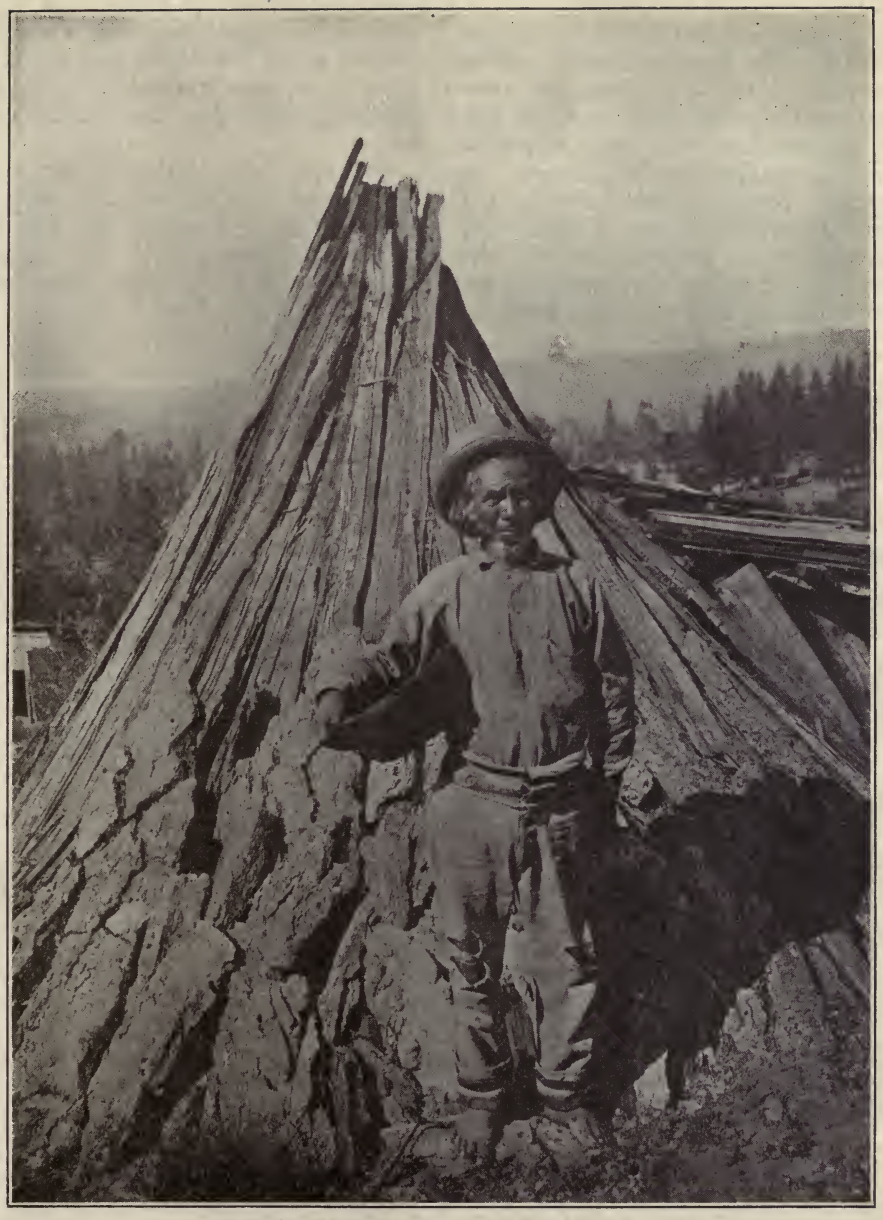
They have learned to build chimneys, have picked up fairly good second-hand cook-stoves, have gathered enough bits of boards from around deserted lumber mills and pioneer camps to make warm, comfortable cabins, and they are certainly here to stay.

It is evident to anyone who goes around these mountains that Indians are still fond of their own old-style conical huts, or wickiups," made of cedar bark and fallen branches. One old Mono who stood in front of his wickiup as I went past a few years ago was famous in the whole upper San Joaquin mountains. He never mentioned his Indian name (which might bring him bad luck), but when one admired his unusual ability as an Indian orator he would proudly slap his chest and exclaim: "Me Mono; me Gladstone." Some English tourist, one supposes, had bestowed this dignified cognomen upon him, noting his solemn talks to silent groups, and the name seemed to set him apart from the rest.

As for the Indian women, one sees them pulling grass for baskets, digging roots, gathering acorns, carrying heavy burdens, keeping up family life, and, being in fact, the mainstays of the whole Indian community. There can be but sincere respect and often admiration for their honest, cheerful virtues. They truly want their children to know more and have a better chance in the world. According to their lights they are the real way-leaders of the Indians, and they do plain, faithful thinking, too. One of them, years ago, used to ask? "What for no big, smart Indian doctors come live here? What for no Indian woman learn how?" She evidently wanted educated nurses and physicians of Indian stock, trained at the best schools, you see—people of her race. Was she not right?

A great blessing came to the mountain Indians, and one which they have always appreciated, when the Government established the National Forests. From the very first the Indians liked the idea, got along on good terms with the rangers, accepted suggestions and "obeyed the regulations." They did it easily, because things were carefully explained to them in various meetings, and their leaders, men and women, soon comprehended what was going on. They were careful about fires and about shooting game or fishing out of season, they often had some employment from the Government, and the rangers brought more ready money into the mountains. Besides, many of the men who went into forest work had long been known to the Indians as good, honest and neighborly people who were at home in the region.

As one of these pioneer rangers once expressed it back in 1902: "The Indians are plumb easy to get along with —when they are sober." Then he thought a minute, and added: "That's wholly the fault of those white people who sell them the whiskey, di-



"Gladstone of the Monos."

rectly or indirectly; who want the money and the half-breed votes. Old Sue washes clothes; her husband takes the money, gives it to a low American or half-breed, who gets a bottle full, drinks half or more, hands the rest to the Indian, who prob'ly sleeps out, gets cold, starts a fire, and it gets away from him."

But those careless days are forever gone. We are under war-pressure, and keyed up to wiser things. The go-between finds it hard to get whiskey themselves. Before long it will be impossible everywhere in the California mountains.

There are those who hope to keep the old Indian industries alive, but one

can plainly see difficulties in the way of that. The younger Indians are not learning to make baskets, any more than arrow-heads. They begin to want trades, steadier work, more education, some live-stock, little gardens, orchards, farms. These things will come by slow degrees. Every development in the National Forest helps them along towards fuller life, and better ideals, while leaving them the outdoor freedoms which they so prize, and of which we Americans ought to have much more than we do. In some important particulars the Indian beats us.

For one thing, he does not work his fingers to the bone and make a mere drudge of himself. As a Mono philosopher once said: "Poor Indian have too little; rich white man have too much. Um! Um!"

THE EMBLEM ON MY HAT

By Corporal William C. Wilson, U. S. Marine Corps.

Speaking of things which soldiers prize,
From "Coats of Arms" to "Dazzling Eyes,"
And "Pouting Lips," and fond "Good-byes,"
And other things that go with that;
When one is blue and somewhat drear,
There is a soldier's souvenir—
Ah! I have learned to love it dear—
This Emblem on my hat.

The Eagle, with her wings unfurled,
Stands guardian above a world;
The Anchor to the hilt is hurled,
Emblem of safety and all that—
But when you see it "Forward Go,"
Well, God have mercy on the foe!
We'll make this cringing Kaiser know
The Emblem on my hat.

This wondrous Emblem which you see
Is on its way to Germany;
And sends a message home to me
Of bold sea-soldiers, who combat
The Hun's shell-shattered battle line,
To drive him back against the Rhine.
Who would not prize this prize of mine—
This Emblem on my hat?

So here's to all the Emblems bright,
From vassalage to that of knight;
Ours is alone the first to fight,
And kill the tyrant like a rat.
Where'er the field, who'er the foe,
One common cause we only know,
And here's what guides the winning blow—
The Emblem on my hat.

The Anti-Love Potion

How an Anti-Love Potion Proved to be a Veritable Boomerang

By Sue Conly

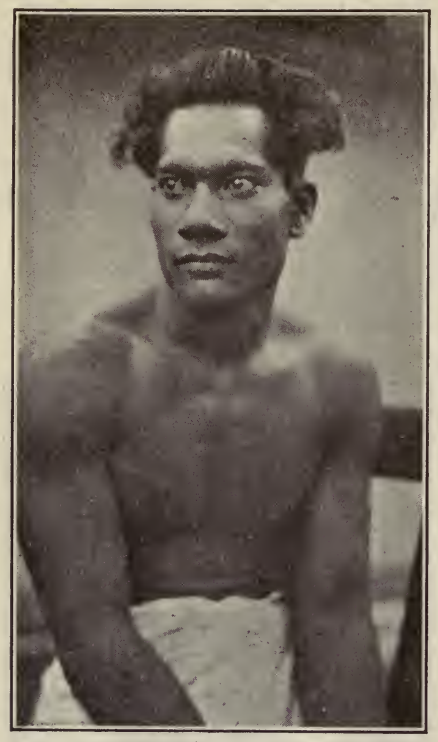
FROM the days of Lucretia Borgia to the time of the Witches of Macbeth, many have been the tales of love-potions. Fascinating stories of deadly concoctions, administered in some mysterious manner by unloved but love-sick beings. Love-philtres potent in their power to turn love's contrary current in the desired direction. To be entirely efficacious, according to legend, they must be brewed, with weird incantations, in dark caves by wrinkled hags, preferably with a thunder and lightning storm in full flight. Everyone knows the stories of love-potions, but the tale of an anti-love potion is something new.

The yellow thread of jealousy is always twisted with the crimson strand of love in the rope of life, but it remains for the Fanning Islands to offer, in modern times, the strangest story of jealousy, and a jealously administered anti-love potion. A philtre that proved to be a veritable boomerang in its weird effect. A tale filled with the superstition of a race whose destiny is shaped by its malevolent influence. The influence that shaped the lives of Mimi, a Fanning Island belle, and her two strapping suitors, Boubi and Nodkin.

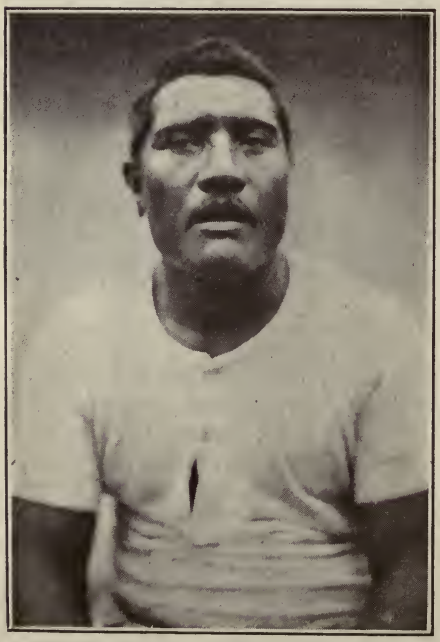
Fanning Island, that bit of paradise floating in the southern sea like an emerald set in blue enamel, boasts but a handful of natives, the remnant of a fast-dying race. They are fine specimens of the polynesian type with their glistening, polished skins and splendid physiques. Like bronze statues as they ride their surf-boards with the brilliant sun striking coppery glints from their dripping bodies.

Mimi and Her Father, Mage.

Mimi, tinted by kindly nature just the right shade of coffee tinctured with rich cream, was considered the belle of the island. Just turned the fifteenth mile-stone of her life, and in that tropic clime, where flowers bloom into early maturity, nearly eligible for marriage. Sixteen is considered the proper age for a Fanning bride, and



Nodkin, the Jealous.



Boubi, the Victim.

her family is disgraced if she is allowed to marry before she has attained its dignity. So Mimi had ample time to consider her many suitors.

As coquettish as the average pretty girl the world over, dusky Mimi enjoyed dangling her admirers; enjoyed the love offerings of vividly colored fish and succulent cocoanuts which they placed at the closed door of her grass hut in the compound surrounded by palm trees, near the white beach where the surf sang her lullaby as it kissed the sands.

Boubi, being the wealthiest of the suitors, seemed to be gaining in favor. So one by one the others dropped out of the race for Mimi's heart. All but the handsome Nodkin, whose worldly goods consisted of a fishing-spear and two gaudy squares of cotton that did duty as a wardrobe. What he lacked financially was balanced by his appearance; the splendid appearance that caused Mimi an anxious moment of indicision. Not so Mimi's father, Mage. With an eye to the main chance, after the manner of fathers civilized or uncivilized, who desire a comfortable future for their only daughters, Mage strongly favored the wealthy Boubi. Looking at Boubi's photograph, one sees the evidence of his great affluence in the quantity of garments he wears, as compared to the paucity of Nodkin's toilette.

Boubi ungenerously taunted Nodkin with his poverty, as the wealthy one strolled proudly along the sands with the coquettish Mimi. The belle, gorgeous in her best grass skirt, bright seed necklace, and a gracious smile, although her costume was slightly marred by a soiled rag tied about an injured great-toe.

Jealousy claimed Nodkin as it's prey as he sat alone and brooded darkly. Brooded until a happy thought struck him and lightened his gloom. He remembered an old wife's tale of a sea-weed, growing at an almost inaccessible depth, that if plucked in the hardly perceptible pause between the slowly setting sun and the sudden

tropic moon, and brewed for many hours, would produce a tasteless fluid, said to have the power of killing love.

That evening, just at the psychological moment, Nodkin slipped along the beach, his shadow blackly silhouetted on the white sand in the long rays of the setting sun. Far out on the sharp coral reef, where the breakers pounded with a hint of menace in their sullen boom, he crawled. A moment, and the naked, brown body spun through the air, just as the inquisitive face of the rising moon peered over the edge of the world. Down, down Nodkin sank beneath the clear water, until he crawled like some strange crab along the sandy bottom, seeking the love-defying plant. A stream of bubbles, and he shot to the surface gasping for breath, but empty-handed. Down he went again, and again; finally a hand appeared above the surface of the water, a determined fist grasping a long, snaky weed, followed by its owner, satisfaction glittering in his brilliant eyes.

All that night Nodkin crouched in his hut over his cook-pot, stirring the evil-smelling concoction and muttering to himself as he seemed to see Mimi's pretty face beckoning alluringly to him from the rising steam. In another clime there would have been the appropriate thunder and lightning storm—the only shower that poured over Nodkin's hut was one of the moltern silver of a full moon. Just as dawn began to stretch her pink fingers over the sky Nodkin hurried, always keeping well within the dense shadows, to Boubi's large hut. Skirting it, stole to the rear and listened carefully. Evidently satisfied by the uproar proceeding from the hut that his rival was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, Nodkin dropped to his stomach and wormed his way under the thatch into the hut. Inch by inch, always listening for a cessation of Boubi's snores, he hitched himself along the ground until he reached Boubi's cook-pot, where Boubi's breakfast of fish-stew awaited the termination of his

Mimi, the Eternal Feminine.

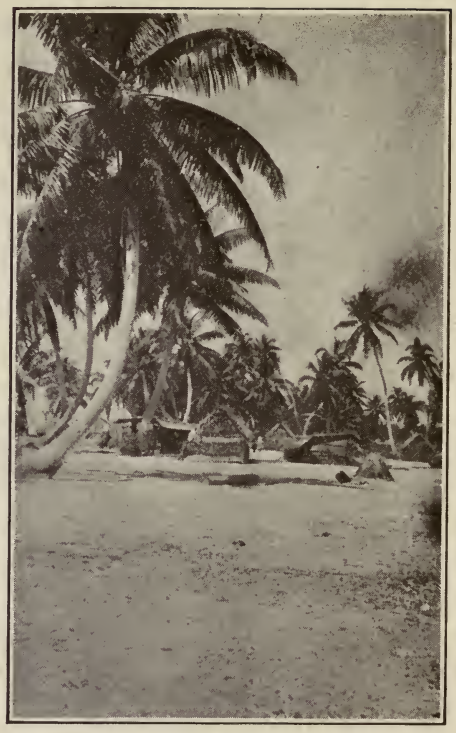
Truxti, the Dark Horse.

trumpetings. Nodkin carefully poured the contents of the gourd he carried into the stew chuckling silently to himself the while. Then wormed his silent way from the hut and flashed like a black streak to his own adobe and a dreamless sleep with that strange fatality of the native mind—what is to be will be.

The day came and Mimi waited for Boubi with his usual offerings. The day passed and no Boubi appeared to worship at her shrine. Finally, piqued at his neglect, she went forth to find him, and, incidentally, to give him a piece of her mind. She found her erstwhile lover sitting in front of his hut, his empty cook-pot beside him. He was playing with some shells, tossing them from hand to hand, like a little child playing a game, and laughing idiotically. He stared vacantly at Mimi, not appearing to recognize her. His mentality completely destroyed by Nodkin's powerful drug. True, it had done all that the old wife claimed it would; it had killed Boubi's love, for Mimi, but in the destruction had killed Boubi's intellect forever.

Nodkin, terrified at the result of his act, confessed his evil deed and disappeared—no one knew where. Later it was rumored that he had been seen in Hawaii, where, at the beginning of the war between the United States and the Central Powers, he had enlisted in the Navy. Maybe "over there" he will redeem himself by some brave act for the evil he did to Boubi.

Mimi, shorn of both her suitors, eloped to the other side of the island with Truxti, the cocoanut husker—a dark horse in the matrimonial race. She evidently believed in having more than two strings to her bow, and had been cultivating Truxti's attentions secretly. Mage, deeply injured and disgraced by having his daughter married before she was sixteen, and to a



Boubi's Hut.

mere husker of cocoanuts, cast her out publicly, with the usual ceremony of washing his hands at the door of his hut and calling on his neighbors to witness the feat.

The well-laid plans of Nodkin certainly did "gang agley". The anti-love potion worked, but in a way he little expected. His love-dream burst like a flimsy bubble and scattered trouble over poor, demented Boubi, disgraced Mage, and, alas, over little Mimi as well. For her husband beats her now that her beauty has faded, and many little hands clutch her grass skirts as she toils over the simmering cook-pots. No doubt thinking of the happy days, care-free and full of joy, when she coquetted in the golden sunshine with her suitors, Boubi and Nodkin.

The Call to Arms

By Arthur Powell

Rise up, a hundred million strong,
Let loose the thunders of your song—
  Exalt the land we love!
Extol our fathers' loving toil,
That they might leave us golden soil,
  Old Glory's stars above.
They shot, when kings would wreck the plan,
Straight as their rolling furrows ran,
  And put the foe to shame.
Our might unbroken as our faith,
We too can dare the battle-wraith
  With no less just an aim.

Columbia! sunderer of thongs
And mother to the exile throngs
  That seek thy sheltered rest!
They love thy sunny fields, thy charms,
The gesture of thy glorious arms
  That folds them to thy breast.
For these, thy loyal foster sons,
Knew life beneath the Lordly Ones,
  Where men are less than men;
And, not ungrateful, they have died
To save the land that gave them pride—
  And shall die yet again!

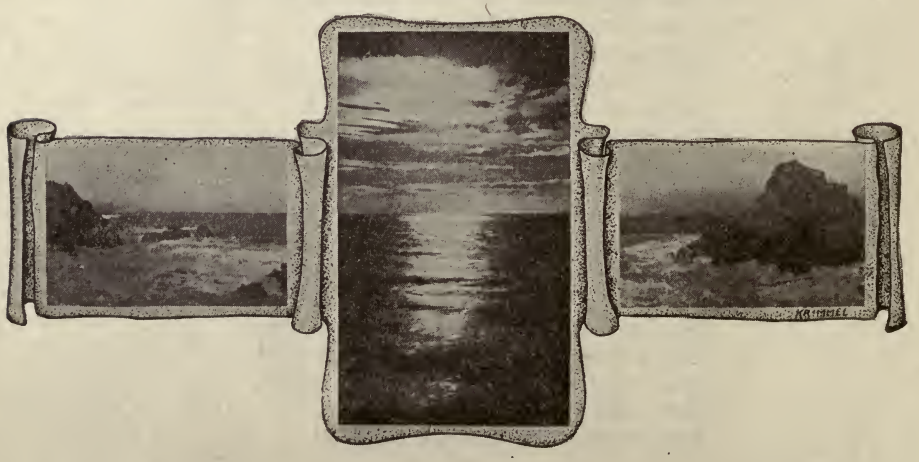
In peace, we made the desert bloom;
The fruitage of the land and loom
  We showered upon the world
Forever singing as we wrought. . . .
These labors may not be for naught,
  Nor one Star be down-hurled!
He first in peace and first in war
Still lives in us. Great Counsellor
  That never him misled,—
Give us the strength now claimed of us,
That they be not ashamed of us—
  The shades of our great dead!

We have no South, we know no West
When tyrants would impose their will.
One heart within one fearless breast,
The eagle brood defends its nest
And knows the ancient thrill!

November in California

By Victor M. Kinnaman

Spirit am I of tender, subtle light,
My opalescent beauty, of veiled hues
Deep-toned and rich as cello notes divine,
Spreads royal velvet over hill and field
For eyes' delight. My edgeless shadows sleep
Thro' all the daylight hours; at eventide
Are loveliest, when the drowsy, soft-eyed sun
Dips gently o'er the verge of day's decline.



The Apricot Ranch

By Donna Reith Scott

ALONG a sandy road an automobile swiftly curved and dipped, swung up a low hill, slowed for a moment, and then came to a standstill under a row of acacia trees, rivaling the morning sunshine. When the beating of the engine ceased all the countryside was hushed except for the twittering of nesting birds, the soft swaying of branches and the wind murmuring in the grass.

The pale young man, almost a boy, sitting beside the village real estate agent was sunk in lethargy. He was gazing directly along the road with a discouraged gleam in his eyes.

Hiram Dorst, the agent, glanced at him sideway, and playfully nudged him on the arm, while with the other hand he pointed from his side of the machine. "How do you like this ten acre place, Mr. Gilbert?"

"I haven't seen anything—" the boy began listlessly, turning his head. The words came to an end abruptly, and eager delight driving the indifference from his brown eyes.

Before them, huddled beneath a sea of apricot-blossoming hillsides stood a cement bungalow, elegant, yet simply fashioned, and uncostly. Its French windows and doors were silk-curtained and opened onto a wide cobblestone porch. In the uncut lawn glowed great beds of dark pansies. Its walks were bordered with calla lilies and brilliant hued flowers, and shrubs just leafing out nestled in every nook.

"This is one of the best 'cot sections in California; and this is the finest small ranch in these parts," said Hiram, leaning back as though it couldn't be disputed. "Soil as fine as silk."

"Why would anybody want to sell such a dream?" Maurice Gilbert asked incredulously, joy bubbling in his voice, while his eyes traveled up to where there were splashes of deep pink among the lighter colored blossoms, which were early peach trees.

"You like it?"

"Like it!"

"There are few small holdings for sale here. I saw you weren't satisfied with any of the others, and—"

"So you showed me the best last," the other interrupted, laughing. "I know your game."

"No," the agent protested. "We were passing by. I thought I'd stop so you could have a glimpse of it."

"You needn't take me any further. I was just about to say I'd try to catch the afternoon train back."

"H-m-m-m, I can't even say the place is for sale," Hiram remarked, regretfully.

A shadow of quick, surprised disappointment stole over Maurice's sensitive face, and the faint color that had been coming to his cheeks died out again.

"I wish I hadn't seen it, then," he sighed. "As long as I can remember I've dreamed of a place like this."

The agent wasn't listening. He was pondering with a reflective air. Finally he remarked, as if in answer to a question, "It's worth just about what you could pay."

"But if it isn't for sale!"

"I'd like to get it for you. It would be the best thing that ever happened, too, for Mrs. Beaman to sell it."

"Why?" with astonishment.

"Because she can't run it," Hiram explained. "And—well, six months ago she lost all she had in the world

—her son. He set out the 'cots, designed and built the biggest part of the house. When everything was going fine, he got crushed in an automobile accident, and lay for months in the hospital. She mortgaged the ranch to get the best surgeons here. But he died under the third operation.

"Yes," he finished reminiscently, "Mrs. Beaman was always one to laugh and be happy. It must be pretty hard for her to laugh now, with everything against her. Yet she does it."

The boy sighed in sympathy while he watched a flock of black birds settling in the trees overhead.

Hiram began again, "The place will go down in value. You can see it's being neglected already. If she doesn't sell, she is bound to lose it."

"Hard lines for an old lady," the boy muttered. "How much is the mortgage?"

"Three thousand. Half its value."

Just then the long glass door opened and a dainty little woman with a mass of soft white hair puffed and done high on her head came through, carrying a large fern, much too heavy for her.

She placed the fern in the sun on the buttress of the porch. Over its spreading foliage her sad eyes lit up with pleasure when she saw the machine.

"Good morning, Hiram," she called cheerfully. "Are you coming in?"

"Good morning," Hiram answered. "Yes, I was thinking of it."

The young man climbed out of the machine and advanced up the path edged with lilies.

In a cream-colored dress and her white hair, she made a pleasing picture among the ferns and flowers as she stood in the sun waiting to welcome them.

As they drew nearer the tall, colorless boy and the old lady with the pallor of heart ache on her face smiled into each other's eyes as if they were old friends.

"This is Mr. Gilbert," Hiram said, introducing them. "He came down from San Francisco yesterday to look at ranch property."

"I'm so glad to meet you," she said beaming and shaking hands. "Come right in. It's a beautiful warm morning, but you must be cold riding. I've got a nice fire in the grate."

An indefinable air of delicate refinement and cosy homelikeness seemed to fill the living-room. The colors of faded blues, rose and gray-greens were harmonized in the velvet rug, pillows, hangings and curtains. A piano, books and charming pictures lined the walls. Near the flaring fire of fruit-tree prunings were big leather rockers.

Maurice, fresh from a hall bedroom, gazed around the peaceful, sunlit room, the spotless sleeping-room seen through an archway and at the little woman flutteringly putting their hats on a table, and sank into a chair as if he had found home at last.

She sat down between her visitors, and then asked Maurice, "Are you looking for a ranch for your folks?"

"No," he answered, "I haven't any. It's for myself."

"No folks?"

He shook his head.

"Are you married then?"

"No," he replied blushing. "Ever since I was fifteen, when I got my first job as messenger on the railroad I began to save to buy an apricot orchard."

She leaned toward him interestedly. And with surprise he found himself going on with his story. "I went to night school. Circumstances came along favorable to me, and I advanced rapidly in the office. I made an investment that turned out well. Now I made up my mind I'd leave. It seems as if I can't breathe in there. When springtime comes I can hardly bear it. The columns of figures turn to singing birds, green trees, and rippling water."

"I don't see how you stood it as long as you have. You don't appear strong. The open air will do you good."

Hiram Dorst moved his chair back a pace from the fire. "Mr. Gilbert, would like to look over your ranch with a view to buying it," he remarked casually.

She lifted her eyes to his face in a yearning, questioning way and laughed catchily. "But I don't want to sell, Hiram."

"A little house in the village, now," he advised, his blue eyes coaxing, his round face smiling. "Where you wouldn't be so alone."

"Mary Headley or little Joe or someone comes to stay with me every night," she flushed.

"Well, that's good," he said. "But the place needs plowing. Unless it's done soon, the soil won't retain the moisture. The fruit'll drop if it sets heavy."

"Yes," she sighed.

"It's been such a dry winter, the ground'll need a lot of cultivating all summer long."

A harrassing anxiety seemed to take possession of her. "It ought to be done. But everybody is so busy in the spring, and—" her voice broke off quivering slightly, although she still smiled brightly.

The real estate agent rose to his feet. "You don't get a chance to sell every day, Mrs. Beaman," he insinuated kindly.

"I don't want to sell, Hiram."

"Do you mind if we go around and look at the place," he asked.

"As much, and wherever you please. When you come back I'll have a cup of tea ready for you."

She followed them out on the porch, as though loath to let them go.

They waved good-bye to her and began an inspection of the ranch. They went through the unpruned berry-patch, the dry branches almost hiding the new green shoots; through a chicken yard, with a few scattering hens; past the empty barn, and then through the family orchard, with pushing green leaves concealing the cherry and almond blossoms. After that they began to climb the brown rolling hills with their burden of pale pink gladness.

"Not a finer place in the country than this," reiterated Hiram.

"It's great!" the other replied, the color rippling into his cheeks and joyous gleams into his eyes.

While they climbed up and around, here and there, for an hour, examining trees and the many varieties of brown and sandy soil, the sun showered warmly upon them through the branches like golden rain.

When they reached the top boundary of the ranch, Maurice was almost breathless from the unwonted exercise and the sweet odors. He sat down against one of a row of tall eucalyptus trees that would furnish wood for many years, and gazed at a yellow warbler swaying on the topmost twig of a fruit tree and bursting its tiny throat with song.

"Hear him," Maurice laughed dreamily, "He's singing to me."

Hiram stood some distance away, shading his eyes with his hand. "Get up and come over here," he urged, "and see what he is singing to. His heart is bursting with the beauty of it."

Maurice sauntered over.

"Now look!" Hiram exclaimed, pointing to the left.

The boy gazed through an aperture in the gulch, cut in huddles of hills all covered with blossoming trees. Thereupon appeared like magic a broad, level valley which from the distance looked like a calm sea of shimmering blue, dotted with white sail boats. Where a village lay, the illusion was like a harbor on a gala day. Off farther, miles away, the bluer sky reflected enchantingly down on the mountains melting mistily away. The noon sun hung above, bringing out the scattering trees along the zigzag peaks in lacelike tracery against the sky.

Maurice drew a long breath as his eyes swept back over the tinted hills sloping toward each other and the valley. More than ever he longed to possess this little ranch. This whole ex-

quisite view would be his. Presently he sighed as his gaze traveled down to the little home in its frame of flowers and trees. The strident discord of mortgage and sorrow and someone else's displacement seemed to mock the scene and his would-be joyful mood.

"Do you wonder the little bird sang?" Hiram asked, after waiting for it all to have the proper effect on the prospective buyer.

Maurice was serious now, and ignored the pleasantry. "It's the grandest thing I ever saw! Think of working day after day with a view like that stretched before you." After an interval he asked wistfully, "I don't suppose you know of another place similar for sale?"

"No, I don't. None with soil like this and trees just coming into full bearing. You've seen them all. What's the matter with this?"

"She doesn't want to sell. I could not buy it from her, anyway. It's a dream though," he said, as if shaking off a temptation.

Hiram took a few quick steps nearer Maurice. "As far as her not wanting to sell is concerned, I can persuade her to," he said confidently, an almost imperceptible ring of impatience in his voice. "Why, she must sell to someone; otherwise she'll lose it. Look at that fine pasture down there," pointing toward a patch of green near the right boundary line, "an everrunning spring in it, and going to waste. Two hundred chickens and a cow used to run in there and get all the green they wanted."

"Yes," the boy sighed, "But—"

Hiram went on, "She'll have to hire every tap. How is she going to pay for it? The kindest act you ever did would be to buy the place."

"Of course, when one looks at it in that light it would," Maurice agreed. After a pause he interjected, "Still, it seems like a crime to take it."

"A crime not to! It would give her almost three thousand and save the dear old lady from the poor-house."

Maurice made no reply.

Shortly after they began to descend, Maurice unconsciously pulling down branches in a caressing way as he went and covering himself with falling petals. After a few silent minutes a sudden thought struch him. He turned and faced his companion. "Almost three thousand?" he ejaculated. "I thought you said it was mortgaged for half its value."

"Well, there's the interest at seven per cent and my commission."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Maurice strode on again.

"Someone is sure to get it soon. You may as well have it," floated after him.

"I realize that." Then suddenly he said, with a reflective air, as if he were doing mental figuring, "If she decides to sell, I'll pay the commission. I'll feel better about it, if it takes my last cent."

The other laughed rather abashed. "I don't care who pays the commission. I can't sell property for my health."

"Certainly not," Maurice agreed, digging his heels in the soft earth and hurrying on. "I wasn't insinuating anything."

They crossed the pasture amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, the buzzing of insects and the calling of birds, with Hiram explaining its money-making possibilities.

In a few minutes they found themselves among the roses under the pergola.

"We'll go in now," Hiram suggested in an undertone, "and hear what she's got to say."

The gravel crunched under their feet. She opened wide the door, and called, "I've got tea all ready for you."

Hiram went in first. As Maurice came nearer she caught sight of his glowing cheeks and petal-drenched shoulders and hat. She laughed. "My, you look like the queen of the May."

Maurice stepped back and shook off the petals.

The noon sun had been glowing hot-

ter. The cool green rug in the dining-room was restful, as were the deep window seats, piled with pillows and the hanging basket drooping with vines. A cut glass bowl containing pansies and rose buds brightened the old-fashioned white china on the table.

Mrs. Beaman moved about with a very becoming sprightliness, placing the lunch on the table. Her troubles and grief were momentarily forgotten. She was ministering to young people.

Hiram was quiet, evidently waiting to see where the conversation would lead.

When at last she sat down, she asked, "Mr. Gilbert, do you think this is a good ranch?"

"It's fine!"

She laughed with enthusiastic agreement. "It is! My," she went on, as she passed the scrambled eggs and put some on her own plate, "I've got some appetite today. I can scarcely eat when I'm alone."

"That's what I've been saying, Mrs. Beaman," Hiram remarked. "It's too lonely for you here."

In a nervous way, without replying, she began to pour the tea.

"What a magnificent view there is from the gulch," Maurice said to break the rather strained silence and to express what was haunting him.

"Oh, it's grand—grand," she broke out. "But, I haven't been up there for a long time. Harry used to help me up. Now—" she paused abruptly. "Take some more gingerbread, Mr. Gilbert," she requested, hurriedly. "You're not eating anything. Hiram, help yourself."

"No need to urge me," he flattered her, "I know what kind of a cook you are."

After the meal was over, Hiram got down to business, and remarked, "The fruit's going to set extra heavy, I can see that. It'll need a lot of thinning."

"Yes?" she questioned.

"Have to be well thinned, too," he went on, "or the 'cots won't be any size."

"There's such a lot of work in an orchard," she sighed.

"It's the little things that count, that make success or failure. And it takes considerable money, too, to move a crop."

"I know, Hiram, I know."

"Then a good many times you don't get your money right away—have to wait a long time. And labor must be paid, and—" he paused for breath. "It's always a losing venture for a woman. We could look after you better if—"

"I want to tell you, Hiram, if I am sixty, I'm not old. I don't need looking after." She waved her hand at him in playful defiance.

He leaned over and gently patted her shoulder. "I'm saying these things for your good. A delicate woman alone can't make a success of a ranch, much less pay off a debt."

Her face grew a shade paler.

He hurried to push his point. "A buyer doesn't come along every day. Mr. Gilbert needs a ranch like this. He can't stand inside work any longer. Why, look at the change in him since morning!"

"Oh, I noticed it," she smiled to the boy. "Didn't I say he looked like the queen of the May."

Maurice laughed and pulled back sheepishly. "I—I don't know what to do, Mrs. Beaman," he faltered. "I don't want to induce you to sell. But I do like the place."

Hiram glanced at her significantly, ignoring Maurice's stammering remarks. "Mr. Gilbert has offered to pay six thousand and the commission. That's a fine offer—cash, too. Pardon me for speaking so plain, but I'd like to see you get your money out safe. We—"

"Hiram, you talk so much I can't think."

She rose in an agitated manner. After a moment the boy got up too. Both stood viewing the ocean of blossoms.

Finally she turned toward Maurice. "You would like to have it?"

"Very much. But I don't—"

"An offer like that doesn't come every day," Hiram put in. "Cash, too."

She didn't seem to hear, but excused herself and went into the kitchen. In there she pattered across the floor with quick steps and rattled pans. Then for an interval all was quiet.

Suddenly, in the hush, she stood in the doorway and announced, "Well, boy, you can have it. I can't go on."

Directly she turned back into the kitchen. The boy swallowed a lump in his throat and tried to speak. Hiram jumped to follow and congratulate her on her good sense.

The pans were rattled more noisily for a moment. After that Hiram and the old lady re-entered the dining-room. He was saying, "The best thing—"

She raised a protesting hand. "Let's say no more about it, Hiram. It's but a business deal. If Mr. Gilbert wants the ranch on those terms he can have it."

"Thank you," the boy faltered, without joy in his voice.

"Now, Mr. Gilbert, if you will make a deposit," Hiram advised.

Maurice drew out his check-book. Thereupon he noticed how like a statue she sat there. He fumbled with it in an undecided way.

She roused and crossed over to him and put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't think you're taking anything from me, boy. It's a fair price; and I must sell."

Without further parley the check was written and laid on the table.

"You'll have the papers made out and see to everything, Hiram?" she questioned, while he wrote out a receipt.

"Yes," he replied.

After a little more conversation, Maurice said he would like to get the late afternoon train to the city.

The young man edged toward the door.

"When will it be convenient—" Hiram began gently.

"Just as soon as you get the papers made out. I'll begin to pack right away."

"There's no hurry," the boy murmured.

She shook hands with the new owner of her house and breathed, "I hope you'll be happy here."

"I'm sure I will."

Outside the door, under the whispering trees, and in the scented wind, Maurice looked at her with a strange expression in his brown eyes. He parted his lips to speak. Then something he saw in hers made him close them again.

"Hiram, see if you can rent Wright's cottage for me," she called.

"Just the thing," he agreed.

Hiram's brisk bounce as he led the way to the automobile told that he had made three hundred dollars that morning. But Maurice, who had at last secured his dream home, and emancipation from the office, followed with lagging steps.

Hiram started the engine. Maurice put his hand on the machine ready to get in, hesitated, and turned his head toward the house sunk in meditation.

He drew away, saying in a shaky voice, "Just a minute, Mr. Dorst. I'll be back directly."

He ran across the lawn that now was his, onto the gravel road to the glass door under the pergola. There he hesitated again, glancing in, his fingers bent to rap, though they hung there motionless.

The old lady's head, on her outstretched arms, was lying among the cushions in the window seat, her body in a storm of tremors.

Softly he went in, and in one stride reached her side. His slendor form bent over her. "I don't want you to leave your home. I—"

"What a silly old body I am," she exclaimed, drying her tears and raising her head.

"I don't want you to leave," he repeated.

"I'm glad it's sold. I'm glad you're going to have it, son."

He dropped down beside her, trembling. "Couldn't—couldn't you make it real?"

"Make what real?" in surprise.

"The—the son."

"You poor boy." The tears welled into her eyes again. "Compassion for a silly old body is carrying you away. Tell me what you came back for, dear."

"For this; to ask to adopt you for—for my mother."

Once more, amid a mingled laugh and cry, the old lady's head fell among the pillows. From their depths she quivered, "I'd be so happy. But you'll be wanting to get married."

"A fellow wants a mother first," he burst out childishly, a starved longing in his voice and eyes. "I never—had one. I was brought up in an orphan asylum."

Then as a short, sharp blast from Hiram's automobile horn vibrated into the tense emotion, she laughed tearfully, her right hand against his cheek, "Tell Hiram I'll count the minutes until you bring your trunk."

BALLADE OF THE MISSION BELLS

Here are the Mission's rafters old
Cobwebbed vistas enwrapped in gloom,
Shadowy cloisters damp and cold
Haunts where the spider spins her loom,
Lonely pathways from room to room
Altars where only memory dwells,
And plaster falling in dingy spume,
But where is the sound of the Mission Bells?

Fringing the walls are dahlias bold
Rose and lark-spur with faint perfume,
Purple aster and marigold
Flaring out in a gorgeous bloom,
Radiant colors the suns illume
Steeped and held in the summer's spells,
Aloof from the city's fret and fume,
But where are the sound of the Mission Bells?

Now no more may the monks behold
Jesus, risen from out the tomb,
Now no more shall their beads be told
Tasks no more will their hands resume,
The coals are dead by the chimney's flume,
While grass grows thick by the dried-up wells,
And time creeps onward, and days consume,
But where is the sound of the Mission Bells?

ENVOY

Prince with the dust of a century's doom
So stand deserted these empty cells,
And down by the sea the breakers boom
But where is the sound of the Mission Bells?

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

Viewpoints

By Maud B. Rodgers

SPRINGTIME in Nevada. A warmer, deeper light on the great gray plains of sagebrush, and a lighter, more changeful hue on this country's great heritage of everlasting hills whose matchless coloring forever lies in distinct contrast with the sombre shade of the everlasting plain. Springtime in Nevada. The coming of bud and bird, be the buds but those of the willows overhanging brook or river, the bird an exile from some Southern clime. Here, as in every portion of the universe, into the human heart steals that buoyancy of hope, that subtle change, engendered by the coming of the mystical springtime—which is akin to the resurrection.

To none does this return of warmer sunshine, balmier air, come with more gratifying effect than to the Piute Indian, the neglected, desolate native of the sagebrush and the plain. Upon this particular spring day in Nevada two representatives of the widely separated natives of the State met—one a powerful Westerner of middle age, riding a tireless chestnut thoroughbred of easy saddle and impressive bridle; the other a tall, lank Indian, somewhat older than the white man, his calico mustang bedraggled and worn, his bridle a rope, his saddle a rag. It was the sunset hour, and they had both ridden many miles before meeting upon this common ground—a height overlooking a small sheltered valley dotted with wigwams. Each gazed upon the other with hostile eye and refrained from dismounting, although each knew he had reached the end of his journey. Why, after this long ride, made intolerable to the Indian by the thought of a paleface, and worse than intolerable to the white man by the memory of a redskin, did it happen that at its close these two should reach their destination together?

At length the white man spoke, his manner overbearing, his voice intolerant and harsh. He pointed down into the valley: "Is that Piute Jim's hovel, wigwam, what you may call it?"

The immobile face of the Indian expressed no intelligence. He shook his head.

"No sabe," queried the white man, "Why you no sabe?"

The Indian again slowly shook his head.

The white man smiled scornfully, pointing again toward the wigwams, "White Crowfoot, eh?"

The Indian suddenly understood. He nodded his head and grunted an affirmative reply. The white man shook his fist in the direction of the wigwams as though he would raze them to the ground with a mighty blow from his strong, upraised arm.

"Curse on the dirty tribe! I wish I had the power to lay each member dead."

The dull, tired brain of the Indian failed to comprehend the depth of this man's wrath. The last word, spoken in such rage and bitterness was the only one he fully grasped. To him it signified separation, grief, eternal silence. He turned and looked away far across the peaceful land, toward the vast expanse of sunset splendor that glorified the passing day. His eyes gazed into the depth of the brilliant, billowy clouds.

"The Great Father," he said, pointing with long, brown finger to the fantastic clouds tower-like, massed into

shapes that resembled the domes and spires of some far distant city, and which instinctively proclaimed to his untutored mind the many mansions of his father's house, "Sin Kavata dead!"

The white man turned to the Indian, whose closing words he had failed to hear. He scornfully repeated the words in which the Indian had professed his belief. "The Great Father!" and he laughed loud and mockingly.

Suddenly a group upon horseback swung around the bend—a brilliant young woman, two well-groomed young men accompanying her. At the sight of Colonel Winters she drew rein. The young men saluted.

"You, Colonel Winters?" her voice rang clear and distinct, "then you have heard?"

Why, now, did this woman arrive upon the scene to further taunt the Colonel with her beauty and charm? For many months the pride, the shame of this man had kept him from making this trip, and during all this time, while he had brooded alone behind barred doors, in silence and bitterness of soul, the thought of this woman and the thought of an Indian girl had been his only company, two spectres that had made his life intolerable. And now by some chance of circumstance which he could not comprehend this very woman from whom he had hidden himself stood with him now in his hour of humiliation. To this woman of his own race he strove to hide his confusion, his anger, as he had tried to express it to the man of an alien race.

"The news Angela," he spoke as kindly as possible, in his heart blaming her for having come too late into the life of his son. Why had she dallied at finishing schools when she had been created well-nigh perfect? She should have been his daughter, the wife of his son, that wayward prodigal, the companion of Indians, a "squaw man."

"With me news is an unknown quantity. The Winters ranchero is equipped with neither telephone nor wireless."

"I heard it but this afternoon, and it happened over a week ago. Poor Sin Kavata and the little papoose are dead."

The Colonel held up a warning finger. He now understood why the Indian sat on his horse beside him. The girl comprehended. Her soft eyes turned to the drooping figure beyond the Colonel.

"Dead!" Once more the Indian caught the word, and he pointed to the West with its golden sheen of sunset spreading farther and farther above the horizon.

"The Great Father," he repeated, as though the words were part of some monotonous chant.

The white man no longer scoffed at the lonely Indian's belief. He now granted him that comfort which in his own suddenly readjusted life he once more believed to be the inalienable right of all human beings.

"Colonel Winters, he is Sin Kavata's father. He has stopped at our ranch many times."

"I suppose so, Angela," and the Colonel lowered his voice. "Can you tell me anything of Henry?"

He saw her face flush slightly; her eyes betrayed her heart.

"Father has him at the sheep ranch —the one away up in the hills, you know."

"You will thank your father for me, Angela."

Angela lifted the bridle and bade the Colonel good-night; remarking it was well he would have a full moon for his night ride home. But to him the moonlight now had little to do with his life. He could ride through the blackest night with a heart in which hope pulsed anew. His prodigal son was on the long way home to his father's house; he had returned to his own. Upon the departure of the three young people the Colonel dismounted and unstrapped a heavy blanket from his saddle. This he handed to the Indian and motioned him to wrap it around

his shoulders. He then unhooked his lunch-box from the back of his saddle and handed it also to the Indian. The feast of a happy heart was his, he needed no further refreshments. But the Indian shook his head and laid his hand upon his heart.

"Sick?" asked the white man, impatiently.

The Indian once more pointed Westward, where the light was now slowly fading. He then laid his bony, brown hand upon his face, above his eyes, which he momentarily closed.

"The Great Father."

What did it matter if this man, if all his people of the plain, were passing out? The sooner gone the better. The Colonel turned and remounted his horse which was growing restive, bidding the Indian descend into the valley before the night dews fell upon him.

In another moment he was away.

THE FIGHTING LINE

When Jimmy went to fight the Hun
  Across the briny sea
It seemed like setting of the sun
  To Jimmy's ma and me,
And I opine we would repine,
  But we've no time, you see.

For now that Jimmy's gone to fight,
  To finish off the Hun,
If he's to do the fighting right,
  And get 'em on the run,
We've got to hustle day and night
  A-backing up our son.

We don't get up at reveille
  Or go to bed at "taps,"
But when the morning whistle blows
  There's no more time for naps—
We've got to hustle shot and shell
  And guns for all those chaps.

Jim's ma is raising garden truck,
  One sister's making "sass,"
Another's in munitions,
  And our only other lass
Will be a Red Cross nurse right soon,
  She's leading in her class.

I'm working fifteen hours a day
  And yet I'm feeling fine,
And when I do get tired I say
  Well, that's a certain sign
That I'm a soldier in my way
  And on the fighting line.

ELLIS MEREDITH.

The Maker of a Public Market

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

SEATTLE boasts a Sanitary Public Market that has few equals in the United States for location, scenic beauty and practical utility. It is the common meeting ground for those of great means, as well as those of small, and has patrons from all classes from the thrifty housewife with a twine bag to the millionaire mistress in her automobile—all intent on the procuring of fresh green goods direct from the producer, which are sold at a reasonable price to the consumer. And this wonderful market place, in the midst of a hustling, bustling Western city, was made possible through the efforts of Mr. Thomas P. Revelle, a Seattle councilman and member of a prominent firm of practicing barristers, who became imbued with the idea that a public market was a much needed institution in Seattle.

This was less than a decade of years ago, and at that period the producers of vegetables and other such commodities were compelled to deal with the consumer through commission merchants and retail grocerymen of the city—while the producer, consumer and retail grocer were, apparently, under the control of a certain commission merchants' association to such an extent that the price of produce raised by the rancher and farmer was largely fixed by the association. The result being that producer received very little for his goods, whereas the consumer was required to pay an extra price, thereby putting green goods almost beyond the means of the ordinary wage earner and making a luxury of the real necessities.

Added to this fixing of the sale rate was the fact of Seattle's high rents, making the cost of produce for the average family exceedingly expensive. Mr. Revelle argued that if a public market could be installed in the city, to which the producer could bring his goods direct, the consumer could meet with him, and thus, by eliminating the middleman's profit, as well as escaping high rents, that it would result in the producer obtaining better prices, and, at the same time, the consumer would get the produce at a lesser cost than he had obtained heretofore. So Mr. Revelle took the matter up with the City Council, but received very scant encouragement at the time, as the members of the council did not think the plan feasible. But Mr. Revelle persevered, until he finally induced this body to set apart Pike Place—a business thoroughfare, for the use of local ranchers who had produce to sell. The plan was bitterly opposed by commission men, grocerymen, and many others, who did not deem it part of the city's affair to furnish a highway of trade for the public.

But the experiment was tried and proved such a genuine success that the Public Sanitary Market became an assured fact, and has grown away beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. It has proved a godsend to the producer and to the consumer, as well.

Yet few of the market patrons thoroughly appreciate its scenic beauties. It is the tourist or stranger within the city gates who gasps in wonderment at the beauties of nature on all sides. To the left gleams Elliott Bay, at the very feet of the market, with West Seattle on the opposite side, invitingly beckoning one over. Then, against the

sky that in summer vies with the turquoise blue of Italy's dome, are silhouetted the gorgeous Olympic mountains, opalescent and snow-crowned. To the right rises Seattle, proudly gazing seaward from its hill crests, its broad business thoroughfares and splendid buildings telling a chapter of the city's marvelous progress along commercial lines. Then down the vista, between stalls of tempting farm produce, one may walk at leisure and purchase at will these commodities for a mere bagatelle. Always in the open air, too, the traffic goes on, for Seattle's climate makes possible the open air market the year round, while green fresh vegetables of some sort are always procurable throughout the twelve calendar months.

Think of buying luscious strawberries, early in the Spring season, for a dime a basket; fresh, juicy asparagus at two pounds for fifteen cents; delicious green peas, two pounds for fifteen cents; home grown cauliflower, ten cents per head; tender, rosy radishes, one cent a bunch; with young scullions, five bunches for a nickel; spinach, dandelions and turnip tops can be bought for as low as three pounds for a dime; parsnips, carrots, turnips and beets, five cents for five bunches; watercress and crisp head lettuce, two for a nickel; chives, chicory, endives, onions, rhubarb and other such commodities being offered at like low prices, while fruit is purchasable at low figures.

Most of these stalls are presided over by Japanese men and women, interspersed by Italians and Greeks. Then, further along, one comes to the farmers' stalls, as they are called—these being in charge of white farmers from nearby ranches, and here one can buy fine large eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen; fresh killed chickens at twenty-two cents a pound; all sorts of fresh killed meats, very reasonable; home made jellies and preserves, cottage cheese, fresh churned butter, at thirty cents a pound; rhubarb, five pounds for a nickel; cucumbers, five cents each, and freshly ground horseradish, a whiff of which will bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened. Reaching to the end of this walk one halts instinctively to gaze on the panoramic beauties spread about so lavishly, and to inhale the tonic ozone wafted from mountains and bay.

Then, crossing the street, another array of miscellaneous produce, fruits and staples tempt the purse, and an assortment of meats to suit the most fastidious is found beside fruits of the sea obtainable at low prices.

Every day the market is open to the public, excepting Sunday, but Saturday is the time when throngs hie forth to replenish their larders—and on this day hundreds of automobiles are parked along the curbs of the market while their owners touch elbows with her of the five cent market basket, that is soon laden with produce. It is the fashion to go to market, in Seattle, and has set the pace for economy in the household. Nobody sneers because the mistress or the master of the household carried a loaded market basket—while the household is benefitted by the purchase of nice fresh produce at a saving of a great many pennies.

Mr. Revelle—father of the Seattle Public Sanitary Market—is the father of four children, and pointing to his happy family, he remarks, jocularly, "One of my reasons for desiring a public market."

Be that as it may, he has benefited the community by launching a campaign for a public market that has given Seattle something not only of civic pride, but of assistance in regulating the family exchecquer and making possible the obtaining of produce at reasonable prices, while still assuring the producer of better returns than he hitherto realized, when he reckoned with the middleman and commission association. Seattle's market place is an economic center, "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

The Mounted Riflemen of the North-West Territory

By Fred Lockley

THE settlement of the Oregon Question by the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which was proclaimed on Aug. 5, 1846, was followed by the removal of the Hudson Bay Company's headquarters from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, to Victoria. This, in connection with the Indian troubles incident to the Cayuse war, which followed the murder of Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman at Wailatpu, induced the War Department to recruit troops to be sent out to Oregon.

Companies L and M of the First Artillery, under Major J. S. Hathaway, were dispatched by sea and a rifle regiment was ordered to be raised which should proceed by land to Fort Vancouver. Col. William Wing Loring was selected as the commander of the proposed rifle regiment of mounted riflemen. This regiment was raised in the winter of 1848 and the spring of 1849, and it is interesting to know Judge Wm. H. Packwood, one of Oregon's most respected pioneers, now living at Baker, was a member of this regiment and marched across the plains in the summer of 1849. It was stationed at Camp Vancouver, now Vancouver Barracks. Judge Packwood was a member of Co. B, under command of Capt. Noah Newton. The recruits for the regiment were sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and were recruited from what were then the Frontier States, now the Middle States. When a sufficient number of recruits had been sent to Jefferson Barracks several companies were formed, and in February, 1849, they were sent overland to the frontier post of Fort Leavenworth.

The men were in their saddles for about 30 days in marching from Jefferson Barracks to Fort Leavenworth. As the weather was intensely cold and mess arrangements were inadequate, they were glad to reach Fort Leavenworth. Some of the other companies came up the Missouri by steamboat when the ice had broken up sufficiently. Col. Loring established Camp Summer on Salt Creek, about five miles from Fort Leavenworth. Here the troops stayed until the regiment was recruited to its full strength. As soon as the Quartermaster, Lt. D. M. Frost, and Major Cross of the Commissary Department, were able to secure equipment and the necessary wagons, mules, horses, forage and other supplies, the regiment was made ready for the long overland trip across the plains. Horses, rifles, sabres and revolvers were issued to the men, and on the tenth of May, 1849, the regiment broke camp and started for Fort Vancouver. There were 31 commissioned officers, 600 enlisted men, 106 wagons and over 2,000 animals, consisting of the mounts for the men and the mules and horses for the wagon train. In addition to the soldiers there were teamsters, guides and other civilian employees. Captain Robert M. Morris, with 25 enlisted men, was detailed as military escort for General Wilson, who had just been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Pacific Coast, and who

was going to his post overland.

Gen. Wilson, with Milton S. Latham, afterward U. S. Senator from California, and their party did not leave until June 5, 1849. Gen. Wilson's military escort started with 200 head of stock, including the mounts for the men and the mules for the wagon train. They reached the summit of the Sierras with but nineteen animals left of the 200 with which they started. One of the civilian employees accompanying this party was M. P. Deady, later to become a distinguished judge at Portland, Oregon.

The regiment of Mounted Riflemen under Col. Loring established military posts at Fort Laramie, leaving members of two companies there under command of Capt. Thoams G. Rhett, and also establishing a post at Fort Hall, where troops were left.

The story of the richness of the California gold fields induced many of the men to attempt to desert. Desertions and cholera thinned the ranks somewhat as the weeks went by. Between Fort Laramie and The Dalles 45 of the 106 wagons and one ambulance were abandoned. More than 300 mules and horses had died, and 70 men had died or deserted. When the men reached The Dalles their shoes were tied on with leather strings and their clothes were in rags. The troops came down the Columbia in yawls, Hudson Bay boats and rafts. One of the rafts was wrecked at Cascade Rapids, six of its crew of eight soldiers being drowned and the goods lost. The party that took the stock and wagons over the mountains near the base of Mt. Hood lost two-thirds of their stock on account of the weakened condition of the horses. At Oregon City, where the regiment were first quartered, 120 of the men deserted to go to the California gold mines. Some were recaptured, some reached California, and some were frozen to death in the Siskiyous.

In the spring of 1850 the remaining members of the regiment of Mounted Riflemen were ordered to Vancouver, and they built the log barracks and other buildings at the post. Early in 1851 the regiment of Mounted Riflemen was ordered to go to New Orleans and the First Dragoons, under Major Kearney, came to Vancouver. In September, 1852, the 4th U. S. Infantry, under Lieut. Col. B. L. E. Bonneville, arrived at Columbia Barracks, as Vancouver Barracks was then called.

Scores of officers whose names have been written large on history's page have served at Vancouver; men like Grant and Sheridan and Dent and McClellan, Harney and Miles, Howard and Pickett, Casey and Wood, Hardie and Ord, and scores of others equally well known.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

Through my window comes the frangrance sweet
Of orange blossoms budding forth anew,
Their waxen beauty a companion meet
Of sunrise glories and the morning dew.
Essence of joy is in their rare perfume,
That drives away all sadness and all gloom;
And o'er my senses steals the subtle charm
Of cloudless southern skies, of sunshine warm,
Of zephyr's cooling breath on which there floats
The music of a mocker's thrilling notes.

—Anna M. Baker.

The Measure of a Man

By Eleanor Frothingham Haworth

THIS Western country is a curious place, Uncle George. Its standards are so different from those of the Atlantic Coast. I'm wondering how adaptable I'll be."

"What's happened, Edgar? From what do you draw this conclusion? You've been here less than a week."

"It's in the air, I think, Uncle. Yesterday a man told me of staking his mine at a gaming table and losing it, as if that were a thing to be counted a good joke. I overheard two men, day before yesterday, laughing over tricks they had played on Indians and a 'tenderfoot' from the States. Then this morning at the store, a rough looking customer told me about having his claim jumped in the Tanana river stampede. He spoke rather admiringly of the claim-jumper as being smarter than himself. I'd have been furious just recalling such a thing. I never could forgive a wrong like that."

"I would advise you to stay with us, Edgar. A better day is coming, and we need men of your type to build up permanent institutions."

"One thing strikes me favorable—the unique friendliness of these frontier men. They go about in oddly-assorted couples, one minute on the verge of a quarrel, the next almost embracing—queer friends, aren't they?"

"Speaking of forgiving wrongs and of strange friendships, Edgar, I'll tell you a story that will interest you. Did you ever hear of Stanhope's Lodge? No? Tell anyone that and they would know you for a newcomer to this part of Canada.

"Eight years ago an agent advertising Canadian lands went to England to put over some impecunious second-sons land he had been bamboozled into buying himself. Having been 'done' by land sharks, he saw no way out but to pass on the 'wild-cat' scheme to some others as 'easy' as he had been. It was not difficult to find investors, for Canadian real estate was above par then, and men were wild over exaggerated reports of fortunes that had been made in land speculation.

"Cecil Stanhope, a second-son, just out of an English university, destined by family tradition to the bar, but desperately enamored of a life of adventure, persuaded his father to invest in a half section of extravagantly advertised land in British Columbia. With four hundred pounds in the bank, to be drawn on as needed for ranch house and barns, with another hundred in his pocket, along with his ticket, Cecil knew he could expect no more from the estate. The parting on both sides was with the feeling that all was well for all concerned.

"Early in May Cecil at last stepped off the train at Revelstoke. By lake boat, stage and livery rig, Stanhope went on to the settlement he was seeking. Here, in the wooden hotel, with indifferent accommodations, he turned another page in the volume of knowledge. That there could be such wide expanse of land was one kind of lesson; that it was possible for a cultured Englishman to count for less in the bush than an ignorant Canuck, was a severer lesson; but that civilized people could actually live in such ramshackle hotels and eat such coarse food and sleep on such wooden beds, this was a lesson that bit backward into his arrogance.

"Disappointments and disillusions gathered thick and fast. His land, instead of being 'a comfortable distance' —'a few miles' from this settlement, was 'days of the trail' away in a region as yet unopened to cultivation. His carefully selected outfit of customary colonist variety according to English ideas, brought a smile even to the stolid faces of lounging Indians. Nothing he said or did was right, and his inner consciousness was raw, although he cloaked his discomfiture under the imperturable British poise. Securing a guide, necessary outfit and Indian packers, he took the trail, and at the first camp shunted his tell-tale garments for those suited to the rough mountainside, swamp and ford.

"It took a week of resolute travel to conquer the distance, which was not so great in miles as in difficulties. Travel through Canadian forests, where one may go for miles without once putting foot on mother earth, is the furnace that tests the metal of men. Cecil Stanhope won out day after day by sheer pride of will, though the spirit within him clamored for the chance to lay hands on the wily agent who had defrauded him."

"If I'd been in his place I'd have turned back and hunted him up—the clever Rogue! before two days over that trail!" interrupted Edgar, with spirit.

"There were moments when Stanhope was so beside himself with rage that he did turn on the trail," replied Uncle George, "but desire to know the worst was strong enough to send him forward again. The journey, after leaving the broken trail, led northwestward along a river valley which gradually narrowed and ascended until they crossed over a moderately high pass. They had camped for the sixth night on the further side of this pass at a spring that fed the stream which led them the seventh morning down into a canyon-like ravine. This opened into a maze of pinnacled granite rock masses, and the stream spread out into a lake, which received at the east the waters of a glacier clinging like an emerald-striped diamond-studded ribbon to the breast of a giant peak hundreds of feet above them. Here, at last, were the boundaries they sought. Cecil's 'broad and fertile acres' resolved themselves into acres of granite rock, emerald-green lake, a muskeg or two, and a tiny mountain park hemmed in by the primeval forest."

"By Jove, Uncle, that would have made me crazy mad."

"That was about the way Cecil felt. He was so angry that he could not see any beauty in that marvelous spot. To have been made the victim of such a monstrous swindle tore his self control into shreds, and he wandered off into the bush, where he could rip off the mask of pride and let loose the vengeful tumult of wrath that threatened to overwhelm his very life. 'Curse him! Curse him! I'd strangle him if I had him here!' and he grasped and shook a young fir tree as if it were the man whose undoing he lusted for. 'The time will come—yes, my time will come—and revenge will be sweet—sweeter for the waiting.' English self-control asserted itself after passion had had its way. Stanhope returned to camp a resolute, vengeful man.

"Studying his face, the guide felt drawn to an expression of sympathy, but he was rebuffed at the first word. Later he came to Cecil and unfolded a plan. Tourists and men of means in increasing numbers were coming to the Rockies, seeking a change in the hunting of big game—he had guided many such parties. Why could not Stanhope establish a hunting lodge and headquarters from which parties could radiate out over vast stretches of as yet unexplored country? The location was ideal. Game was plentiful, and would be for years. Canadian Harvey was a man of repute among guides and hunters, and when he offered to invest his own savings of years, and to manage the whole establishment, Cecil began to listen to the venture with keen ears.

"Thus it was that in the course of several years an extensive camp of log cabins grew up, clustering about a large central building, with dining-room and a spacious living-room and huge open fireplaces. Stanhope's Lodge was succeeding beyond expectation."

"Did he forget the speculator in his prosperity, Uncle? Or did he keep his grudge?"

"Too bad, Edgar, that human nature is as it is—as time went on he was as set on revenge as ever, with this difference, that he would not go out of his way to take it—but if that agent ever crossed his path, let him beware! Stanhope never had a desire to seek the cities or to visit the old country. Summer and winter his lodge held many guests. Winter hunters he preferred to summer tourists, for they made the weeks of fierce snowstorms and below zero weather pass more easily.

"In the fifth autumn, after the establishment of the camp, winter set in unusually early. Many hunters and trappers were caught far from their base of supplies, and, one by one, they came to Stanhope's Lodge, some on the verge of starvation, others with frosted hands, feet or faces. The last to come crawled on hands and knees for miles, guided by the friendly smoke. When he was restored to consciousness he told of a comrade left in their rude cabin a dozen miles away across the ridge—helpless from a broken leg. There were beans and flour and bacon for a few days, and wood piled at his side to keep the fire going.

"A rescue party was hastily organized with old Harvey as guide. Stanhope longed to go, but someone had to stay by the camp, and Harvey could guide better than he. Anxious hours of waiting followed. The snow fell heavily, and the mercury dropped lower and lower. At last, fearing that the trail had been lost, Cecil prepared to start alone, when a shout came ringing across the valley, then a gun-shot followed. The idlers about the fireplaces sprang to their feet and rushed to meet the incoming band. Soon from a rude improvised litter a figure was taken and laid tenderly upon a fur-covered couch in the living-room. When its wrappings were removed life seemed to be extinct. Quickly the old hunters practiced their rude but skillful methods taught them in nature's school. Gradually life returned.

"All this while Cecil never took his gaze from the face before him. It reminded him of something or somebody. At last the eyes opened, and, glancing from one to another, fell upon Cecil. With a violent start of recognition, Stanhope exclaimed, 'What! at last—after all these years—you here!' It seemed incredible. He turned on his heel and walked out of the room, his head swimming with sudden fury. If he could only get his fingers upon the man's throat! Grinding his teeth, he thrust on his fur coat and cap and rushed up the slope."

"I'll wager I know just how he felt, Uncle George. I hope Stanhope gave him what he deserved," cried Edgar, impulsively.

"Not so fast, my boy. Remember the plight of the unfortunate stranger. One must be fair, you know. On and on Cecil went with never a thought of where he was going. Hours after, he came to himself, and knew that he was lost. And now a great revulsion of spirit set in. In the darkness that was shutting down upon him it seemed as if his madness had kindled in the heavens a greater storm of wrath against himself. The angry wind howled and shrieked from the peaks, an avalanche hurled itself from the mountain side, and the air wave that rose from its swift passage lifted Cecil from his feet and dashed him against a snow-cushioned log. What was he, after all? A puny atom in the midst of eternities! Why had rage so possessed him? He felt it no longer. There was not a grain of animosity in him toward any one, but all about him vengeful Nature was weighing him

down—fairly crushing him.

"He knew nothing more until, opening his eyes in the living-room of his own lodge, he gazed into the supplicating face of a man lying on an improvised cot opposite him—the very man who, years ago, had so grievously injured him.

"Extending a trembling hand and smiling faintly into the beseeching face, the old wound healed and a friendship began that is today the strongest tie I have on earth—for I was that speculator, and Cecil Stanhope is my truest, staunchest friend!"

"Uncle!"

"Yes, Edgar. It's a remarkable story—a story of forgiveness; a showing of a bit of the divinity that is in man."

AMERICA'S BOYS

A song for our boys, America's boys,
Lined up in battle array .
That plow their way through firey spray,
And keep the foe at bay.
The bombs may fall and gases appall,
And death stalk near at hand,
Yet on they go to strike the blow
At autocracy's iron hand.

They'll help to win though ranks may thin,
And bloody they reach the goal.
The flag they wave was meant to save,
There's freedom in every fold.
Its stars are lights that guide aright,
They never have led astray.
They are leading now where tyrant power
To democracy must give way.

Let never a one that thinks upon
Our soldiers young and splendid
Fear they will yield on battle field
'Till God-like task is ended.
They will not pause in the great cause
To which their manhood called them,
'Till from the world there shall be hurled
The chains of Hunnish thraldom.

Our gallant boys, America's boys,
With stars and stripes a'flying,
That unafraid have hastened to aid
The crushed and the dying.
If they should fall in giving all,
Death shall not end their glory.
From their brief youth ideals of truth
Shall blossom in deed and story.

REBECCA J. GRADWOHL.

The Root of Evil

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

I WONDER what can be keepin' Jim?" Muttering to himself, Morgan Harris struck an obstinate match and lit the short black pipe which he held between his teeth. A grim, typical picture he made as he sat there by the straggling mesquite in the shadow of the overhanging cliff—typical of the desert in all its sinister and immutable grandeur.

Grim and stern—yet just, are adjectives that accurately enough set forth the code of elemental justice that determined Old Morg's relations with his fellow beings, human or otherwise. Everyone called him "Old Morg," accent on the "old," which was to distinguish the old prospector from "Young Morg," whose full appellation was Morgan Williamson, and who ran a thirst emporium down at Cactus Bluff. At that, one could not be absolutely certain that Old Morg was the elder of the two. Young Morg possessed that smooth, pasty complexion, the barroom's contribution to one whose feet seldom stray far from its hospitable portals; while the other's face was seamed and furrowed with the myriad wrinkles which the desert early bestows upon her devotees. The one retained beyond its allotted years a false appearance of youth, the other had early acquired the ineradicable marks of age.

In the desert country Jim Westover, Old Morg's partner, was something of a mystery—an object of distrust and suspicion. A man of approximately the same age as Old Morg, he had dropped into the greaser's saloon at Sunken Springs one day some three or four years before, when that old desert rat was hanging around the metropolis soaking in his semi-annual quota of civilization. Jim had heard Old Morg's complaint that he was getting too old to travel the desert alone, and apparently on the spur of the moment made an offer of partnership, which Old Morg accepted in less time than it took him to make it.

Jim Westover never became popular among the old-timers. Strange tales of his past life now and then went the rounds of the camps, but whether they crept from the outside or had their origin in the bitterness of Jim's enemies it was hard to determine. Notwithstanding, there was something—some indefinite and indeterminate quality in Jim Westover that made and held Old Morg his willing captive.

This particular afternoon Jim had gone down to the nearest camp for supplies, and during his absence Old Morg made a discovery; the discovery for which he had toiled and sweat during twenty weary years.

A few feet to one side of a well-beaten trail over which in the course of a year hundreds of prospectors pass Old Morg, resting there while awaiting his partner's return, had scratched a little with his pick just to pass the time, and in the newly turned earth saw traces of gold. Feverishly he worked on until at length he uncovered a stratum of virgin quartz thickly dotted with the precious metal.

Old Morg sat down at the side of the trail. There was nothing in this to make a man hurry. The gold would be there tomorrow, and the next day, and thereafter, until he chose to take it out. The only way in which time mattered was in staking and filing on

the claim. And he knew that unless he told, no one would be anxious to file anywhere in this gulch, which from the first prospector in those parts down to the rawest tenderfoot had never echoed to the ring of a miner's pick. Still, he thought, it wouldn't be a bad idea to keep on the lookout until Jim came. Then Jim could watch while he went down to make the filing—or viceversa. Thus thinking, Old Morg walked up the trail some three or four hundred yards to a point where he would command a better view of the surrounding desert, and sat down under an overhanging cliff.

Old Morg knew he wasn't excited. He had been prospecting too long to be easily excited. But he realized that he now had struck the big thing of his life. His heart beat rapidly and audibly, while he spilled enough tobacco to have filled his pipe more than once over again in trying to fill it. It was ridiculous, the idea that an old man, a man who had spent more than two decades on the desert, should allow himself to be carried away by a strike, however great. Still his thoughts ran on his family in the East. It was months now—possibly a year—since he had heard from them. When he left home, years before, after his failure in business, he had come West with sanguine hopes. He would make a fortune in a few months—or at most in a year or two, then return to live a life of luxurious ease while educating his family and giving them a start in life. This dream had died hard, but it had none the less died. From year to year he had postponed the triumphant return to the bosom of his family with the prospector's confiding belief that success was just around the corner. Now his family had grown up. Even little Billy, the baby of three when he left home, was now past twenty-four. And his older children were all married, with families growing up around them. For them there had been no such luxury as education. They were forced, as rapidly as they attained a sufficient age, to go out into the world and help earn a living for their mother and the younger children. But they had always shown the proper pluck, and the tears came again into Old Morg's eyes as he remembered that while they had their disappointments—while life was often very hard for them—they never lost faith in him, and their letters were always full of hope and encouragement. Now, he thought, would they be repaid for their loyalty. He pictured his wife, now grown old as well as himself, spending her declining years in comfort, surrounded by the thousand little lururies which alone can render old age the most pleasant period of life. And his children,—well, instead of educating his children, he would educate his grandchildren. It only meant that the Harris family would be one generation later in taking its proper place in the world. Things were all very well,—of course it would have done a great deal of good if wealth had come twenty years sooner,—but he was by no means too old to enjoy it now.

As the old man sat thinking, building air-castles, laying plans for future enjoyment, his partner unnoticed, returned from camp. As he passed along the trail he remarked the place where Old Morg had made his great discovery, and,—looking further up the trail,— saw the old man sitting looking out across the desert. At a glance Jim took in the situation. One look at the ore the old man had uncovered convinced him of its extraordinary value. Then, furtively watching his partner until the intervening rocks hid him from sight, Westover climbed by a tortuous defile to the summit of the cliff that bordered the trail and from there cautiously worked his way to a position directly above Old Morg. Then after a careful survey of the surroundings, he lay flat on his stomach, his face projecting over the edge of the cliff looking down directly upon his partner.

"Gorry, I'd a-thought he'd a-been

here long before this time!" continued Old Morg when he had his pipe going.

As if in reply to his muttered observation, a heavy boulder, smooth, black, and round, dropped from the outstretched hand of Jim Westover, striking Old Morg fairly on the head. His pipe dropped from his mouth, the stem bitten in two, and Old Morg fell back, his arms outstretched, his eyes wide open and staring upward, and lay still without a tremor.

* * * * * *

Dark was falling when Jim Westover finished his task of staking out claims including territory which he thought would take in the newly-discovered vein of gold-bearing quartz in all its ramifications.

"I'd better stake out another one up there," he grumbled, as he looked long at a trace of newly turned earth a little distance up the trail, "If I don't somebody'll be diggin' there 'fore the week's out."

Chapter II.

From a solitary window in the extreme end of the bleak, forbidding expanse of wall which constituted the front of the Westover Building a single light flared like a beacon. In a dark doorway obliquely across the street, where he was almost hidden from the view of passers-by, a thin visaged man looked up as a darting ray from the window pierced the gloom of his retreat and wonderingly read the legend on the lighted window: "The Pioneer Mining Company." And as he sensed the words of which the non-committal title was made up, as they stood blazoned forth with microscopic clearness by the dazzling light, the lonely watcher was conscious of a strange thrill.

"Wonder what's brought 'em back at this time 'o night?" he queried, speaking aloud in his abstraction, his eyes riveted upon the lighted window.

"And the doctor said the boy must have nourishing food," he repeated for the hundredth time that night. "If I would just a-gone to lodge tonight I might a-borrowed another five from one o' the members to tide me over 'til the mill starts up again. But when I set eyes on that express wagon this afternoon it seemed like I just had to follow it down here. Then once I got here and watched the man carry that package inside I can't take my eyes off the building. Mebby it's because my old granddaddy was a partner o' old Jim Westover's out there in the minin' country before he made his stake, and mebby it hain't that at all, —but I feel like there was some force a-holdin' me right here, and there's something goin' on up there in that room right now that has to do with me."

Chapter III.

"Well?" gruffly demanded Edwin Lucius Westover, President and General Manager of the Pioneer Mining Company, as the frosted glass door labeled "Private" opened in response to his grudging "Come!"

Then, as the rabbit face of his Private Secretary appeared in the door, he continued complainingly, "I thought I told you, Ross, that Mr. Pierce and myself had some important matters to discuss, and that I was not to be disturbed while he was here."

"But, Mr. Westover," began the secretary, nervously, "here is a package for you. It just arrived by express, and is marked 'Important' and 'Private,' so I took the liberty of interrupting your conference, thinking it might be——'

"Here! Give me that package! I don't care to listen all day to your explanations. What you think—if indeed you do think—is of little interest to me. You've done it now, and the less said about it the better." Three generations of immense wealth in the Westover family with the sense of irresponsible power thereby engendered had not made the feeling of sympathy or fraternity toward those

whom the mining magnate esteemed his inferiors.

The nervous secretary had deposited his parcel upon his employer's desk, and the remark of Mr. Pierce to that gentleman as the door closed behind the employe is enlightening, inasmuch as it to a great extent clears up the question of the weighty matters the discussion of which had been rudely interrupted by the secretary's inopportune arrival.

"And I say, old man,—if the figure of that fourth girl from the end is all her own, she's some chicken, eh?"

While Pierce was speaking Westover cut the string which bound the package, and removing the wrapper, disclosed a smooth light wooden box, almost cubical and about ten inches in each dimension. The cover of the box was not nailed, simply slipped on,—and when, after several ineffectual attempts, he finally succeeded in detaching it—there was revealed a skull carefully packed in excelsior.

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Pierce, his eyes wide and staring as they rested upon the gruesome object.

"What's the idea? Skeleton at the feast,—or something of that kind? You're not going in for the study of anatomy, are you? Ugh!" The visitor shivered.

"Never mind, Pierce," admonished Westover, laughing, "he's been dead long enough. There's nothing to fear from him."

"You don't mean to say that you're going to keep that thing here, I hope," shuddered Pierce, as his friend removed the skull from the box, and, brushing off the threads of excelsior which adhered to the bones, carefully placed it at the back of his desk, the face turned at right angles to himself, the eyeless sockets looking out toward the street.

"Hello!" cried Westover, ignoring his visitor's remark, "this old fellow has met with violent treatment at some time. See that crushed place!"

Both men rose and bent over the grinning emblem of death.

"Yes," continued Westover, touching the broken bone, "that is unquestionably the way he met his death. If it had been done since the bone became dry and brittle the piece would probably have broken away altogether and instead of having a dent the skull would have had a hole in it."

"Besides," he went on, after carefully examining the mutilation for a moment, "if they had done it with a pick or shovel the mark of the tool would remain on the bone."

"With a pick?" queried Pierce.

"Yes. You see this skull comes from the Rocky Gulch mining property. A few weeks ago a workman, digging on one of my grandfather's original claims, came upon a skeleton. I learned of the occurrence through the superintendent, and wrote back immediately, asking him to send me the skull. This was a claim that never produced a cent's worth of gold, and we have always wondered why the old man filed on it. Now I am not really superstitious, but taking it all in all, I imagined the spirit that had once animated that skeleton as presiding over the fortunes of the Rocky Gulch Mine, and I thought that whatever anger the disturbing of his age-long repose might have aroused would probably be assuaged by the care that I should give the skull here. In short, I felt that the influence had been benificent in the past, and hoped that it might continue to be so in the future."

"Then it's pure superstition," grinned Pierce, shuddering once more as he looked at the grim relic.

Westover smiled. He was half ashamed of that innate superstition, from which in reality he could no more escape than he could from the color of his steel-blue eyes. It was a trait, perhaps of inheritance,—possibly through his mother, since both his father and grandfather had been singularly free from such things.

Pierce looked at his watch. "Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, rising suddenly to his feet, "it's five-thirty now.

and we're due at the club at six. Better call it a day and come along."

"Just a minute," replied Westover, turning to a large safe which stood against the wall near his desk. "I want some papers out of here,—stock certificates that I promised to deliver to old Asbury at the club. I guess the Asbury crowd must be trying to get control of the Globe National, judging by the price they're offering for stock. I let the old man have all of mine."

"Never mind opening the safe," urged Pierce. "You'll waste ten or fifteen minutes if you do, and you won't need the certificates tonight."

"I'm sure of it," he continued in response to Westover's questioning glance, "because I know old Asbury's out of town today; and I heard his son say he wasn't expected back until the latter part of the week. Come along."

Westover followed his friend slowly from the office.

"Well," he laughed, "if I have to come back to the office tonight you're to blame. Still, I'm glad I didn't have to open the safe with you in the room. I've got quite a bunch of cash in it."

Chapter IV.

Contrary to the information given out at the time of his departure, old Asbury returned to the city that night, arriving at the club at a late hour of the evening.

If Westover had known positively that the Asbury crowd was working to obtain control of the Globe National he might have felt free to act otherwise, secure in the knowledge that his holdings were vital to their interests. But although he could ascribe the liberality of the financier's offer to no other reason, he realized that his deductions were not infallible. And, not wishing to take any chances with the old man's violent temper, he resolved upon hearing the well-known Asbury voice, to leave the club without being observed, and return to his office to obtain the certificates which Pierce's impatience had prevented him from bringing in the first place. Thus, the entire club, with the single exception of the servant who met him in the hallway with his hat and coat, was ignorant of his actions.

Once in the office he found his eyes turning toward the skull in spite of himself, and, as the light flooded the office in obedience to his slight pressure on the button just inside the door, that hideous, grinning object was the first thing that met his gaze. A peculiar thrill ran up his spine as an inexplicable sense of some unseen presence possessed his consciousness, unmistakable as it was vague and undefinable.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, taking a bottle of whiskey from a drawer in his desk and swallowing a huge draught, "I must pull myself together. If I allow myself to go on this way I'll soon be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum."

In his nervous condition Westover bungled things badly when he tried to open the safe. At first he began work on the combination in the usual way, but an uncanny sense of some unseen presence in the room so overwhelmed his mind that the numbers would not come. Again and again he returned to the beginning, trying anew to work the combination. Once he found himself cringing there with his back to the safe and his eyes glued upon the skull on the desk, his nervous fingers spasmodically turning at the lock. Westover had forgotten what he was trying to do.

"I'm sorry I sent for that skull if its going to have such an effect on me," he exclaimed aloud, as he took another stiff drink from the whiskey bottle. This evidently produced the desired result, since on returning to the safe he was able to open it after three or four trials.

As the safe door swung open a stealthy sound behind him caused Westover suddenly to face about trembling. There, his unshaven and not too clean face set in firm resolve, stood the man upon whom the lighted window had produced such a profound impression as he stood in the

doorway across the street.

In Westover's mind the sensation of awe, terror, and physical fear succeeded one another with kaleidoscopic rapidity. With the first glance he realized that he had to do with a creature of flesh and blood. The man's object must be robbery. What else could bring him here at this time? And the appearance of the man,—did not that in itself bespeak his profession?

"Well," he exclaimed, pulling himself together and looking at the intruder as it became a multi-millionaire to regard one of the great unwashed.

"My name is Harris," went on the newcomer, speaking in a nervous spasmodic manner, "Morgan Harris. It was my grandfather's name, too. I suppose you have heard of him; he was a prospector and mate of your grandfather's before he made his big strike. Yes; I didn't doubt but what you'd a-heard of him. Well,—he disappeared somewhere out there in the desert about the time of the great Rocky Gulch strike. We never could find any trace of him. Two or three years after that my father went out to look for him, but the old man had just simply dropped out o' sight."

Harris hesitated a moment, waiting nervously for the other man to speak, while Westover, his superstitious terrors dispelled by the presence of his unexpected caller, and judging from the latter's modest,—almost timid,—speech, that he was in no physical danger, began to resume the air of flippant insolence which was habitual with him in dealing with such persons.

"Well, what of it?" he blustered.

"Just this," continued Harris, nettled by Westover's assumed superiority, "if he had a-lived a few weeks longer,—perhaps a few days,—he would have shared with your grandfather in the Rocky Gulch claims."

"Yes—but fortunately for me, he didn't live those few days," sneered Westover.

"Our grandfathers lived together and worked together for years, Mr. Westover. They lived as partners do on the desert,—dividing with one another as long as they had anything to divide. Do you suppose old Jim Westover would a-refused one of the Morgan Harris blood a few dollars out of his millions, at a time when a few dollars may mean life or death?"

"I can only answer for myself. What my grandfather would have done is another question. But for myself, I can tell you that you are wasting your time,—time that might well be spent in earning the money that you want someone to give you, instead of working for it yourself. You're young yet,—and able-bodied. I have to work for what I get,—why shouldn't you?"

"It ain't that. It ain't that I don't want to work,—that I wouldn't rather earn my own money. But the mill where I work is shut down. Whether I want to work or not ain't the question; whether I'm able to work or not ain't the question; the truth is, there's no work to be found. For the last three weeks I've tramped the streets from morning 'til night lookin' for work and can't find it; not even a job diggin' in the ditch or heavin' coal."

"Oh, you,—I have no patience with your kind. No doubt your mill is closed because of labor troubles. You people make all the trouble,—all the unpleasantness in industrial affairs. I suppose you went out on a strike,—now didn't you?"

"Well, thats a fact, we did go out on a strike, but it wasn't with my vote. Not but what I think we deserve more pay than we've been getting, but I wouldn't a-struck just now, with sickness in the house and all that."

"There you are again," sneered Westover with edifying inconsistency, "You would allow your personal interests to dominate the broader interests which as a member of the laboring class you should feel in the advancement of labor in general. Such is your loyalty to the cause of labor,—your boasted working-class solidarity."

"Listen, Mr. Westover," rejoined Harris, his voice trembling again, but not now with awe inspired by the pres-

ence of the rich man, "I have a child, —a little boy three years old. He's been sick now for about three months. We didn't pay much attention to it at first, but his cough kept gettin' worse and worse, and him gettin' thinner and weaker every day, 'til at last the doctor said he must have better food,— purer and more nourishing. And he said, too, that if little Billy and his mother could go West,—'way out there where the air's dry and pure, then the boy might have a chance. Now, there ain't no hope o' that. Might just as well talk about takin' him to the moon, —but if we just had a little money, only a few dollars would keep the boy with us a heap longer, and do the other children a lot of good. Billy hain't the only one we've got."

Perhaps there was something threatening in Harris' attitude,—in the manner in which he approached Westover as he stood there immobile, leaning back against his desk. Anyway the latter must have interpreted either the look or movement as hostile, for before Harris, his mind entirely occupied by his own troubles, was able to realize what the other was doing he found himself looking down the barrel of a heavy Colt's revolver.

"Get out!" yelled Westover in a high-pitched, throaty voice, cowering in the grip of sudden panic. "Get out of here while you can,—or by Heaven you'll never live to go! Get on out!"

As he finished speaking Westover made an ill-advised move. As though foregetful of the pistol's function, he pointed it away from the other man, indicating with it the door through which by its agency he hoped to make the intruder pass. Harris was watching like a lynx, and, as the pistol's aim wavered from his breast, he leaped forward agile as a cat and seized it. The struggle that followed was short, for in it muscles that were accustomed to ten hours' daily labor faithfully demonstrated their superiority over those whose exercise is chiefly derived from the signing of checks. In less than thirty seconds Harris drew away from Westover, the pistol in his hand, while the latter sank back exhausted against the desk.

"Sit down there!" commanded Harris.

Westover recognized defeat when he met it. Hesitatingly he obeyed, while the other man, pistol in hand, went through the open safe. He brought to light many valuable papers of all kinds, stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc., as well as costly jewelry, nuggets of pure virgin gold, and a large sheaf of bank notes. This Harris carefully counted; it amounted to $10,000,—not much in comparison to the fortune in gold and precious stones which the safe contained. Still, it was a large sum to Harris. He pocketed the cash, and carefully put the other valuables back in the safe.

"This'll be enough," he laconically observed, backing out through the office door and keeping Westover covered the while. "Much obliged."

"You'll be sorry that you did this!" cried Westover. "It's ridiculous for you to imagine that you can evade the consequences."

"I only meant to ask you to help me out of my trouble; like my grandfather helped yours often enough when they were prospecting together. But I see now that it's mighty little use to ask you to remember them days, so I don't care what you do to me. But before you can do anything this money will have done all it can for my boy,—just as much as if you'd a-given it to me willingly. After that I don't care,—you never can take away from Billy the good that the money'll do him."

"Indeed," returned Westover, "but don't you realize that before you can do anything, before you can get out of the city, before you can make a move even, I can have you behind the jail doors. Small good the money you've just now stolen will do you if the police is on your trail before you are fifteen minutes out of this office."

Westover raised slightly in his chair as he spoke, and partially turned to-

ward the wall. As he did so his eyes fell upon the skull, and a thrill of horror was set coursing up his spine as he realized that it was no longer in the position in which he had last seen it. It was turned now, almost at right angles to its former position, and the eyeless sockets were turned full upon him where he sat.

For a moment he sat silent, paralyzed,—and in that moment Harris made good his escape. Softly his footsteps crossed the outer office and Westover heard the muffled sound of the door opening and closing, followed by the sharp click of the lock. He was alone,—and in the moment of this realization all his old fears, increased a hundred times by the unaccountable movement of the skull, again overwhelmed him.

As he sat there doing nothing he remembered that Harris was making his escape, and that with each passing minute the chances of apprehending him were growing smaller. Without taking his eyes off the skull he reached for the telephone at his elbow, and as he did so it seemed to him that the shadowy outlines of its former fleshy envelope appeared, misty and vague, about the gruesome relic. Yes, unquestionably there was the impression of living contours, the curve of the cheek, the mass of hair, long and unkempt—and, so it seemed, a ray of unearthy light from the cavernous eye-sockets.

With a supreme effort Westover turned to the telephone. His voice trembled so that he was forced to repeat the call for police headquarters three or four times,—then the telephone slipped from his shaking hand without his being able to make the operator understand.

With a wondering look at the dangling telephone he turned again to the skull. It was no longer there! The spot on the desk where it had stood was vacant. Quivering with dread he turned, cowering, his back to the wall, and with eyes that shrank from the possibilities of their vision, searched the room. There in a far corner he saw a shadowy form,—the form of a man, his tanned virile face furrowed by innumerable premature wrinkles, the dust of the desert upon his rough clothing. He stared fixedly at Westover, a strange commingling of sorrow and wrath upon his face, which somehow conveyed the impression of habitually wearing a good-natured, carefree expression. For the moment it seemed that the apparition slowly approached him,—came nearer and nearer, with eyes from which a yellow fire glowed horribly,—yet afterwards Westover reasoned that possibly it only took on more and more the semblance of life. Still it seemed as he bent his aching eyes in a fixed stare upon the spectral form, that the horrible ghostly presence grew and grew until it filled the room, weighing, bearing in upon him from all sides; oppressing him until his breath came in little broken gulps, his swimming eyes starting from his head . . . .

Chapter V.

When after some two or three hours Pierce discovered his friend's disappearance from the club, and later becoming alarmed at his prolonged absence, went out in search of him, he found Westover on the office floor, lying in a little heap just as his senseless body had slipped down the side of the desk against which he had leaned, as, terror-stricken he observed the ghostly visitant. The skull was back in its place on the desk, and nothing remained to tell of the terrible experiences which the millionaire had undergone.

Under Pierce's skillful treatment the unconscious man soon regained his senses, but no sooner had his opening eyes betokened a partial return to normal than his nervous pawing hand grasped the other's arm as he bent over him, and with haunted eyes wide-staring and cavernous demanded:

"Where is he now? For God's sake, Pierce, hide me from him,—hide me from him! How did you come here,

man?" Then sitting upright on the floor he shook his wondering friend, while with eyes averted as though not daring to look, he continued in a voice tremulous with weakness and fright; "Look there, Pierce,—in that corner! For God's sake, look, and tell me what you see! Is he still there,—that old man with his wrinkled leathery face; his long, tangled hair; and horrible eyes?"

"What's the matter, Westover?" demanded the other, astonished at his friend's condition.

"Do as I tell you!" flashed back the peremptory command. "Look and tell me if he's still there!"

"No," replied Pierce slowly, after submitting the entire office to a minute inspection, "there's nobody here but you and me."

"And the skull," Westover shuddered and clutched frantically at his companion, "is it,—is it on the desk again?"

"Certainly. It's still there where you put it this afternoon. Did you think someone had taken it?"

"Thank God!" ejaculated Westover fervently, ignoring the interrogation in Pierce's reply, as he struggled feebly to his feet, where he stood with legs wide apart as though with great effort, holding the while to his friend's shoulder. "Come, let's get out of here!"

"You don't want to go and leave the safe open, do you?" asked Pierce in surprise. "You'd better take those certificates with you. Asbury's at the club tonight."

The allusion to the safe and certificates aroused to Westover's mind for the first time the recollection of his experiences with Harris. But even then, try as he would, he could not recall the name. "No," he replied hesitatingly, "I don't want the certificates tonight. I'm going home at once instead of to the club. I must have rest, even though I should fail to make my sale to Asbury. Here, let me lock the safe; then we'll go."

As the taxi sped homeward over the smooth asphalt pavements Westover tried over and over again to recall the name of the man who had robbed him. He knew that it was a name with which he was perfectly familiar, but it was no use, the name would not come.

* * * * *

Next morning, after a refreshing sleep which did wonders toward allaying the horrors of the previous evening, he looked over some papers that had belonged to his grandfather and found the name "Morgan Harris." The name of the man who took his money the night before.

Chapter VI.

The same afternoon Westover received a telephone message stating that the strong arm of the law had already reached forth and that Morgan Harris was now in its clutches. The message also stated that his presence for the purpose of identifying the prisoner was urgently required at Harris' hearing, which was only awaiting his arrival to take place before the police magistrate.

Upon his arrival at the office that forenoon Westover's first action had been to banish the skull with all its horrible memories of the night before. He had put it back in its box, placing the box in a corner where he could observe it from his seat at the desk. And as he was answering the telephone regarding Harris and his coming trial, a rustling, tapping sound which even in broad daylight, struck terror to his heart, seemed to come from the box. He listened carefully but the sound was not repeated.

* * * * *

A little later Westover motored down to the police court. His lawyer, who had preceded him, was waiting at the door of the court room.

"I guess he's our man, all right," the lawyer whispered. "He admitted that his family,—his wife and children,—took the train for Colorado this

morning. And anyone would know just to look at him that he never came honestly by the money to pay for that trip."

"If he's the man I'll know him," returned Westover.

"Of course you will, acquiesced the lawyer, rubbing his hands and bowing deferentially. "I merely wished to let you know the developments."

Westover entered the court room and took his seat. The setting was complete except for the prisoner,—and a moment later he entered by an inner door in the custody of a constable.

Westover crouched forward as they entered, his eyes riveted upon the advancing trio. Of them the others saw but the big policeman and his scarcely smaller prisoner, but to Westover's eyes there was a third figure walked with them,—a great, robust, desert-tanned man, his face prematurely aged by a network of furrows. This old man had an air of supreme disregard for others, giving them not the slightest attention as he passed by. And Westover remarked with a degree of attention that was extraordinary in view of the terror that overwhelmed him, the old man's habit of walking through anyone whom he chanced to find in his way.

Nearer and nearer they approached. The constable conducted his prisoner to a seat, then sat down at his side. All the court room sat with craning necks in a silence born of anticipation. But still the old man came on toward Westover. The millionaire felt his eyes starting from their sockets, while a strange death-like chill flashed up and down his spine, and a little cool wind blew against his cheek.

Suddenly a question, clear and incisive smote upon his ears, thundering louder than the audible beats of his bursting heart. It was the magistrate speaking to him.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Westover?"

Although the words fell upon his consciousness as though spoken by some cosmic voice,—as though their utterance had shattered aeons upon aeons of grave-like silence, yet Westover could not answer. For at that instant the old man paused, and stooping, pointed out to him a jagged wound just behind the temple, from which poured a stream of blood. Instinctively he looked at the floor. That crimson stream must certainly run down and make stains upon it,—but he saw nothing.

Then in a flash the old man stood at the side of the prisoner. Between them the witness for the first time saw a great likeness. "His grandfather," he thought. And the old man, extending his ghostly hand toward Westover, spoke his only word: "Revenge!"

"Do you know this man, Mr. Westover?" At the repetition of the magistrate's question the witness looked up and laughed raucously,—unpleasantly. There was a slight filmy froth upon his lips, and his reddened eyes shone with a peculiar lustre.

"Sure. We used to be partners."

"Partners? In business?"

"No. We used to prospect for gold together, out on the desert."

"And then he robbed you?"

"No. Of course he didn't rob me. I killed him long ago." Westover gave a short ugly laugh as he replied.

"Killed him?" The judge was growing suspicious.

"Sure. Years and years ago. Out there on the desert. Smashed his head in with a rock."

Thus Westover's examination came to an abrupt end. After due deliberation the court ordered that his case be investigated by a sanity commission,—and Morgan Harris went free for want of evidence.

How Big Is The World?

By William Joseph Lancaster

IF THE criminal mind was as creative as the brain of a worthy normal citizen, a constant menace would hang over the world. But we are safe; safe because efficient criminal organization is an absurdity. A crime inventor has but one cunning aspect, and in the panic of pursuit he loses that.

Jim Mason was a criminal. Not of a type that makes us shudder, because he was really gentle. Jim was a forger and counterfeiter, and a dandy, too. Many would insist that he was clever and different, but he finally bungled, and the panic that followed showed up his mental frame work.

A remarkably small circle could be drawn around the world's criminal population, and their lack of initiative would keep them all within it. Even Jim Mason remained in this imaginary enclosure when he sought the aid of Chick Madison.

Outside of a similar mental twist Chick was everything that Jim was not. The little windows of his mind were black and lifeless, their proximity to his brutally flat nose bore witness to the small area of brain they illuminated. His receding chin was not misleading.

Chick was a criminal scullery-man. Skillful first aid had kept blank the murder space on his list of lawlessness. He had done everything else.

In a hole of a room, somewhere along Chick's stamping ground, over cups of whiskey, they talked. Jim held his money out of Chick's reach while he told him what it was to buy.

"I made a bad mess of some checks and Professor Duncan got hold of 'em," Jim said. No light of comprehension came into Chick's eyes, so Jim explained.

"Finger-prints—he's the guy that's a wizard with 'em, and this curious thumb of mine is all over 'em. Do you get me now?"

Chick didn't. Finger-prints, that were to play havoc with him, were something he knew nothing about. His crimes had been mostly hold-ups, second-story work and drug smuggling, a miserable type of lawlessness, where a dash around some corner and into a saloon full of rough customers generally means escape. He had never been tracked by finger-prints, and anything he had not experienced he did not know.

Jim unfolded the effectiveness of detection, and added an outline of the night's program he had planned for Chick, if he wanted the fistfull of greenbacks.

"You can easily get into Duncan's apartments, and he'll be alone," was his conclusion. "Bring me the checks and any prepared papers you see near them and the money is yours."

Perhaps the cleverness of Professor Duncan, that Jim had described and which seemed to Chick a supernatural power, was responsible for an extreme nervousness that resulted in a clumsy entrance; at any rate he awakened the Professor.

By the time Chick came back Jim Mason had emptied many glasses of whiskey, but the story he listened to counteracted the liquor. The checks and papers Chick had excitedly collected had nothing to do with Jim Mason, but the blood-stained hand that offered them to him surely had. The case against Jim was complicated

a thousand fold.—Professor Duncan had been murdered.

Jim rapidly calculated where he stood in this inextricable tangle. Hypothetically he was the murderer. He suddenly hated Chick.

"If I live long enough I'll make you pay for this night's job," he said, as he turned up his coat collar to go.

"You might croak before you get the chance," Chick said, and tried a care-free grin that ended in an hysterical laugh, "and dead ones don't collect. The world's plenty big Jim, plenty big."

Jim went out and slammed the door; Chick never saw him again, nor did the police.

At first darkness was an incubus of alarm to Chick, then the horror extended into the sunlight, for a beautifully clear thumb-print had been found on the heavy ink stand with which Duncan had been struck, and it was decidedly not the forger's.

In the hot-bed of investigation that followed Chick could not long remain free, so one day he obeyed the command of a very serious Uncle Sam who pointed at him from out a beautiful poster. Egotism is not a disqualification in enlistment, you know, and he was physically fit.

Obviously military duty is particularly irksome to a man like Chick who revolts even at our civilian obligations, and besides San Francisco called lustily to him almost as soon as he left—as it has a way of calling to its native sons—but he had no hope that he would ever dare set foot again on the Golden Gate's southern hinge-post.

Months of absence and hardship accentuated his desire to return, and increased the depression that clung closely to him. Strange, therefore, that in his most melancholy moment of regret a chance both novel and promising should be offered to him in a muddy trench.

Doctor Molton was successfully grafting ears and fingers, and even hands, on wounded soldiers when healthy duplicate members of immediately expired men were obtainable. That was the gist of the gossip that ran through the trenches one afternoon. It was the second bit of science that had ever penetrated Chick's sluggish brain. No wonder he linked the two and looked long and critically at his dirty but unalterable thumb. He leaned against the rough trench wall and asked more about this wonderful surgery.

"Where does this finger mender hang out?" he inquired.

"He's just back of our lines now," the informer said, "got where the fighting is light, so he'd have more time to experiment."

Were ever miraculous circumstances grouped so invitingly? Chick's inhuman little eyes narrowed to mere slits, and through them he caught vaunted glimpses of himself in San Francisco—with a perfect alibi.

In consequence thereof Chick was among the first wounded in the next day's sniping, and he pleaded with Doctor Molton for a new right thumb, while that gentleman dressed the powder burned flesh about the old one. That same day the doctor secured a healthy thumb—from a poor chap who no longer needed it—and he congratulated his patient on finding one so perfectly adapted to his particular digital type.

The operation, to Chick, was like awaiting the verdict of a jury—a matter of incalculable consequence—and he trembled at the possibility of its failure. So, to guard against a lost point, through unconsciousness, he gladly bore the pain and watched the thumb grafted solidly in place. Then came the long wait while nature labored.

No work of art was revealed with the final removal of the bandages. A ragged scar encircled the member and there was no movement to the joint; nevertheless it was pink with circulation, and that meant it was alive. Chick looked with pride upon it, for the undamaged intricate lines

on the underside meant freedom for him.

Leaning over the rail of a transport, Westward bound, he questioned the need of longer affiliating himself with the fighters for humanity. His answer was in the form of a khaki-colored bundle—weighted with an engine room spanner wrench—sneakingly dropped into American waters within sight of the Statue of Liberty. He went ashore in the greasy clothes of an unconscious stoaker, and stretched lazily, some days later, on the dusty beams of a passenger—still headed West.

Chick had gone out of San Francisco with a mortal fear that the telltale thumb he held tightly pressed against his palm would signal his guilt by its appearance alone. He walked back into the town with a very different air, one of actual challenge in fact.

Officer Conlon was the first to see the radiant face of the prodigal as he looked expectantly up Market street from the ferry. Now Conlon's notebook was full of evidence concerning Chick and the Duncan case, and needed only the imprint of his big thumb to spell f-i-n-i-s. He naturally kept him in sight until he made sure of the lodgings Chick took, then Conlon telephoned to his chief.

Chick's early recognition of the man the inspector sent to trail him down was somewhat to the fugitive's credit, although his willingness to be interviewed, and therefore his indifference, may have made the plain-clothes man a trifle bold. At any rate Chick gladly held a philanthropic torch to light the way of the inspector and his assistant. Thumb-prints were what they likely wanted, so thumb-prints were what he strove to give them.

To this end he pressed his stiff scarred thumb firmly upon everything he thought might be prepared for recording his connection with the killing of Professor Duncan. Just how the facsimile was secured he could not tell but he knew the trap had sprung when he was no longer being closely followed.

Up at the office the Inspector rubbed his hands joyfully and polished his ivory-handled magnifying glass for the examination of the prints on his desk. Fifteen minutes later he exclaimed and wiped his eyes as if not sure of what he had seen.

Once again he bent over the prints, then he cursed and reached for his telephone.

"Hello, Conlon, is that you? Get Webb—he's been on the Duncan job—and take this man Madison to the station. I'll come down."

"Yes, Inspector, I can put my hand on him any time, I'll have him at once, Inspector."

Of course Chick was slightly annoyed—that is what he called it—at being detained. The Inspector came at once, however, and lost no time on preliminaries.

"Hard looking thumb you've got on your right hand," he said to open the interview.

"Came near losing it in a munition factory—doing my bit, you know," was Chick's confident reply.

"The Inspector examined it sympathetically. "Didn't mutilate the inside any did you?" he said, as he transferred his attention to the prisoner's face.

"No, that's as good as ever," Chick laughed defiantly, "maybe you're after a print of it?"

"Got some now," the Inspector declared with his gaze still on his victim's face, "had some like 'em long ago," he added, and saw Chick sober perceptibly. A long silence got no further facial confessions, so he spoke again.

"Say, Madison, I'll talk straight. We thought we had the Duncan job strapped to you, but the print lets you out."

Chick drew in a deep breath of satisfaction. The Inspector allowed the relaxation to become complete before he spoke again.

"There's only one thumb in the world that would make a print like yours, do you know it?"

"Guess you know, Inspector," Chick said. He was smiling again.

"Yes, I do, and its the most peculiar, the most individual imprint we have ever had in our collection, and still you think we haven't anything on you, eh?"

"What you got?" Chick became confused. "Who do you think you got?"

"Jim Mason—the forger, that's who we've got," the Inspector pointed a thick steady finger at him, and he dodged. "Five or six years is all we can probably give you, but that's easy compared to the chair." He stood up and went to the door. "Well, goodnight Mason, or Madison, or whatever your real name is, you're a deep one at that."

Forger or murderer? Chick could have his choice, but he must choose. Suddenly his last words to Jim came into his confused mind:—" . . . dead ones don't collect." He clutched at his throat, and a strange sound coming from it echoed in the bare cell.

"Did you speak?" asked the gray-haired jailer at the door.

"I said how big is the world?" the prisoner yelled at him.

"Well, if you mean the one that crooks and policemen know," the old man said, as he turned the key, "its not very big."

THE SEAGULL

(Song)

Let the sunny day turn ashen gray
With floods of hail and rain,
Let the storm winds wail as the blustering gale
Sweeps o'er the shuddering main.
Let the waters leap on the mighty deep
To rollers mountain-high,
Let the breakers roar on the distant shore
As the ship goes scudding by;
Let hurricanes rage and the waves engage
In deadly enmity
With rocky snags and ragged crags
That jut from out the sea;
Let the thunder crash and the lightning flash
And the sky turn sable hue,
For I'm at home where the waters foam,
At home on the ocean blue.
And naught care I but to defy
The Storm-King's threatening look,
I love to breast the billows' crest,
Not seek a sheltering nook.
Now low, now high, I love to fly
And swoop and circle round,
For I'm at home where the waters foam
And the songs of the tempest sound.

JOHN RAVENOR BULLEN.

His Rosary

By Henry Ridgaway Zelley

ONLY a slight tremor of the grass as though stirred by a gentle breeze. But it was enough to catch the quick eye of Sergeant Shwartz, and he was rewarded by finding a stranger trying to wriggle snake-like from the scene of military manoeuvres. But the gruff old soldier was surprised when the stranger asked in excellent German what offense he had committed.

"My friend, it is for you to explain why you were watching us so intently. Come, you must go before the General and offer him any explanation which you have to make."

"Ach! Why bother his excellency, we know what to do with a spy?" spoke up one of the soldiers, and another called out that there was a tree close by.

The stranger paid no attention to them, and walked with head erect to the tent of the commanding officer.

"General, here is a man we found hiding in the grass, watching our manoeuvres," saluted Sergeant Shwartz, proud of his capture.

"You ought to know what to do in that case. Sergeant, the fatherland is proud of men like you," answered General Faustus, a veteran of the war of 1870. Turning to the prisoner he asked what explanation he had to offer.

"Your excellency, there is a grave mistake. I am an American citizen marooned here. Griffen is my name. It is true that I was hiding in the grass and was watching the troops. But I'm no spy! I had heard of the wonderful training of your troops and curiosity prompted me to try and see for myself. I did not stop to think of the seriousness of such an offense. I'm heartily sorry that I am guilty of any infraction of your laws." Pausing, he awaited the General's answer, and as none came, he continued; "If you think that I am a spy, let me answer by offering myself as a volunteer. Why not? My grandparents were German, and as I will not be able to return to my country, it will serve to break the monotony."

For several minutes the General consulted with his staff. Then, turning to Griffen, he answered his plea: "Your story seems plausible. But we shall have to search you."

"Certainly, sir." And although they were diligent in their search they found nothing damaging. But one of the officers called their attention to a string of beads hanging around the prisoner's neck and asked why he wore them.

"These beads? This was the rosary of my grandmother. She left it to my mother, and she in turn willed it to me, saying that they would serve to protect me from evil. I fear they are losing their power."

There was a period of silence while Griffen rearranged his clothing, then one of the officers spoke. "So you are an American tourist? Well it seems to me that you Americans have some very funny ways to amuse yourselves."

Griffen remained silent while the staff conferred. Old Colonel Mahler, the chief of staff, who had remained a silent listener, now whispered in his superior officer's ear. "General, ask him some more questions. For all of his fine story, his accent sounds Frenchy to me."

General Faustus turned to the prisoner and asked him his full name and address.

"Griffen, sir. Maurice Strongheart Griffen, of New York City. I am a broker, with my office in Wall street." His answer come without a moment's hesitation and baffled the officers.

They were about to release him because of lack of evidence, when the Crown Prince entered the room. The facts were told to him, and he agreed that the evidence was not strong enough to hold a citizen of a neutral power. Griffen thanked the officers and turned to leave, when one of the companions of the Prince spoke up: "Your Excellency, I have seen this man among the war correspondents."

"One moment Griffen. How do you explain your mingling with the war correspondents?" queried Colonel Mahler, the chief of staff.

"I was anxious to learn the latest news from my country."

"Indeed! Then why did you go to the wrong place, if you were so anxious? It will need a better explanation than that to clear you this time," snapped out the officer.

"General, I may as well confess," answered Griffen, turning toward the superior officer. "I am an American citizen, as I said, but I am also the special correspondent of one of my country's largest papers. I was looking for special dope for my paper. That gentlemen, is my true story, and while no spy, I needs must use very similar means to obtain the information my chief desires."

"Ah-ha, two stories now, are you sure there are no more?" slurred Mahler, his enemy.

"Nothing more. I told you the whole truth. And I am willing to serve your colors if you will agree to pass reports of the action to my paper."

"Griffen, I am going to let you go free," the Prince announced, "but on the one condition that you leave Germany at once, and go straight to your land. I'll arrange your passports. If you refuse we shall hold you as a prisoner. Which do you accept?"

"Your Excellency, I shall be glad to return to my home."

"Very well then, you may go. I will send you your papers, and when you are to sail."

After thanking the Prince and officers, Griffen turned to go, but he suddenly stopped, frozen in his tracks. Just entering the door was his old school chum, Fritz Faustus. He tried to turn his head, but it was too late, he had been recognized.

"Maurice de Camille, what under the sun are you doing here? And at this time?" He stopped, startled as guards quickly moved to the side of his old comrade.

"Fritz," roared the General, "do you know this man?"

"Why, yes, father. We roomed together at Heidelberg. He was studying—"

"Never mind that. Who is he?" snapped the elder Faustus.

"Maurice de Camille, of Paris."

"Are you sure?" Fritz was growing nervous under the strain, and stole a look at the hard set face of his boyhood friend before answering his father.

"Yes sir. Ask him. He ought to know."

"So he should, but apparently he doesn't, for just now he told us he was from New York, and that his name is Griffen—Maurice Strongheart Griffen."

"It can't be. This is Camille. Why we met at Monte Carlo just before this beastly war. His middle name was Strongheart. Maurice, old pal, tell them that they have made a mistake." But Maurice remained silent as a statue. Inwardly he cursed his misfortune.

"And, moreover, we found your true friend hiding in the grass watching our troops. How do you explain that?"

For several moments there was silence. Fritz stood looking at his friend in horror. As he came to the realization that he must condemn, a violent

trembling seized him, and it was with difficulty that he was able to answer his father.

"Father, if that is true, all I—I can say is that he—he is—is a spy. This is Maurice Strongheart de Camille, of Paris. You—you noticed how he started when I came into the room," almost sobbed the excited Fritz. Turning to his old friend he blurted out, "Maurice, old man, forgive me. I would to God that this had never happened, or that you had gotten safely away. You know, old man, this is war, and I cannot be false to my country, even though it hurts to be loyal."

Holding out his hand to Maurice, he sobbed, "Old man, forgive me, won't you?" Silently Maurice clasped the hands of his schoolmate, then turned, and with head erect, followed his guards to his prison cell, there to await his final journey, which he must take at sunrise.

Late that night Fritz was brought in to see him, and again begged his old friend not to bear him any malice. After making sure the guard was out of hearing, Fritz asked if there was any message which Maurice wished to send to his mother.

"Yes, Fritz, there is, if you can ever send her word that her son met death with a smile, it will ease her sorrow. And do you think that you could influence your father to arrange to send this old rosary to her. It is one of her most valuable possessions. She loves it, and I want her to have it."

"I'll take it myself. Dad might refuse, he hates you French, but I'm in the aviation corp. Where does your mother live now?"

"Near Lille. My father fell there, and mother went to nurse him, and after his death she remained to help others. If you can only get this string of beads and a message to her I shall die happy."

"Never fear, old man, I'll do it. Here is paper, write a short note to her."

Hastily Maurice scratched: "Goodbye, mother. Failed and must pay the penalty. Am sending the beads to you. You know what I said if I should fall, so don't grieve. Remember your boy goes to meet his dear old dad. May God protect you. Farewell until we meet beyond.—Maurice."

After letting Fritz read it, he sealed the note and addressed it to his mother and then handed it and the beads to his old chum. And when the guard came to call Fritz away Maurice smiled as he bid him goodbye.

Just as the first streaks of red proclaimed a new awakening of nature a single volley rang out, and Fritz, listening in the barracks close by, knew that his friend had paid in full.

Several days passed before Fritz had the opportunity to keep his promise, but one morning the troops and inhabitants of Lille were surprised to see a large Taube hover over their lines. Then they saw a white object drop from it and the machine rose higher and waited. Thinking that it was a bomb, everyone ran for shelter, but as no explosion followed some of the bravest went to investigate. They found a square white box addressed to Madame M. de Camille from her son, Maurice. Quickly they picked it up and ran to the hospital where the widow of their brave commander was laboring in love and sorrow. And as soon as they had picked the package from the ground the Taube sailed away as if satisfied.

Madam de Camille tore the wrapping off and out rolled her son's note and the rosary. And with eyes blinded with tears she read his message and then took it to the headquarters of his commander.

At first the General refused to see her, pleading that he was too busy. But remembering the valient work of her husband, the commander granted her a few moments of his time.

"General, I have just received word that my son has been captured in Germany and shot for a spy;" she said as he motioned her to a chair.

"Madam, we have no official report, but your son volunteered to go, and as

the time set for his return is now past I fear that it is true. But, my dear lady, with so many giving their lives for France, we have ceased to consider one life lost in the endeavor to gain more knowledge of our enemy as wasted."

"General, too well do I know what war means. You know we women will never be able to look at this awful sacrifice of our dear ones in the same light as you men."

"True, madam, but the women of France are making noble sacrifices for their country. They are giving their loved ones and are giving their own lives as well. And, Madam de Camille, I have no doubt but that your son met his death in a manner befitting the son of his father." And the General sighed, for his heart was heavy, he had given two sons for his country.

"He did. But, General, my grief carries me away. You have no time for this kind of talk. Today an aviator from the German lines flew over Lille and dropped a package addressed to me; in it was two notes and the rosary my son wore when he last bade me farewell. Here is the first note."

She handed the aged General a note written in French: "My Dear Madam de Camille: Because of the fortunes of war I was compelled to denounce your son as a spy. It hurt worse than a sword thrust, for he and I were great friends at Heidelberg. But the grim necessity of war compels us to forget friendship. Maurice met his fate as a man and has forgiven me. I am bringing to you a note from him and his rosary. I take this chance of punishment and disobey orders hoping that you will forgive me as did your noble and brave son.—Fritz Faustus."

Passing the note back to the widow, the General tried to think how he could politely rid himself of her. It was interesting but annoying in the face of the work before him.

She was speaking again, and he turned, a polite but bored expression on his face. "The other note is a personal message from Maurice to me, with this exception—'Am sending the beads to you. You know what I said if I should fail—'. General, before he went he told me that if he should ever be captured he would try to send the beads home, and that I was to bring them to you." And bending closer she whispered, "every bead is hollow and contains a scrap of tissue paper."

Hastily seizing the rosary, the General tore open the beads, and within each one was notes and maps of vast import to the Allies. Summoning his staff, the General walked to the door with the mother of the man who was the greatest spy France had ever had. "Madam, your son has not died in vain. With this information we will be able to gradually wear our enemies out. It may require a long time, and a greater sacrifice, but you have offered the greatest of all. We, and all France are proud to have known your wonderful husband and your son, who is the greatest hero of the Republic. He surely has not laid down his life in vain. Every soldier will strike a harder blow in honor of his name."

The Mysterious Miner

By Clyde B. Hough

NOW, McPhane, in his mellow moments, wags a doubtable tongue. In fact, I have never been able to ascertain in just what degree of respect, or disrespect, he actually holds the truth. All the same, Mac has a way with him in the telling of a tale. Also he has the solid Sierras as a foundation for his yarns; and as a setting, green, waving spruce trees and sparkling, blood-tingling snow. By his own description, Mac is an' "Auld mon, but a dom good one."

This is a tale that McPhane told us in the Empire Saloon in Nevada City, California. The time was night—a black, winter night. Outside the wind shrieked around the gables, and thick-falling snow banked against the windows. Inside, we sat circled about a roaring "wood burner" that was red with heat. As I have said, Mac has a way with him in the telling of a tale, so the appeals were becoming insistent—emphatic. The drinks had been numerous, and Mac was beginning to thaw.

"Vurry well, me lads," said McPhane, "if ut's a tale ye want 'tis a tale ye shall have."

"As me friend Kipling would belikely say, this is the tale av the mysterious miner.

"I saw the auld coot fur the furst time early in the past summer. 'Twas late av an afternoon, the sun was hangin' low an' he was scramblin' up a good, stiff hillside 'bout two miles east av here an' a bit torrards Grass Valley.

"Me furst impression av 'im was that he looked most uncommon like an up-ended mop av a frosty mornin'; that is, the upper half av 'im did, but 'is laigs was like the wire spring laigs ye've seen danglin' from the body av a jack-in-the-box. Ut struck me square seein' an auld timer hereabouts that I didn't know; fur as ye mind, I come to these diggins in sixty-one.

" 'Well, me bucko,' says I to mesilf, as I mended me gait, 'I'll jist come up wid ye an' belike we'll have a yarn or two to swap.'

"But I wus soon to lurn that he wanted none av me. Arrah, but he had the ears av a fox. He heard the crunch av a twig whin I was yit siveral hundred yards away. He looked around, feard like, an' so soon as he see me cummin' he bruck into a run. But he didn't run like a mon. He run light, more like a gray squirrel scamperin' along av a limb; ye'll mind the way I mane.

" 'Hold on, me bucko,' I shouts after 'im. 'No christian mon wid a clane conscience needs run frum Daniel McPhane.'

"He heard me, right enough, fur I see 'im turn an' look back, but niver a stop did he stop.

" 'Well,' says I to mesilf, 'if this auld coot is afeard to meet a dacent mon in the light av day, 'tis Daniel McPhane that wants to know why.'

"So I bruck into a run mesilf, an' followed 'im. The needles frum the spruce trees wus slippery, ye'll mind how they are whin they're dry, so I fell a couple av times, an' be the time we cume to a thick patch av young spruce the auld coot wus well ahead, but I kept 'im in sight because av 'is white hair. It showed clear against the green av the low, young spruce. Thin we cume to the brink av a gulch an' he dropped over an' I lost sight av

'im. Thin whin I got to the bluff not a hair nor a hide av 'im could I see an' though I searched till dark no trail could I find.

" 'Daniel McPhane,' I says to mesilf, 'have ye lived this long to begin seein' spooks? No,' I answered, 'I'm domed if I belave in spooks. 'Tis more belike that Jimmy Dunn's rotgut whisky is playin' tricks wid me eyes.'

"All the same, me curiosity wus well awake, an' I wint back to the spot the nixt afternoon an' the nixt an' the nixt, an' for weeks that followed; but niver a sight av 'im did I see. So I give up all idea av iver seein' 'im agin an' wint on wid me fishin'! Thin well on the middle av the summer, as I was cummin' home av an afternoon, an' me basket filled wid the speckled beauties, I see the auld coot philanderin' along near the place where I saw 'im the furst time.

" 'This time, me bucko,' I says to mesilf, 'I'll be careful. Ye'll not hear me, an' I'll follow ye to yer hole.'

"But 'twas not a hundred yards we'd gone afore I lost sight av 'im as I wus crawlin', widout a sound, 'cross the rocky bed av a creek. I wint on fur a bit, thinkin' 'im ahead av me. Thin I looked back an' saw 'im followin' me, instid av me followin' 'im. So I turned an' I says to 'im:

" 'Who the divil are ye?' I says, but niver a word did he say, jist turned an' scampered away on a dead run.

"Well, 'tis not one av ye young 'uns that could outrun me in the woods, but I'm free to admit that this auld coot did it. Well, darkness cume on about thin, 'an I had to give up the chase.

"Be this time, ye may guess that I wus wild to know who the divil he wus, so I even give up me fishin' in order to lie on the spot an' watch fur 'im. But I didn't see 'im agin till the snow fell. Thin one mornin' whin I wus out wid me shot-gun an' Rover, here, wus along av me side, I see the tracks av a mon in the snow. They wus bare-footed tracks an' slewed all directions.

" 'Sure,' I says to mesilf, ''tis the trail av the crazy mon, an' this time I'll track 'im to 'is hole. Sure an' the snow will make it easy.'

"As I've told ye afore, I wus wild to know who this loon wus and what he wus, so I followed 'is trail for an hour an' in the end I cume to the mouth av a cave—a wee hole ut wus in the mountain side. I dropped to me knees, shoved me gun to the fore, curved me finger 'pon the trigger an' crawled in. At furst ut was pitch dark, but I felt along the wall av the tunnel wid me free hand till I cume to a sharp turn, an' then I see, well ahead av me, the red glow av a fire, an' I knew that I'd cornered the auld coot of the scamperin' run an' white mop head. Sure I can't tell why I knew, but thin there is things that a mon jist knows an' he don't know why. Nivertheless, I knew ut wus the auld mon, an' I made up me mind to have a chat wid 'im this time. So I crept on widout a sound, like the good scout that I am, till I cume to the outer circle av the light. There I stopped till me eyes got used to the glare, an' thin I saw 'im. He wus sprawled on a mat av boughs an' leaves.

"Sure the hair on 'im was as long as a woman's an' as white as a sheep's, an' Moses would 've wept with envy at the sight av 'is beard an' a cave-man would've been ashamed av the dirt on 'is face. As fur his clothes—jist a bundle av rags.

" 'Who are ye, me bucko?' says I. 'What deed have ye done that ye run frum a mon in the light av broad day an' hide yersilf in the darkness av a cave?'

"At that, he springs up like a two-year-old, an' grabs frum the wall av the cave an auld, long stock that ye may be sure wus a sister to the one that Daniel Boone carried.

" 'Drop it, me friend,' says I, 'fur I've got ye covered, an' though I'd hate to send ye to meet yer God even a few days before ye'll go anyway, if it cumes to a choice between us, ye shall go furst!'

"He was sane enough to understand the fine English that I speak, so he dropped 'is auld rifle an' spoke to me in a voice which seemed the worse fur the want av use:

" ' 'Tis well ye know all that ye ask, Dave McCue,' says he. 'Cume into the light.

"I stepped to 'is fire, an' thin I says, says I:

" ' 'Tis Daniel McPhane yer lookin' on, yer poor loon, an' not Dave McCue, an' who the divil may this Dave McCue be that he knows so much of ye?'

" 'The joke is a poor one, Dave,' says he, ' an' the joke is on ye, an' not at all, at all on me. 'Tis well I know that ye cume frum the grave to claim yer gold. But niver an ounce will ye git. The claim that wus yours an' mine has petered out. But go look in the mountain side an' ye'll see that I took out a fortune afore the end. But 'tis cached, an' I dare ye to find ut. Take me afore the authorities, if ye will, and 'tis a loon an' a spook I'll tell thim ye are an' not a mon at all!'

" 'Have done wid yer ravin's ye murderin' thief,' says I, 'an' tell me who is this Dave McCue that ye fear so much?'

"Wid that, I started to walk torrards 'im.

" 'Kape off, kape off,' he shouted. 'By all the saints, Dave I niver intind to tell ye where the gold is cached. There's five hundred pounds av ut, but not an ounce will ye iver git. Kape off, kape off,' he shouts agin, an' flung 'is hands wide an' staggered back to the wall an' 'is eyes glowed in the light. Thin 'is knees bent an' he slipped down be the wall, whisperin': 'Kape off, kape off, 'tis too late, ye've cume, Dave McCue.'

"Wid that I wint over an' put me ear to 'is breast an' I knew that 'is wicked soul had gone to pay its debt.

"Thin I searched the walls av the cave all around, an' the floor, too. I felt every inch wid me fingers, an' I batted ut wid the butt uv me gun, an' I dug wheriver the dirt wus soft. But niver a speck av dust did I find. So I left 'is cave an' followed 'is trail an' ut led back to a shaft in the mountain-side.

"Where is the shaft, do ye say? Well, I'm tellin' ye. Not be a jug full.

"Anyway, I wint home an' got me miner's torch; wint back agin an' followed the shaft to uts ind. Ut was low an' round, jist big enough fur a mon to crawl through on hands an' knees, an' I knew be the signs that gold had been there. Yis, sorr, the gold had been there. 'Tis mesilf that knows the signs, 'tis mesilf that knows the signs."

Henrietta's Dowry

By Mrs. Florence Isaacson

CALCULATE to buy the place? Well, it certainly is a comfortable old mansion. Old Sliver would be comfortable, though 'e's terribly miserly every other way. Heatin' apparatus in every room—bell cords handy—fine cellar to store food in.

Oh, yes, sure, I knew the owner. Me an' old Sliver's old comrades. That's why I'm here livin' in the place to take care of it. Sliver wouldn't trust nobody else. This way down stairs—nice wide stairs, with good soft carpet. Sliver would have things comfortable.

Know Sliver? No? Buyin' from one of them there agents?

Some comfortable livin' room, this, eh? Sit down an' I'll poke up the fire. Ever hear how old Sliver come to go to America? Me an' Sliver's old friends, so I happen to know all about the business, an' some business it was, too. Smoke? Yep, they are fine. Sliver sends 'em over from America.

Well, I guess he don't calculate ever to come back if 'e wants to sell the place. 'Spect he can't bear to leave Henrietta.

That girl of 'is, Henrietta, was the handsomest girl I ever see in my life. She had them eyes the poets call midnight blue, and hair—well, there wasn't any difference 'tween that hair and a bran' new gold coin—not a speck.

See that big house yonder on the hill? That's Gordon Bixby's estate. Old Bixby's just a rollin' in money, an' 'e took a notion into 'is head that he wanted to marry Henrietta. So 'e dresses up to kill, an' Bixby ain't so bad lookin' 'cept 'e's been so busy hoardin' up money that 'e's got kind of a hard face an' 'e's rubbed 'is head so hard tryin' to think up another excuse to raise the rent on 'is tenants that 'e's rubbed off a lot of the hair.

Well, Henrietta, she just laughs in his face, 'cause she can't help it, an' makes old Sliver furious 'cause 'e's already calculatin' on what a fine thing it's goin' to be to have all that money in one family. But 'e might as well coax the stones of these walls as Henrietta when she won't. So when 'e finds it ain't no use 'e gets awful mad an' sends Henrietta down to her cousin's, ten miles south of here. But Henrietta an' that cousin was always kind of chummy, so she gets lots of sympathy there.

Well, then, bye an' bye Bixby, of course 'e's in the habit of gettin' anythin' 'e wants if money can buy it, so 'e comes back to Sliver.

"Joshua Sliver," says 'e, "Joshua Sliver, I have made up my mind to marry Henrietta, and if you are willin' to help me, it will pay you."

So they fixes it up so as Sliver's to get five thousand pounds when Henrietta marries Bixby.

Now, Sliver wouldn't be what you'd call cruel to Henrietta, but 'e couldn't see anythin' wrong about Bixby, an' 'e couldn't see why a girl could have any objection to marryin' 'im, 'specially when 'e had so much money. But Henrietta had different ideas. Kind of romantic, Henrietta was.

Then while Henrietta was down at that cousin's, a young artist an' a young minister come to board next door to the cousin's. The minister's come up from London to 'is aunt, not havin' anyone else in the world, an'

'e's only got a short time to live. Henrietta's sorry for 'im, an' goes over every day an' reads an' talks to 'im. The artist fellow's trying to paint a picture for an exhibit, but all the time 'e's wishin' 'e was the sick one an' 'e can't paint for lookin' jealous at them two.

So Henrietta an' the minister gets pretty friendly an' 'e tells 'er all about 'is troubles. Poor follow's gettin' pretty weak, an' knows it ain't very long now.

Well, when old Sliver an' Gordon Bixby comes to terms, Sliver sends me with a note to Henrietta tellin' 'er to come right home an' get ready for the weddin', 'cause he isn't goin' to stand for any more nonsense. I was to be sure an' give it to Henrietta 'erself, so when the cousin says she's over next door, I just hustles right over there an' there's Henrietta an' the minister on the front stoop, an' I could see right away the minister's crazy about Henrietta. She reads the note and right away she has a feelin' she's done for. She looked so scared-like I thought she was goin' to faint.

Then the minister sees she's got some more trouble, an' makes 'er tell 'im all about it, so I just steps out in the yard an' waits, but I can hear 'em talkin'.

The minister, 'e studies a minute an' then 'e thinks up a plan.

"Little Angel," says 'e, (seems 'e called 'er Little Angel) "Little Angel," "if you were a married woman, you would be out of your father's power. Couldn't you and I get married and—

Henrietta she kinda shrinks back, not bein' at all in love with the minister; just kind of a charitable feelin' she called it. But 'e just gulps down the hurt, 'couse 'e's sure in love with Henrietta.

"Little Angel," says 'e, "I don't ask you to love me if you feel that you can't, because I'll be gone in a few days, anyway, and you can forget me and marry some one you love. I shall have saved you from a life with a man you loathe and I shall be happy."

Well, Henrietta she just breaks down an' cries an' says it's so good of 'im an' all that, an' says she'll do it, 'cause it's her only chance.

So she calls me in an' wants me to be a witness to the weddin'. 'Course she knows I'll do it, 'cause I'd been on her side all along, only I didn't let Sliver know it, 'cause I thought I could be more use to her if Sliver didn't know anything about it. So me an' the artist an' the cousin, we witnessed the weddin'. Say, but that artist fellow was all cut up over it, an' the cousin she was crazy about the artist, an' she'd have given anythin' to have had a double weddin', but the artist 'e didn't have eyes for nobody but Henrietta.

So they gets married, an' soon as it's all over the minister just smiles up at Henrietta an' lies back on her shoulder and dies.

Henrietta comes right back with me then, but she don't mean to let on that 'er husband's dead, cause she knows the old man too well.

"Well, my daughter," says Sliver, awful pleased 'cause she's come right back with me so quick. "You have done well to obey your old father so promptly, and you will never regret having taken an old man's advice."

"But," says Henrietta, comin' up an' lookin' pitiful-like into 'is face, "I cannot marry him; I am already married and have come for your blessing."

Say, you never saw a wilder lookin' man in your life than Old Sliver was right then—'e just stared at 'er like 'e'd like to kill 'er.

"Blessin!" he shouts, "blessin! Go to your rascal of a husband for your blessin. How dare he marry my daughter without my consent? Who witnessed this outrageous thing?"

Then Henrietta takes out the certificate she was carryin' in her dress an' 'e grabs it all tremblin' an' when 'e sees my name on it you just ought to have seen 'im. He like to went crazy. I didn't mind, though, 'cause I thought 'e'd soften up bye an' bye an' forgive us both an' take Henrietta home again

an' she needn't ever tell 'im why she married the minister.

Well, 'e just takes that certificate an' tears it to bits an' orders 'er out of the house an' tells 'er never to come back again.

'Course Henrietta feels awful bad about the quarrel, but she'd stood anythin' rather than marry Bixby.

After the funeral, then the artist begins to see that it's really 'im she loves and it looks as if there were goin' to be another weddin'.

But this artist chap's a pretty decent sort, an 'e won't marry Henrietta 'cause he can't make a good livin' paintin' pictures an' 'e can't do nothin' else.

'Bout this time 'e gets a letter from 'is brother in America. Seems 'is brother went over there an' bought a section of land an' went to farmin', ranchin' they call it over there, an' 'e writes that 'e needs help an' is lonesome an' wants the artist to come over an' go into partnership with 'im.

The artist, 'e's willin' to go over an' work all right, an' Henrietta she says she'll love to pioneer, but he hasn't money enough for their passage over. So 'e an' Henrietta's sure in hard luck.

Well, the next day the artist 'e's sittin' on the front stoop dreamin' an' wonderin' why an old fossil like Bixby has to have so much money an' 'e ain't got even enough to pay 'is own passage over to America.

"Gee," 'e thinks, "wouldn't Old Sliver give a fortune to know that Henrietta's free. I'll bet she'd have to step around and marry that old miser even if she is a married woman."

Right there 'e gets an idea. In a jiffy 'e's off to Henrietta's an' tells 'er an' she gets all excited too, an' says she'll be packin' 'er trunk while 'e goes, but all the time she's tremblin' for fear of how it's goin' to come out.

Then 'e gets a horse an' rides like mad up to Old Sliver's just a grinnin'.

"Well, what do you want?" growls Old Sliver, not bein' very sociable since the weddin'.

"Mr. Sliver," begins the artist chap very important like, "you have a daughter—"

"No, I haven't any daughter, and if you've come to tell me anythin' about her I don't want to know it," shouts Sliver, gettin' all excited. "Get out of here."

"But, my dear Mr. Sliver," says the artist chap, refusin' to be put out, "I've come in your behalf; because you have been taken in as well as I; an outrageous trick has been played on you."

Old Sliver begins to look a bit interested then, an' the artist chap gets braver.

"Now, Mr. Sliver," says 'e, "I am aware of the fact that you had already chosen a good and noble man to marry your daughter; a man with the means to give her the comforts of life and to care for her as you would have done. All this you planned for the good of the child you loved. But what is the result? She gets romantic notions into her head about love in a cottage and being a young man's slave rather than an old man's darling, and then, right when her father had arranged for her future so nicely, she up and marries a penniless minister. I was one of the witnesses and I know all about it."

"So he was a penniless minister, was he? Well let her take the consequences, I say. Let her eat love on her bread if she likes it better than butter,' shouted Old Sliver.

"Yes, but it is you who are taking the consequences, you who has been wronged by a hot-headed romantic girl."

Old Sliver tried to get in a word, but the artist wasn't goin' to lose any time.

"Yes, Mr. Sliver," says 'e, "I know all about that wedding, and I was as badly taken in as you, and now that I understand, I am willing to tell you how you can still bring her to time and make her marry the right kind of a man. Of course she is your daughter and absolutely no relation to me, so I would expect a little renumeration

for the valuable information I possess."

Old Sliver begins to be suspicious then—'e thinks 'e's bein' buncoed, 'cause 'e knows the weddin' was all right an' legal.

"But, Mr. Sliver," says the artist chap, "I can tell you something whereby you can make that silly madcap marry the man you have chosen for her yet, and for the small sum of one thousand pounds I will give you this information, which I alone possess. Is it not worth something to know how you have been fooled?"

Well, Old Sliver thinks it's all to wheedle some money out of 'im, but the artist 'e keeps at 'im until 'e gets 'im all het up about 'is wrongs, until Old Sliver begins to consider that one thousand pounds ain't so much to spend to make five thousand an' show his daughter that 'e is boss after all, so 'e makes the artist swear on the Bible that 'e can give the information whereby 'e can make is daughter marry Gordon Bixby. Then he kind of slips around so as 'e can get the door locked, bein' afraid the artist is goin' to get the money an' then disappear.

Well, he goes to the safe, still kind of afraid, an' gets the money an' hands it over to the artist chap.

Well, then the artist chap 'e goes on to tell Sliver all about that weddin'. How it was just on purpose to keep from marryin' Bixby, and how the minister was dyin' all the time, an' how he died right after the weddin' was said, an' say, Old Sliver was just wild.

"Now, Mr. Sliver," the artist chap goes on, "If you are a man with any grit and spirit at all you will bring that dreamy, romantic, ungrateful child to her senses before she goes and marries some one else to escape again. And if you have any doubt about the truth of my statements go and look up the records and go to your friend, who knew all about it and helped it along. You see you have been made the fool all around, and now it is your turn. I will bid you good morning."

Well, the artist he comes over an' warns me all about it, an' then he goes tearin' back to Henrietta an' they takes the train for Liverpool an' takes the boat for America in the afternoon on Old Sliver's money.

Then Old Sliver, 'e comes over to me an' me an' 'im have it hot an' heavy, an' 'e says 'e'll go after 'is daughter 'imself this time, and I tells 'im to go, all the time laughin' to myself, thinkin' as how 'e won't find 'er.

Well, when 'e gets down there an' finds how smart that artist chap was, 'e just laughs an' laughs an' laughs till 'e's sick. Then 'e comes up here an' we drink an' laugh an' have a game like old times. But just the same 'e don't write no letters to Henrietta, 'cause 'e feels kind of foolish like, 'an won't give in to 'er.

Then 'bout two years after, word comes over that the artist chap's doin' fine an' Henrietta's puttin' up with everythin' to help 'im along an' they're got a little boy.

Well, Sliver 'e wants to see Henrietta an' the boy an' 'e wants Henrietta to have a comfortable home like she's used to, but 'e just hates to give in, so 'e writes to 'er:

"Dear Henrietta—You know I always did like things pretty comfortable, and I don't think I could stand pioneering, even for a visit, so when you get a comfortable house built with this money I'm sending I'll come over and see you and the boy."

So, 'long towards fall 'e gets word to come.

Well, that's nigh on to two years ago, so I don't calculate that 'e 'spects to come back if he wants to sell the place.

Soldier Dogs at Camp Kearny

By Sophie Garwood Williams

DOWN at Camp Kearny they are training dogs for service in France. The officer in charge of the dogs reports that one of their number carried a message from one regiment to another the first week in training, while as a rule, it requires six weeks to accomplish the same work.

The war dog has a marked peculiarity, viz, the double scent; and is the only dog in existence known to possess this trait.

The Airedale takes his scent by running, too, with his nose to the ground, the sheep dog by sniffing in the air, while the cross, or war dog, as he is now called, does neither.

Our war soldier dog is much like the Airedale in type, with straight fore quarters and the long, squarish face; however, here the resemblance ends, for the hind quarters are those of the sheep dog, while the hair is soft and long and of brownish color.

The war dog is doing a wonderful work in France.

They are used as sentinels, as they hear from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards further than man. When they scent or see the enemy coming, they stiffen all over, bristles rise on their back, and they growl deep in their throats, but do not bark, for that would betray them to the enemy.

One little fellow became so obstreperous one night that his master telephoned to the Captain, "My dog is making a terrible row out here. There is something wrong."

Reinforcements were sent out. Twenty minutes afterwards that section of the trench was attacked by the enemy and would have been taken had not the French soldiers arrived. The dog knew that way out there in "No Man's Land" the enemy was gathering forces, and he told it in the only way he knew how.

The most wonderful work, however, is the messenger service, where the dog is camouflaged with little bunches of trees or bits of grass. A note is tied about their neck and they creep across the battlefields, crawling a few yards, then lying down flat, so that to the enemy flying around in the air, they look like waving shrubbery or a bit of grass.

One dog was watched coming across the field. Every little while he would lift his head out of the grass that was tied on him. This was something unusual, for they are trained not to do that sort of thing. When the soldiers reached him it was found that he had a broken jawbone, where a bullet had struck him, but he brought his message just the same. He was taken to the hospital and treated just like a soldier, and recovered to return to field service once more.

There is a story of Marquise, a little messenger dog, who died on the field of honor. He lived in Paris with his master. When the master enlisted and went to the front early in the war he took Marquise with him.

There came a day when the French were encamped on a little hill. To the left stretched the great battle ground, and across, in a hollow, holding a certain section, was a company of French soldiers so situated that they could not see the enemy creeping slowly around on the other side.

The commander could see it, however, and there was no way to get a messages across to those on the other side.

Great shells were bursting, ripping the earth into ribbons, the trenches of the opposing armies were so closely together that if a man on either side lifted his head above the trench it meant instant death.

It would have been murder to have sent a man out to warn his comrades. Marquise's master said: "Captain, my dog will go where I send him." And so, because it was the last chance, they tied a note on Marquise's neck, lifted him out of the trench, the master said: "Marquise, take it across." The dog hesitated; he had never been sent on an errand like this before. The master again said: "Marquise, take it."

As fast as his little legs would carry him, he dashed out into that hailstorm of bullets, that he might save those men's lives. When he was a little more than half way across he fell, hit by a bullet from the enemy. He pulled himself up, dragged his little legs behind him, and went on. He fell again; went on, and again he fell, and so across the battle field every few feet, until he dropped dead at the feet of the men—his mission accomplished.

Now out on that battle ground there is a little monument which says: "Sacred to the memory of Marquise, who died on the field of honor."

From their kennels at Arcadia, Cal., the large stock ranch of Anita Baldwin, now known as Col. Baldwin, (by courtesy of the Government) the war dog puppies are raised and shipped to the camp for training, and when efficient, sent to France with our boys, to take part in the world's struggle for democracy.

Conservation of Food Among the Indians

By Agnes Shea

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THERE are parts of Northern California and Southern Oregon where the average white man would starve to death unless he tilled the soil and planted vegetables and fruits. Not so the Indian. For him Nature supplies his modest wants.

In and around Canby, in Modoc County, California, there are acres and acres of untilled lands, where you and I would neither see nor find anything to subsist upon should we find ourselves suddenly stranded there. Here the Piute and Pitt River Indians find plenty of apaws, which they gather during May and June, and dry and store them for winter use. These roots make a very nourishing food. When picked and dried they resemble an oval white bean and are very pleasing to the palate. They can be eaten raw or ground into flour and made into bread.

There is one root which grows in Southern Oregon that the Klamath Indians call booicks, known to us as camas. This root is brown or red when ripe and has a very sweet taste. It ripens during July and August. The

lahas, or round root, an inch and a half in diameter, and the daweeike, or long white root, five inches in length, ripen during July and August. The mi, or tulle grass, has a long root that is white and tender and is eaten fresh without cooking. The tulle grass ripens in the late summer. There are acres upon acres of tulle growing in the marshes of Southern Oregon.

On the lakes in the Klamath marshes the wocus, or Indian lily, grows very abundantly. It resembles very much a yellow lily growing in the streams and ponds of the East which is commonly called "dog lily." When ripe, the wocus takes the form of numerous seeds encased in a deep green oval pod, and is gathered by rowing out to it in a canoe or boat among the thick clusters of broad leaves where one has to be extremely careful, understanding just how to pull the pods without upsetting the boat. These pods are well cleaned with water, opened, and the seeds spread in the sun to dry. In the olden days the Indians ground them between stones, but now they use a coffee grinder, which grinds them into a flour dust in a short time. Sometimes they bake them on top of a stove like we do popcorn and eat them with water or sugar and milk. The sun dries the wocus seeds in from a week to ten days. Some Indians smoke them when green like a ham or bacon in the Indian fashion, putting them on red hot rocks with grass under and over them, covering all with dirt on top, leaving them thus for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The wocus seeds are brown when ripe. I have eaten wocus as a cereal with cream and sugar without cooking of any sort, and found the taste very pleasing.

Another interesting season among the Klamath Indians is the huckleberry season, early in September. They go off together in camping parties to gather the berries, which they dry, and in recent years, they can or preserve them after the manner of the white man, to whom they sell them, keeping a goodly supply for their own use during the cold weather.

Fishing with the Indians was also a great pleasure during the sumer of 1917, and it did not surprise me to learn that the red brother was very much more successful with the hook and line than the white man, who frequently would come back without a single catch were it not for the compassion of his red brother who kindly shared his good luck by presenting the white brother with a pretty rainbow or cutthroat trout weighing from one-half to four pounds. Here, again, the red men remembers the coming of the winter, and in primitive fashion hangs up hundreds of fish on trees to dry in the sun. Sometimes he covers them with canvas and leaves them thus for weeks before storing them.

It was a "close to Nature" lesson to live among the above named tribes during the spring and summer of 1917, where many happy hours were spent fishing and tramping over the wonderful Sierras, the Lassen Crater Lake regions, studying the habits and customs of the present day red man, and seeing flowers and birds and trees and shrubs which were unknown to the easterner.

Romance

A Prose Poem

By E. Clement d'Art

FOR centuries the troubadours sang of the beauty and gentleness and forbearance of Lady Anne.

Only since romance almost died in this world of ours has she been forgotten.

* * * *

Her hair was in color as the leaves of the trees in autumn. Her cheeks were of the hue of the petals of some pale and delicately tinted rose. And some divine artist must have borrowed from the very heavens to give her eyes, for they were of the same shade of blue, and, gazing into their depth, it seemed that one could see millions of unknown stars—countless sparkles from the soul of fire hidden behind the clay.

Her figure was but little more slender than the statues of France. When she spoke sublime harmonies seemed to pervade the ambient air—as of water cascading over rocks—as of hidden brooks lost in the forests—as of silver bells pealing rhythmically in the distance, alike to the song of some rare or unknown bird. Wherever she went and lived, there reigned a perfume as of budding lilacs in the spring season.

The lilies that bloom in valleys, the violets that hide in the grass, the cherry trees in the green meadows were not fairer to look upon—nor were glorious orchids more delicate than she.

* * * *

Lady Anne was nineteen and many suitors had come, from far and near to ask for her hand. But she only looked upon them, upon their offers and demands, with contempt and scorn—for she had already given her heart and already knew the burning pangs and sorrows of love.

In her heart she fondly carried the picture of the one to whom her hand had been brutally refused because of his pride and poverty.

* * * *

He, the Lord d'Urtex, was dark, tall, wild.

She loved him—that was all she knew—and the passion was devouring her soul.

* * * *

When the days of Spring came her desire grew. She could not resist herself longer.

So, one night, she softly rose, and, doing on her most precious garments, her robe of satin and silk, her belt with coppery jewels, her mantle of golden lace, her jewels and precious stones, she left the castle and went out into the woodland.

For many a league she trudged on through the dreary night, fearing the wolves, fearing the beasts of the forest, stopping at times to listen—soon starting anew.

"Would not their lives be as the songs of the errants, full of passion, full of melody, full of merriment and joy? Would it not be a living poem—as none had yet been sung?

"Truly, she was now earning their happiness to come. The way was long, the night dark and gruesome, the forest filled with dreadful shapes and shades—"

* * * *

Coming to a small lake, she undid her cape—her cape covered with fleur-

de-lys, undid her belt—her belt with the delicately chiseled brass buckles, and her shoes—her small and pretty gilded shoes.

She threw all into the dark, murmuring waters and watched these things of beauty that had been hers float, rise, sink—until nought but a dim, soft, silvery ray from the moon above, gently playing its way through the green foliage and the brown twigs, shimmered, elf-like, on the placid waters.

"Ah!" thought she, "when they come with their hounds and falcons they will believe that here a pretty maiden has died—died for the love of a proud lord—but he will have closed the gate of his castle over her happiness."

Then she walked a little through the waters that her father's hounds might not trace her and again reached the shore.

* * * *

With her little feet bare, taking slight steps, she walked on and on. How hard and how long was the road! She knew thirst, hunger, cold. And when, at last, toward the sunset hour of the next day, she saw the distant towers, the towers of the castle where the beloved lived, she felt so faint that she might have died.

But love is stronger than death!

She arranged her dress, picked some flowers by the road-side and gave them soft repose on her bosom—that she might look more beautiful.

* * * *

At last she stood on the draw-bridge and lifted the heavy hammer of bronze.

"Soon she would put her hand in his hand—nay—place her arms on his shoulders, lean her head against his, and forget the sorrowful walk—and her little feet that bled."

* * * *

"My Lord and Master," said she, "I have left all to come to thee—"

* * * *

But he, the severe baron, the stern man of war, coldly gazed upon her, and, lifting his arm in silent sorrow, pointing towards her father's castle, replied:

"Return to thy people—I have loved thee, but love thee no longer. Thy treason weighs upon my soul. Thou who hast been false to thy father would be false to me ere long!"

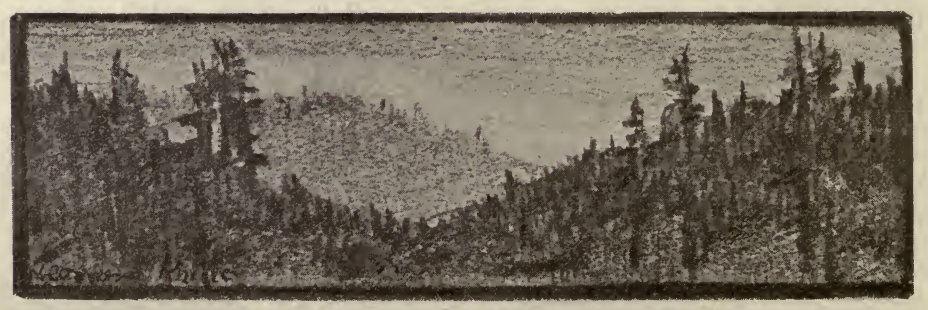
* * * *

And Lady Anne—sobbing on her way, not caring whether she would live or die—nay—wishing for death—and with a picture of this proud man still in her heart—returned.

* * * *

And for many sad years the picture remained enshrined in her throbbing breast—the picture of him, as he stood on the postern that night—pointing grimly towards her father's castle—for Lady Anne, whose beauty the troubadours sang for centuries, remained faithful to him who had doubted her faith—until the splendor of her youth began to fade, until suitors ceased to long for her hand—until, dust, she returned to dust.

Finis.



At Her Door

By Belle Willey Gue

IT WAS an unusual door. Its small metal knob had been turned by the hands of those whose names had gone down, with honor, through the pages of American history. Its heavy knocker had rattled to the booming of the guns at the battle of Bennington.

Lovers, mounted on high-spirited chargers had ridden up to it to imprint parting kisses upon the trembling lips of modest maidens and of adoring wives . . . the spirits of hope and power personified in the prancing horses, and their daring riders seemed to have left their impress on the delicate, artistic panels and heavy outside margins of the door . . . . it was solid and yet beautiful. Once, it had been torn from its hinges to be used as a stretcher upon which had been laid the form of one whose eyes had proclaimed triumph in spite of bodily defeat. It had opened to allow bridal processions to pass through, and from its portals young children had gone forth to their christening.

The door had made many journeys and was still sturdy and undismayed. Having first swung to and fro in revolutionary times, it seemed imbued with independence and courage.

Joanna Winthrop had inherited it from her father, who had bequeathed it to her as a precious heirloom.

"Take it with you wherever you go, my dear daughter, and let it be the door of your own home." He had told her this after having read to her, in spite of loving protests, his last will and testament. He had brought his heavy keepsake to Ohio from its original habitation in Vermont, and, when Joanna came to California she built her little cottage-like bungalow, as she put it, "around the door."

"It is all I have to represent ancestral halls," she confided to Miles Darrow, "it means towering domes and castle walls and wide, deep moats and tapestries and family portraits to me."

She had a modern, complicated lock fitted to the door before she had had it hung the last time, and she stood, one late afternoon, with the delicate key of this lock in her hand, behind the closed door which she expected never to open again.

She remembered the words in which she had described her feelings for her strange heirloom to the man who had come to occupy so large a place in the scheme of her life that it appeared to her that human existence could not go on without him.

It seemed to her that she could almost see the happy smile in his fine eyes as he sympathized with her in thought.

"I am afraid I would not measure up," he mourned, "to the standard required of a knight. I don't suppose that I would know how to wear chain armor, and as for setting a lance, I would not know what to do with it after it was set."

"No knight of old ever rode a better horse than King, though," she had assured him, reaching up to stroke the glossy, arching neck of his mount.

"No," he admitted, imprisoning her hand in his, "and if King would plant himself and make one of his wild leaps I do not doubt that he would carry all before him. Of course, as you know," he added, "I do not own King, and so cannot say as to his future, but I do believe, Joanna, that I,

myself, may soon know what modern war means."

The blood had left her cheeks then, but it had surged back again in hot, suffocating waves as her inherited steadfastness to duty and her natural bravery asserted themselves. She remembered that she had straightened her tall figure after that and folded her arms as she looked up at him with thoughts too deep for words.

After she had waved to him that evening, as King had gone curvetting and dancing out of the drive and onto the main highway, a black horror had menaced her peace of mind. Try as she would, she could not get away from it for long. It was as if a mighty darkness hovered over her, oppressing all of her waking hours and entering into her dreams at night.

All through the spring grave fears of what it seemed must come assailed them and took place in all their plans.

"If everything goes all right, . . " she would say, wistfully, "we will be together this fall and transplant these trees here, on our own place."

Miles would suddenly stop sometimes when arranging for their future and exclaim: "If Uncle Sam will let me."

Soon after the call to the colors sounded through the land, King once more brought Miles Darrow to her door, dressed, this time, in the uniform of the United States Army. The horse thrust his long neck past the open door, his bright eyes and coaxing nicker asking for the sweets to which he had become accustomed from her hand. The rider, with a look of high resolve upon his handsome face, was even more devoted to her than was usual with him, but it seemed to the stricken woman that some unnatural convulsion had torn them apart.

Pride and courage sustained her through that parting, but after that the black horror that had been menacing her came nearer and its fingers kept clutching at her throat.

She had trained a climbing rose around the door, and when her lover gave her the lingering kiss that meant a long farewell, its fragrant pink flowers made a frame for it. A pair of daring linnets had constructed a happy home among these blossoms. She clutched the key tightly as in memory she heard Miles Darrow's clear voice singing blithely:

"Oh, let me build a nest for you . . .
within my heart."

Then the sequence of events passed through her mind . . . one night an unseen marauder had clambered up to the nest and torn it from its fastenings, destroying the faithful little mother-bird . . . this had seemed significant to Joanna, for she was alone and had no understanding friend to give her comfort, and the plaintive cries of the widowed mate, on the morning after the ruin of the nest, had made the sick pain in her heart even more poignant.

During the short time in which she hesitated at the door many incidents that led up to her desperate resolve came back to her consciousness. It had not seemed to these two, at first, possible that modern civilization would permit the slaughter of those who had committed no crime against it . . . it had seemed unreasonable to suppose that the mad world-war would continue even after they had to admit its beginning. Many times they had whispered to each other:

"We won't give up until the ship sails."

Then when the letter came telling Joanna that within a week or two Miles Darrow would be overseas, she had written to him:

"We must change our slogan, 'We won't give up until the ship sails' to 'We won't give up . . . ever.' "

And now she was giving up. . . she She had always been afraid that something would come to her along her path in life that would compel her to crumple right down in a heap of misery instead of lifting the weight of her load and proceeding on her way. And now it had come. Here was the hor-

ror that she could not pass by, because there was nothing beyond . . . it all looked like a blank wall.

The future had looked so bright to her . . . she had planned that when Miles came home, with honor, perhaps wearing the American distinguished service cross, they would solemnize their marriage . . . postponed on account of the war . . . they had told each other that the happiness they would find at the end of the road, no matter how many dangers they found along the way, would well repay them for the time of waiting. She had dreamed of what she would do to prove to her warrior that she was worthy to be his mate . . . she had hoped so much that the shock of defeat was doubly hard to bear.

She had been, in a measure, numb to the real facts of the present, for she had been living in a future pictured by her hopeful imagination.

"I will keep myself as strong and cool as I can," she had written to Miles, "so that if, at any time, you have need of me, I can help. I will hold myself in readiness to be of definite assistance."

She had centered her affection upon one human being, and she had demonstrated this in many pathetic and almost fantastic ways. She had written to him every mortal day and so burdened the long-suffering censors that they had almost risen in revolt because of what seemed to their unbiased judgment needless repetitions.

She had subscribed to and joined in everything that purported to be potent in the winning of the war. She had knitted impossible wristlets and stingy scarfs, and she had sent out into the open sweaters that would not, by any manner of means, fit any human being unless one of elephantine proportions, although she had in mind, always, one slim, military figure. After she had become hopelessly entangled in the meshes of gray and khaki yarn, with only dumb, cold, steel needles to help herself out with, she had proved to her own satisfaction that successful sock-knitters are born, and not made.

She leaned against the old door as she murmured, as if in answer to a protest from it:

"I would go on if there were anyone to care, but everything has fallen away from me."

The waters of affection by which her spirit had been sustained were sweet and clear, but she had not yet gained access to the great fountain of unselfish service, and the little hidden spring that had refreshed her had suddenly become dry and only accentuated her hunger and thirst when she approached it.

Joanna Winthrop had built about herself a wall of proud reserve through which few had broken. The boy who used to bring her morning paper had caught glimpses of her real self, for he sympathized with her admiration of Miles Darrow, who, to him, was the romantic personification of what he hoped, sometime, to be—a real, live soldier on a prancing horse. His candid blue eyes used to light up as he handed her the paper, and he would call out, gaily, with the undimmed enthusiasm of the very young:

"It's going our way, and he's all right yet."

She felt that he was looking forward, with her, to the home-coming of the subject of their mutual admiration.

But even that comfort had been denied her and the paper had been carelessly thrown in the yard that morning, as if of no unusual import.

In it she had read her doom. Her eyes had grown used to following the list of names under American casualties, although she always told herself that she could not find him mentioned there. She could not force herself to face that possibility.

Yet, standing out from the paper, as if written in letters of fire, there it was:

"Killed in action—Miles Darrow."

The glory of his death did not sustain her. His going closed the view to her, and she reached the last stage

in her earthly career, for she had, with methodical exactness, made the few arrangements necessary so that any stranger might carry out her final wishes—she had tried to make this as easy as possible for some unknown person. She had placed in a conspicuous position a letter with the direction:

"To be opened by anyone who may find it after my death."

In this she had given explicit directions as to the disposition of her worldly effects.

She had decided upon the manner of her exit, and all she had to do, now, was to slip the key of the door through the letter slit that had been cut in it, trusting that someone would find it and understand what it would mean, for somehow, even in her extremity, she shrunk from having the old door battered down.

She waited until there were no sounds of passing feet upon the sidewalk in front of her house, and then she quietly pushed the key outside.

She turned, determined upon the pursuit of the path she had set out to pass over.

She was half way up the stairs that led to her own room, where the means she had selected through which to attain the end she sought awaited her, when she heard someone approach the door.

Fearful of discovery, she crouched down on the stairs . . . trembling.

Then a shrill young voice called out:

"Miss Winthrop, are you home? It's good news!"

As one fascinated, she watched the little envelope come through the door . . . then she crept down and conferred with her fellow hero-worshipper.

"Jimmy," she begged, "will you unlock the door? I've dropped my key outside."

The wondering boy was overjoyed to do as she requested, and then together, they sat on one of the lower stair-steps and together they opened and read the telegram:

"Safe and sound," it assured her, "wait for me."

"You see," explained the boy, "I'm with the Western Union, now; I read the morning paper, but I would not believe it. I was waiting to find: "Previously reported killed in action changed to alive and on duty." I thought you would have a telegram if it really was so and I watched and when this message came the operator was going to phone it to you, but I wanted to bring it myself. Gee!," he added, solemnly, "Gee! It's great."

Forms of Government

By Thos. O'Shaughnessy

FORCE will always rule the world. But it will never be rightly ruled until moral force takes the place of material force. Rights established by material force are never durable, because the moral opposition which they cause is stronger than the forces that imposes them. The greatest progress of man came from substituting collective force for individual force. Likewise, the greatest progress of nations will come from substituting their collective force for the aggressive force of individual nations. Peace on Earth cannot prevail until Moral Right is substituted for Material Might. For spiritual or mental force alone can rightly govern a free people. When men pretended—through the medium of oracles—to hold intercourse with the Deity, the world was under the government of superstition.

Now there are only two kinds of governments; hereditary and elective or representative. But there are various grades and many mixtures or combinations of the two. All hereditary governments, regardless of their names or the titles of their rulers, are an usurpation of the rights of mankind. On the other hand, government by election and representation has its origin in the natural and eternal rights of man. To disfranchise any class of human beings enslaves them. For slavery consists of being subjected to the will of another, which is true of all who are disfranchised. The right of suffrage cannot be made to depend upon the possession of property, amount of tax paid, or sex, without lowering its dignity. For the right to vote for representatives is the original right by which all other rights are protected. Therefore, Ideal Democracy is the true form of government. The democratic theory was well known centuries before the present era began; but its proper practice is yet to be established.

Democracy fails only through the ignorance of the masses. The most difficult task in popular government is to give to the executive department such power as will make it useful and efficient, and yet prevent it from sweeping away the rights of the people by the influence of patronage, and of money interests. It is the indifference and negligence of the people in a republic that makes officials dishonest and autocratic. People cannot have democracy, except in name, until they become diligent and alert to their interests, and realize their responsibility. For they must fortify themselves against the assaults of ambition, passion, and mammon, and insist that their representatives be active, intelligent, faithful agents of all the people, instead of allowing them to be converted into unresisting and passive instruments of the power of mammon. Democracies end with luxury; monarchies with poverty.

Democracy in its true sense must finally triumph in human reason, because its foundations are deep in the human heart, and it shields men's present liberties and is the ground for their future hopes. They will finally perceive in it a saving faith, a redeeming truth, a regulating power. For it is the only creed that can do justice to all men, or that can bind the entire race in chains of brotherhood and love. The mass of mankind, whose souls are bound by a strong fraternal sympathy, once relieved from their hatreds, prejudices and false customs, will stand

forth as its moveless champions. Nothing sinks so deep into their hearts, or is so identified with their moral and social good. Its truths are too firmly allied to the imperishable hopes, the deathless aspirations, the onward march of humanity, ever to be deserted; therefore it must finally triumph with the proper dissemination of knowledge. For democracy originates among the necessary relations of things, and it can only cease to be when eternal Truth is no more.

This refers only to that true and genuine democracy which breathes the air and lives in the light of Christ's doctrine of brotherhood and love, whose essence is justice, and whose object is human progress and human welfare; which insists on the rights of men; demands the equal diffusion of every social advantage, asks the impartial participation of every gift of God, and proclaims to the world the sovereignity, not of the majority of the people alone, but, of immutable justice and truth. A representative government has but one evil to fear, that of corruption. For a democracy to continue to exist it must be ruled by the middle class. Because the rich have too many special and individual interests which they separate from the general interests, and among those who feel the touches of want corruption can too easily find its means. The principles of true democracy must be established in our hearts before our legislation will conform to them.

To found true democracy we must first end the war of liberty against tyranny, monopolies and special privileges, and thus obstruct the storm of Revolution which inevitably arises from injustice. A republic usually perishes from the injustice of those it would save. A free commonwealth has no other strength or hope than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals who compose it. The vices, the concealments and traitorous crimes are the diseases of republics. Still, under a democracy is the only hope to see a cessation of the triumphs of intrigue and crime, and to this end people need only to be sufficiently enlightened. Laws providing for the proper education of the whole people is the only human assurance of the intelligence and virtue of individuals. Democracy can be maintained only where the interest and welfare of all is the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the persuasive influence of the press; the early teachings of the school and church.

A church that does not inspire all its members in the cause of true democracy and the love and fellowship of mankind, is not Christian. The test of the worth of religion is its effect upon democracy, which prepares the way for comradeship, co-operation, equality of rights, liberty and a sense of Justice and Right.

True Christianity is the highest form of worship, and true democracy is the highest form of government. Both are perfect if practiced as designed. But, at present, neither exists except in theory; still both must be practiced before people can live in peace and happiness. Christianity must be substituted for Churchianity, and altruism for egotism. Man must learn that self-control is his first duty to self and justice his first duty to others. True democracy can be established only slowly, as men prepare themselves for it in spirit, intelligence and administrative capacity; violence only delays it. Democracy cannot be given to or forced on any people. For they must desire and learn it before they will appreciate it enough to use it rightly.

American Library Association

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

Editor's Note:—The following able article by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Director of Information of the American Library Association, throws an interesting and instructive light upon the efforts of the Association to keep the American soldiers supplied with good, instructive and entertaining reading matter. How this was and still is being done is best told in the following article by Mr. Stockbridge.

WHAT would Uncle Toby think of a public library in an Army camp? What would he think of a soldier in Flanders who demanded a book on the nutritive value of foods, or the latest work on hydraulic engineering. Would he swear mightily and affirm that the art of war had gone to the dogs?

Probably. But the reports from overseas indicate that an educated, book-loving army fights with the best on earth, and that the reconstruction problem is going to be much less difficult because of the presence in camps, cantonments and army transports of the world's greatest literature. It is going to be less difficult for the simple reason that, in countless cases, the American soldiers are reading not to amuse themselves merely or to relieve the monotony of camp life, but to educate themselves for their present work and for better jobs after the war. Examinations of the "best sellers" in the circulating camp libraries established in this country and overseas makes this clear.

It also makes clear the reason why the association is making a drive for $3,500,000 instead of a contribution of books, as was originally asked for. It is no more possible to build camp libraries with hit-or-miss contributions than it would be to build, in this fashion, a university or a city library. The men in the Army are simply an average population, indeed a little superior to the average. The men are young, and they have the curious and voracious minds of youth.

Reports from librarians in widely separated camps reveal that soldiers show more interest in non-fiction books than in works of fiction. At the head of the list of books demanded are technical works relating to special branches of army service. In an aviation camp the men are naturally interested in books on flying and flying machines. They want only the latest and best books, just the ones, of course, that never would be contributed. The same is true of engineers, radio students, gunners, signal men, all branches. They know that extra rating and early transfer across depends largely on study, and they sieze on the technical books which will add to their knowledge.

The War Service Committee of the American Library Association did not anticipate this situation. With the basis of the first purchase list by a committee of New York librarians it comprised about 5,000 titles, of which one-half were fiction and some were juvenile fiction. At the time the association was accepting gifts of books, and it was assumed that fiction and recreative literature generally would be supplied by gift. Thus the first actual purchase of books was not 5,000 but 500 volumes, largely reference and technical works.

Reports from the camps soon dem-

onstrated the wisdom of the committee's choice. The training camp of a modern army is not merely a place for drill—it is a school. The men study many subjects not included in military technique. The subjects cover practically all which are a part of a grammar or high school course, and even those of the first years of college. The problems of text books alone is greater than the Government, the Y. M. C. A., or indeed the Library Association has been able adequately to meet. The extent of the demand may be judged by the recent call from one rather small camp for fifty trigonometries, fifty geometries and seventy algebras.

The men want, besides simple text books, many volumes of supplimentary reading in all their subjects. They want histories, chemistries, science, economics, geographies, poetry, travel, general literature. The librarian in charge of the Mexican Border Service on a visit to Camp Eagle Pass received requests for the following books:

The Metric System.
Chemistry of Gun Powder.
Algebras.
Spanish Dictionaries, Readers, and Grammars.
Army Paper Work.
Machine Guns.
Italian Books.
Speakers (Readings and Recitations.)
Lettering.
Geometries.
Haweis—"Music and Morals."
Gas Engine.
Bernhardi—"Great Britain, Germany's Vassal."
Geography of the Philippine Islands.

This is a fairly typical list. The American Library Association aims to supply the men of the Army and Navy with exactly the books they need, not only for pleasure, but for profit. The needs are as various as the departments of service, almost as numerous as the individual soldiers and sailors. The man who wanted a book on the nutritive value of foods was a mess sergeant. The soldier who asked for the latest work on hydraulic engineering was seeking an opportunity to better his knowledge of the profession from which he was drawn and to which he hoped to return after the war.

For use at remote outpost camps librarians make up collections of fifty books to be read and renewed by the men. The collections now contain a certain amount of fiction, for all soldiers read some love stories and some read nothing else. But each unit of fifty contains at least one book of poems. Kipling and Robert Service being especially in demand—history, travel, biography, military science and several recent books on the war. No two collections are exactly alike for the men on outpost duty remain for a month at a time, and books are sometimes their only recreation.

When it comes to men who are working for promotion the camp libraries are hard pressed to furnish enough technical and special subject books. The Association engages to get any book that is asked for, and sometimes, to facilitate matters, it even borrows. A hospital librarian, writing from San Francisco, tells of a young aviator who was brought in for an operation. His examination for a commission was only three weeks ahead, and he was in a dangerous condition of unrest because of the interruption of his studies. The books he wanted were not in the hospital library but the librarian applied to the city public library and got them. Five days after the young man left the hospital he successfully passed his examination.

A letter from a grateful soldier at Kelly Field acknowledges the debt he owes to the camp library. "A few weeks ago," he writes, "I passed an examination for the rank of Sergeant, 1st Class, which examination requires that applicant have a general knowledge of Army Paperwork, Nomencla-

ture of Aeronautics, Photography, Internal Combustion Engines, Magnetos, Electricity and Visual Signalling, together with Infantry Drill. I owe my successful passing of the exams. largely to the information I received through studying books from the American Library Association camp library."

Going through long lists of books in circulation in camps in this country and abroad one is struck by the general after-the-war preparation. Very few men intend to make the Army or Navy their permanent profession, and they use their leisure time and time of convalescence in hospitals to fit themselves for better jobs in peace times. A young lieutenant came to the librarian's desk and asked her to give him some books that would make him a better English scholar. He had not realized until placed in a position of responsibility how slight his knowledge was. "I'll need a better education after the war," he said, "and I'd better begin work now." The librarian furnished the new student with grammars and rhetorics and he went away happy.

"I was a commercial artist before entering the service," writes a soldier from Eberts Field, Arkansas. "I find that on Sundays I now have time for a certain amount of color studying that I never had an opportunity for in civil life." Back numbers of magazines containing the works of Maxfield Parrish and Jules Guerin were what he most craved and what he promptly received.

"Have you any books on cost accounting?" the librarian at Camp Custer was asked. "That was my line before coming here. If I go back after we get through this war, I don't want to start in all over again. I must try to keep up with my line while I am working with Uncle Sam."

They are even studying farming in our Army. Almost the next applicant after the cost accountant had been given the books he wanted demanded something new and good on the subject of hog raising. "I'm reading up on farming," he told the librarian. "No more indoor work for me when I get through this thing. After Camp Custer, the out-door life is the life for me."

In the subject index of books purchased for Army and Navy libraries is listed almost every recent book on business and salesmanship. There are books relating to almost every trade and profession, and the nucleus of an excellent library. Law books, indeed, are in such lively demand that few camp libraries can as yet keep up with it.

In the Realm of Bookland

Publishers seem to have no trouble in keeping the production of books during the war up to the normal. As is to be expected, war stories and books of war verses occupy a much larger space in their catalogues than formerly, and many really fine contributions to the present-day literary output comes under this head. It is noticeable, however, that in spite of the exalted times in which we are now living, that there are many writers who are turning out work which one would most naturally think could only be produced in the quiet and peaceful seclusion of a smiling and happy land.

We refer to the many works of home and agricultural life, gardens, treatises on poultry and stock raising, soil culture, and in fact every branch of agricultural and horticultural life.

The number of scientific and political economy books published recently indicates that there is no tendency on the part of writers along these lines to slacken up on account of the war. In fact, we might imagine that the terrific world conflict has somewhat sharpened their efforts and been responsible for more and better work.

In the realm of children's books the advent of the Christmas season, a couple of months off, has added a stimulus to the production of this type of fiction, and many new and quaint works are now being announced by the publishers for the juvenile world.

"The Boomerang," by David Gray. The Century Co. $1.40.

This is a novelization of one of the most phenomenal dramatic successes of recent years. The play is one especially adapted to the narrative form, and Mr. Gray has never done a more enjoyable piece of work than that of re-telling the charming story of "The Boomerang."

And it is a good story. The plot is unhackneyed, and the dialogue, of which there is a generous quantity, is brilliant and stimulating; the characters are easy to believe and are irresistibly attractive. Moreover, the narrative moves with that rapidity which appeals to American readers who like to be, even in their imaginative adventures, in the midst of "something doing."

The tens of thousands who have seen the play will be glad to have in book form the story of "The Boomerang"; they will find a new pleasure in following along a new path one of the freshest, most humorous and most satisfying plots of recent years.

"Once On the Summer Range," by Francis Hill. The Macmillan Company.

"Once On the Summer Range," by Francis Hill, published September 30, is a novel of adventure which promises to meet with wide approval. It has to do with Matt Hainlen, who, at twenty-seven goes west in search of health. Presently he finds himself herding sheep in Montana. Here abruptly, out of the sober routine of his work, he becomes embroiled in a nasty situation in a gulch. A girl and her father, Eastern, like himself, need him desperately, and Matt answers that need. A ticklish problem arises which only action can solve, primitive and drastic action, too.

The incidents which follow take the characters to New Orleans and then back to the castled mountains of the West. Seventeen months in all are required to bring events through to a happy conclusion. The narrative is full of unusual situations and is intensely dramatic.

"Naval Heroes of Today," by Francis A. Collins. The Century Co. $1.50.

The American Navy is living up to its best traditions in the War with Germany. Dangers are being faced and problems solved which bring new tests of courage. Almost daily the Government rewards some man for "conspicuous bravery." The adventures of the Naval air pilots and observers, the fearlessness of the armed guards aboard the merchant ships, the thrilling life on the scouts and destroyers in battling against the submarines add a new and fascinating chapter to the history of our Navy. Mr. Collins has collected the details of upwards of fifty of these exciting sea tales and presented them in the attractive style made familiar by his earlier books. It is a record in which every American may take just pride. Few sea stories of fiction stir the blood as do these records of actual achievement. The book is interestingly illustrated from photographs.

The Century Company announces for publication shortly a new volume of Raemakers' cartoons, portraying the part which America has played and is playing in the war. A feature of this collection, which is to be called, "America in the War," is that each cartoon is faced with a page of specially contributed comment by some eminent living American, the text forming a unique authology of patriotic opinion.

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EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The Lower End of Market Street as it Looked in 1865.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The North Side of California Street, Near Sansome, Looking West; Showing Some of the Early Banking and Business Houses of the '70's.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The Building With Tower is the Former Masonic Temple. The Structure in the Foreground is the Old Hibernia Bank.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—A Typical Fire Engine of the '50's, Standing Outside of its House on the South Side of Sacramento Street, Just Above Kearny. The Company was Called Broderick No. 1, After Senator Broderick, Who Was Shot in a Duel with Judge Terry.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—Mechanics Pavilion, Which was Located on the Present Site of Union Square, Opposite the St. Francis Hotel. The Pavilion was Used for Fairs, Political Meetings and the Big Dances of Early Days. The Steeples of the Present Temple Emanuel Rise on the Right.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—This Gruesome Scene Shows the Hanging of Samuel Whitaker and Robert McKenzie by the Vigilance Committee, on the Afternoon of Sunday, August 24th, 1851.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—Independence Day was Celebrated in a Very Patriotic Way as Early as 1851, as Shown in the Above Scene.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—This Picture of Hayes Valley Was Taken in 1864. On the Extreme Left is the Protestant Orphan Asylum. The Train at the Edge of the Hill is Heading for Hayes Valley, and the One in the Foreground Used to Carry Passengers from Market Street to the Valley.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—An Early Sketch of San Francisco Taken from Telegraph Hill by William B. McMurtrie in April, 1850. Photographed from the Original in Golden Gate Park Museum, With the Permission of the Owner, R. P. Schwerin.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The Great Fire of 1851, Which Caused a Loss of $6,000,000. The Fire Lasted for Two Days, Burning Everything Within an Area of Three-quarters of a Mile in Length and One-third of a Mile in Width.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—This View Shows a Section of the Great Fire of 1906, Which Destroyed Millions of Dollars Worth of Property. But San Francisco Has Risen from the Ashes, and is Today the Leading Metropolis of the West.

EARLY VIEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO—On June 14, 1856, the Citizens Held a Mass Meeting, Endorsing the Acts of the Vigilance Committee.

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

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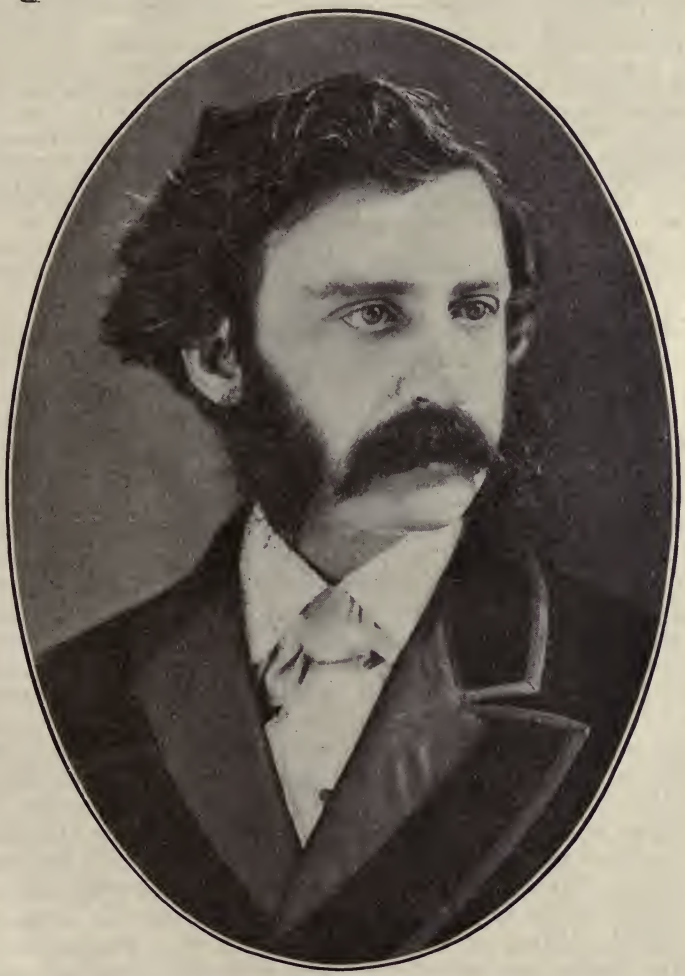
BRET HARTE

VOL. LXXII San Francisco, December, 1918 No. 6



Bret Harte.

California's peculiar pride in Bret Harte and his splendid literary career arises from the fact that some of his most noteworthy stories were written here and first saw the light of day in the pages of The Overland Monthly. The subsequent heights that Bret Harte attained, and his long residence in a foreign land, did not make the residents of the Pacific Coast feel that they had entirely lost him. In fact they still felt that both he and his writings were as much a part of early California literary history and mining day traditions as any of those pioneers who made the State their continuous residence. Many of the most famous of Harte's stories were published in the Overland Monthly when the magazine was the only recognized literary journal in the West.

Fort Gunnybags

The Old Stronghold of the Vigilante Committee

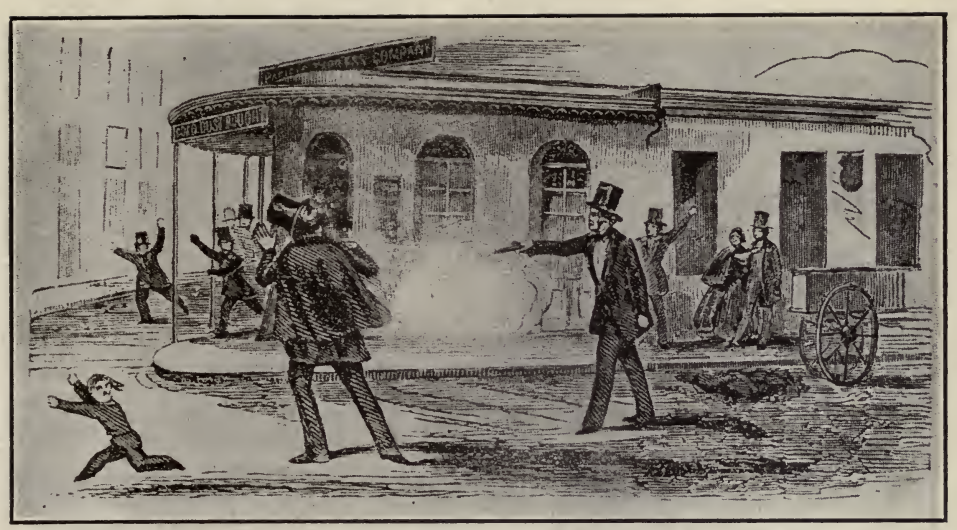
To the new generation of San Francisco the name Fort Gunnybags means but little, at the most an historical event in which their fathers and grandfathers participated. To the older men and women of the city, however, the name is very real, and calls up memories of a time when to stand by one's convictions meant something more than the mere assertion of them—it meant the willingness to fight or make any sacrifice for what one believed was right. The following article tells graphically the story of the stormy days when Fort Gunnybags was the center of one of the most intensely exciting dramas of the city history.

PASSERS up and down Sacramento street, San Francisco, have noticed during December, 1917, that an old building at 211-213 of that street, on the south side between Davis and Front streets, was being torn down. The reason was pretty evident, for the building had sunk till the threshold was below the sidewalk and it could readily be seen that a watchful fire marshal would be likely to insist that the cracked walls were a source of danger.

Few, however, of the passers-by unless they were old-timers in San Francisco, knew that the demolished building, and still more the plain two-story structure by its side on the west, were historic landmarks whose equals in importance are rare in the city.

The Vigilance Committee of 1856 has been recognized by all who have studied California history as an episode of unique interest, and one of the most striking instances of the power of the American people, composite though it be, for self-government. It was outside of all the constituted methods of government, which by the peculiar circumstances of the time were given over to the enemies of justice; and yet it was not a mob, but an organized rising of the people. It bore a name similar to that of other organizations whose character is black with secret murder and lawless violence; and yet it differed from all that the name vigilante now means, in that it was no masked band suddenly attacking an unprepared enemy under the cover of midnight, but the irresistible rising of the best elements of the population, doing its will with calm deliberation and in the broad light of day. Its trials were conducted with all the safeguards of justice; and nobody has ever questioned the righteousness of its verdicts. It carried on negotiations with the Governor of the State almost as one sovereign power with its equal. Its leaders and members, far from cowering in secrecy lest they should be called to account for their deeds, were the best known and most substantial men of the community; and have ever since counted their connection with the committee a matter of just pride, and their framed certificates of membership a precious heirloom to their children.

The reason for all this and the conditions that created the need for the Committee it would take too long to tell here. They have been set forth at length in Hittell's History of California, in Mr. Almarin B. Paul's story



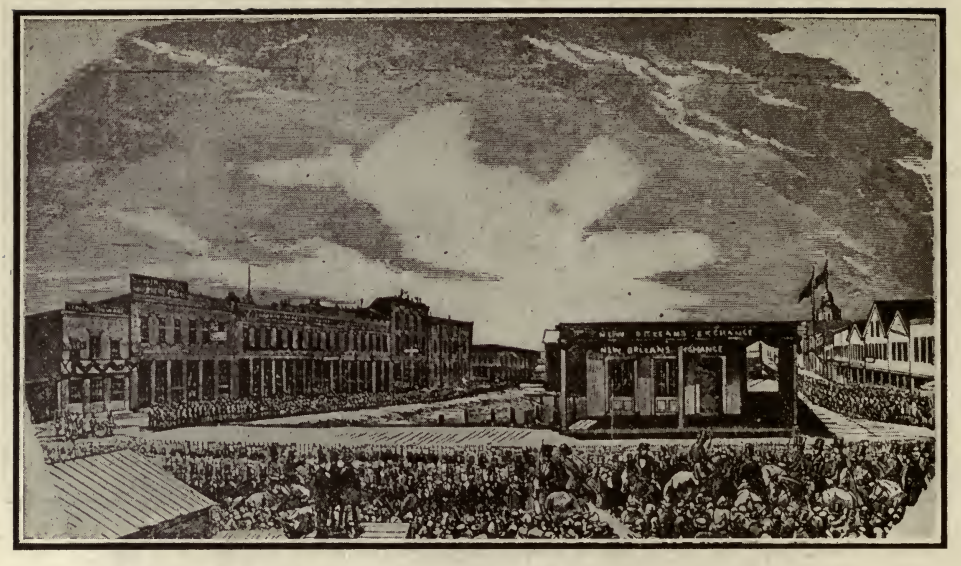
James King of William Shot by James Casey, a Politician. This Act Prompted the Organization of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, and the Hurried Construction of Fort Gunnybags. From an old print of that time.

of the Committee in the OVERLAND for October, November and December, 1894, in William T. Coleman's articles in the Century magazine, and in other accessible authorities.

Only the points that pertain to the building the Committee used as its headquarters concern us here. These, abstracted for this article by Mr. Theodore H. Hittell from his history, are as follows:—

The third volume of my "History" gives a full account of the building on the south side of Sacramento street between Davis and Front, which was known in the old days as "Fort Gunnybags." It is the low, two story, brick business house, with flat roof, the fourth from the corner of Front street. It had been occupied by the firm of Truett and Jones, wholesale liquor merchants, up to Saturday, May 17, 1856, when the famous Vigilance Committee engaged the second story, moved into it, and established their headquarters. For a short time Truett & Jones continued on the second floor, but, as the work of the Vigilance Committee expanded more and more room was required, the firm was induced to remove, and the Committee took charge and control of the whole building and remained there until their final adjournment.

It was there, in front of the second story windows, that James P. Casey and Charles Cora were hanged by the Committee on Thursday, May 22, 1856,—Casey for the murder of James King, of William, editor of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, and Cora for the murder of William H. Richardson, United States Marshal. Wooden platforms had been run out from two of the windows, extending about a yard beyond the line of the building and provided with hinges at the edges of the sills. These platforms were held in horizontal positions by cords fastened at their outer ends, passing up to beams which projected from the roof directly over them and then to the top of the building out of sight. To the projecting beams were also attached the fatal ropes with nooses and slip knots, prepared beforehand. Casey was attended by Father Maraschi and Cora by Father Acolti. Armed files of Vigilance soldiers took up most of the street in front, but the rest of it and several vacant lots on the opposite side and the streets and housetops for blocks around were filled with immense crowds of sympathizing people. Ev-



The Throng That Turned Out to Witness the Execution of Casey and Cora.

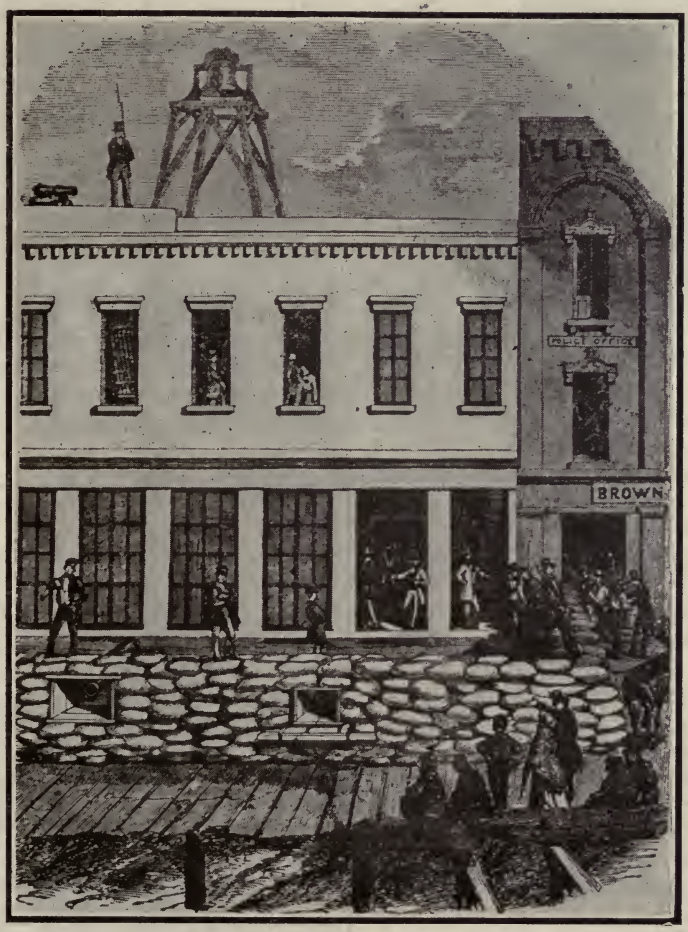
erything was conducted as orderly and as calmly as was possible under the circumstances. At twenty-one minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon, the legs of each having been strapped together, the ropes were adjusted about their necks, white caps were drawn over their heads, and at a signal from within the cords holding up the platforms were severed on the roof and the doomed men fell a distance of about six feet. They died apparently without a struggle.

The Vigilance Committee next proceeded to purge the community of some of its remaining objectionable characters, whom they arrested and confined in small rooms partitioned off on the second floor of the building. Billy Mulligan, Martin Gallagher, Billy Carr, Woolley Kearney, Edward Bulger, Charles P. Duane, and many others were confined there, while they were being tried and until their transportation out of the country. It was there, also, in one of these small apartments, that Francis Murray, usually known as Yankee Sullivan, the prize-fighter and ballot-box stuffer, fearful of meeting his just deserts on the scaffold, committed suicide by severing the arteries of his left arm at the elbow with a table knife. It was in two of these same rooms that Joseph Hetherington and Philander Brace were subsequently confined, and thence, on July 29th, taken by the Committee to their execution on a scaffold erected in Davis street between Sacramento and Commercial,—Hetherington on account of the murder of Dr. Andrew Randall, and Brace for the murder of Captain Joseph B. West. When, however, David S. Terry, a justice of the Supreme Court of the State, was arrested for stabbing Sterling A. Hopkins, none of these small rooms was considered secure enough, and a new, stronger, and more removed place of confinement was prepared in the second story of the adjoining building on the east; and it was there that he remained most of the time from June 21, the day of his arrest, till August 7, after Hopkins' recovery from his wound, when he was released.

For a considerable time after the organization of the Committee, on account of the strenuous opposition of their enemies, who were ironically called the "Law and Order party," great apprehensions were felt of a clash with the State, if not also with the United States, authorities; and the

fact was recognized that the Vigilance headquarters would be untenable in case of an attack. There was consequently some talk of removing, but it ended only in efforts to strengthen the building as it was. Various things with this end in view were done; but the most remarkable—though there may be much question as to its real

a wall constructed of coarse sacks, usually known as gunnybags, filled with sand and piled up in such manner as to form a breastwork nearly six feet thick and nearly ten feet high. This wall, extending out from the front corners of the building across the sidewalk and into the street and then running in the street in front



Fort Gunnybags and the Bell.

efficiency—was the fortification of the building by a sort of breastwork that was thrown up on the night of June 10th and gave to the place its distinctive name of "Fort Gunnybags," by which it was subsequently known.

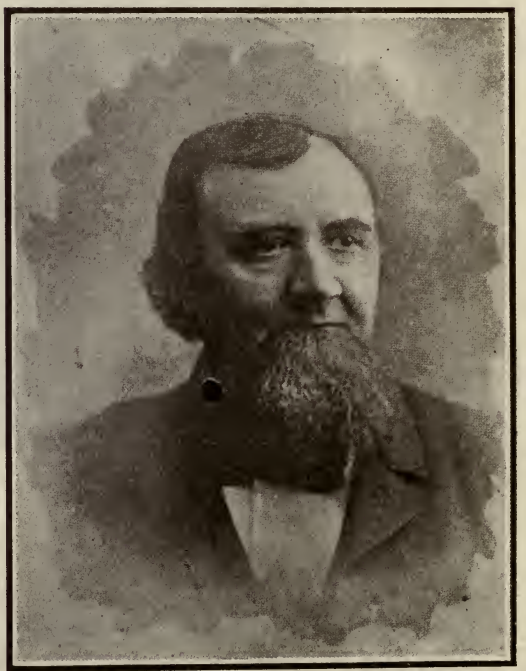
"The plan of fortification referred to," says the "History," "consisted of

of the building, made a sort of inclosure. What might be called embrasures were left at several points and particularly at the corners, at each of which a cannon was placed; and all along the line there was an inside platform and openings from which a scathing fire of musketry could be poured. It

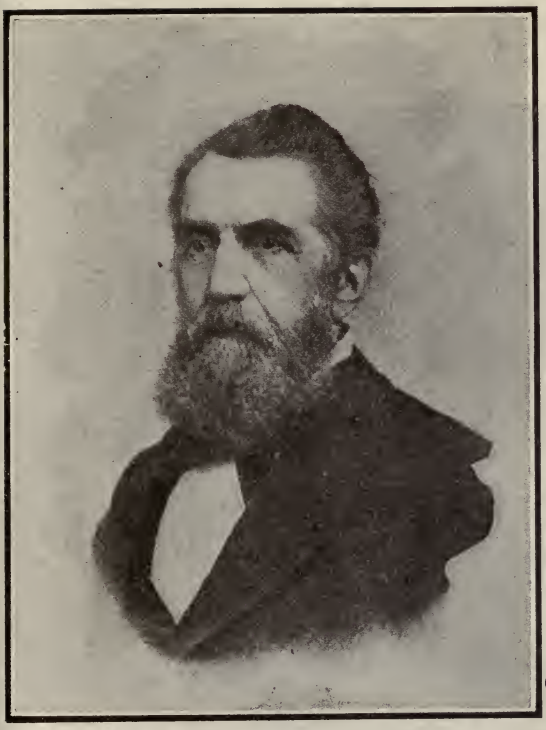
James King of William, Who Was Shot by James P. Casey.

seems to have been understood at the time of the construction of these works or just previous thereto, that the Law and Order party had tried to obtain or had obtained positions in the immediate neighborhood, from which the Vigilance building could be raked; and it was to counteract and foil its plans that these works, including the planting of a few small cannon on the roof of the building, were constructed. As has been said before, it is doubtful whether the works would have been of any account in case of a fight, and particularly if the Law and Order party had planted an effective battery on Rincon hill or any other of the surrounding heights. But, whether so or not, they appear to have at least inspired confidence in the Vigilance Committee forces, and in that respect, if in no other, some praise was due from them to Francis J. Lippitt, afterwards colonel of their fourth regiment, to whom they were indebted not only for the idea, but also for the building of such a fortification."

Subsequently, on Aug. 21, 1856, and on the following two days, after the Committee had finished their chief labors and were about ready to adjourn, the headquarters on Sacramento street were thrown open to public inspection, and during those days many thousands of persons, including most of the residents of San Francisco and many strangers, visited and examined them. By that time the sand-bag fortifications in front had been removed, but the cannon on the floor, the guns and swords in their racks and the ammunition in the magazine all remained. Everything was scrupulously clean and in order. Portraits and pictures ornamented the walls; in one place was a bust of James King of William; in another the famous ballot-box, with false bottom and sides partially drawn out so as to show the stuffed ballots that had been found in it. The offices of the grand marshal, quartermaster and commissary were finely carpeted. . . The room of the executive committee was perfectly plain, containing only



David S. Terry, Justice of the Supreme Court of California, Who Stabbed Sterling A. Hopkins.



Almarin B. Paul, A Member of the Vigilante Committee.

several long tables, a lot of chairs, and some cases full of papers. In the police office there were exhibited such curiosities as usually garnish places of that kind, including pistols, bowie-knives, and other deadly weapons that had been taken from prisoners. On the wall were the hats of Casey, Cora, Hetherington and Brace, surrounded by the ropes with which those individuals had been hanged. An old rusty blade, said to have been displayed when the Law and Order arms were taken out of the schooner Julia, was facetiously labeled, "The Sword of the Pirate Durkee." Over the police rooms were the armorer's shop and the hospital, and on the roof the bell, at whose tap the Committee was ever ready to fly to arms. Of the implements of war on exhibition at the building, not counting those stored in other places, there were said to be some nineteen hundred muskets, two hundred and fifty rifles, three hundred dragoon sabers, seventy-eight Roman sabers, and fifty-five artillery swords, besides a lot of shotguns and arms of other kinds.

Now it has seemed to the OVERLAND that the building ought to be marked so that it shall be held in memory. In the Eastern States it is a growing and beautiful custom to mark with stones, tablets, or other memorial, the historic spots. Those who have recently visited such towns as Lexington and Concord, know how much of value and interest is taught by the tablets and monuments that mark every important point and make it possible to trace with ease every step of Lord Percy's fateful march.

To the end of introducing this good custom to San Francisco the OVERLAND determined to try to have Fort Gunnybags marked by a suitable tablet. To this end it consulted with the following San Francisco gentlemen, and they all readily agreed to act as a committee to receive funds for the purpose and see that they were properly expended:—

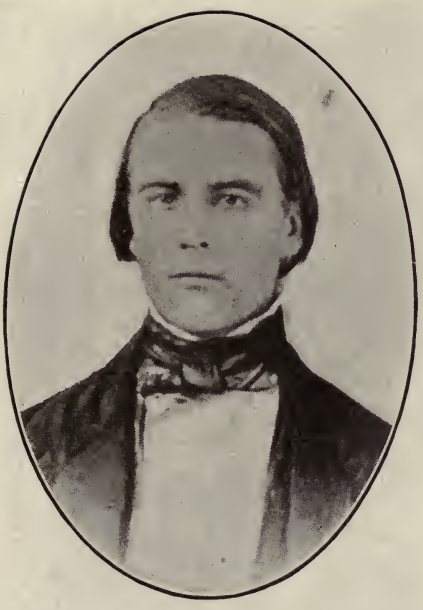
Martin J. Burke (626 Market street) of Madison & Burke, real estate dealers, a member of the Executive Committee of the Vigilantes, and one of the principal men in its councils.

Almarin B. Paul (Crocker Building) mining engineer and inventor, a member of the Vigilante Committee, and the author of an account of it published in the OVERLAND for October, November, and December, 1894.

Charles J. King (122 Davis street) son of James King of William, whose murder precipitated the outbreak. Mr. King is a prominent member of the Society of California Pioneers, and well known in the community.

More than this has been done. The building is now owned by Mr. W. F. Whittier, himself a member of the Vigilance Committee, and a prominent man of San Francisco. His consent was readily obtained to allow a tablet to be placed on the building, together with a promise to see that it was cared for so long as he owned the place and if possible to transmit the trust under

Showing Cannon Placed Around Fort Gunnybags for the purpose of Protecting the Fort in Case of Attack by the Law and Order Party.

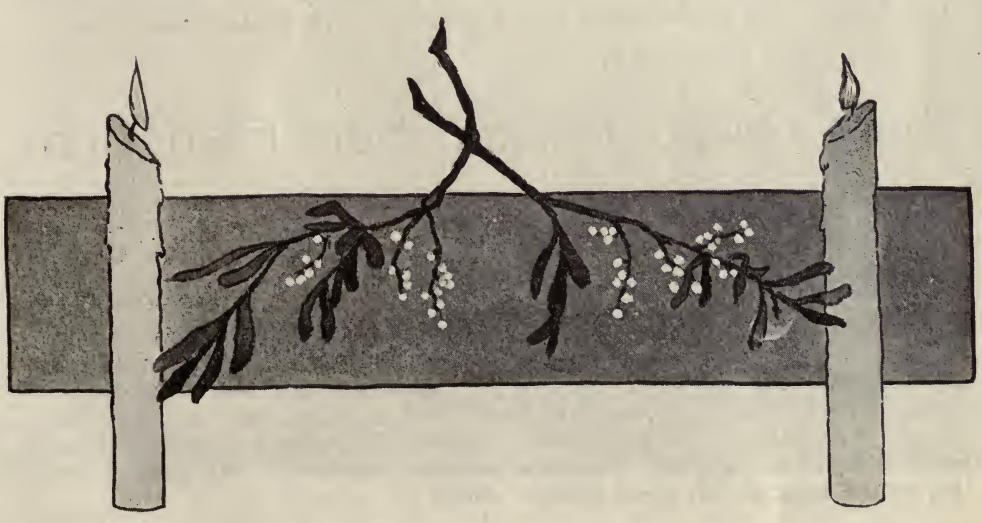


William T. Coleman.
From a daguerreotype taken during the time he was connected with the two Vigilance Committees of '51 and '56.

the same promise to his successors in the ownership.

Mr. Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, was seen and he at once agreed to prepare a sketch of a proposed tablet in bronze, the chief features of which were to be the seal of the Committee with its appropriate mottoes, *"Fiat Justitia, Ruat Coelum"* and "No Creed, No Party, No Sectional Issues" surrounding the watchful eye that is the price of liberty. The words, "Fort Gunnybags, Headquarters of the Vigilance Committee of 1856" are all that it was deemed wise to add, and a simple wreath of oak leaves about the seal and a border to bind the tablet together. This executed in bronze in a size of about three and one-half feet square would cost nearly $500, and it is now proposed to raise that amount by subscriptions in small amounts from, it is hoped, every surviving member of the Committee, and from all those who still believe in the essential goodness of the American people.

For it is that which the Committee stood for; the fact that in the long run the people will have substantial justice done. The course of their will in this direction is like a mighty river. It may be checked for a brief season by a restraining barrier. It may be held in banks and bounds, so that it keeps its onward flow, but if held back from that end, its power rises and rises, silently it may be, until all the barriers are burst at last and its perfect work is accomplished. This lesson is not an obsolete one, but one which is as applicable now as ever, and which, it is hoped, the Fort Gunnybags tablet will help to keep in perpetual memory.



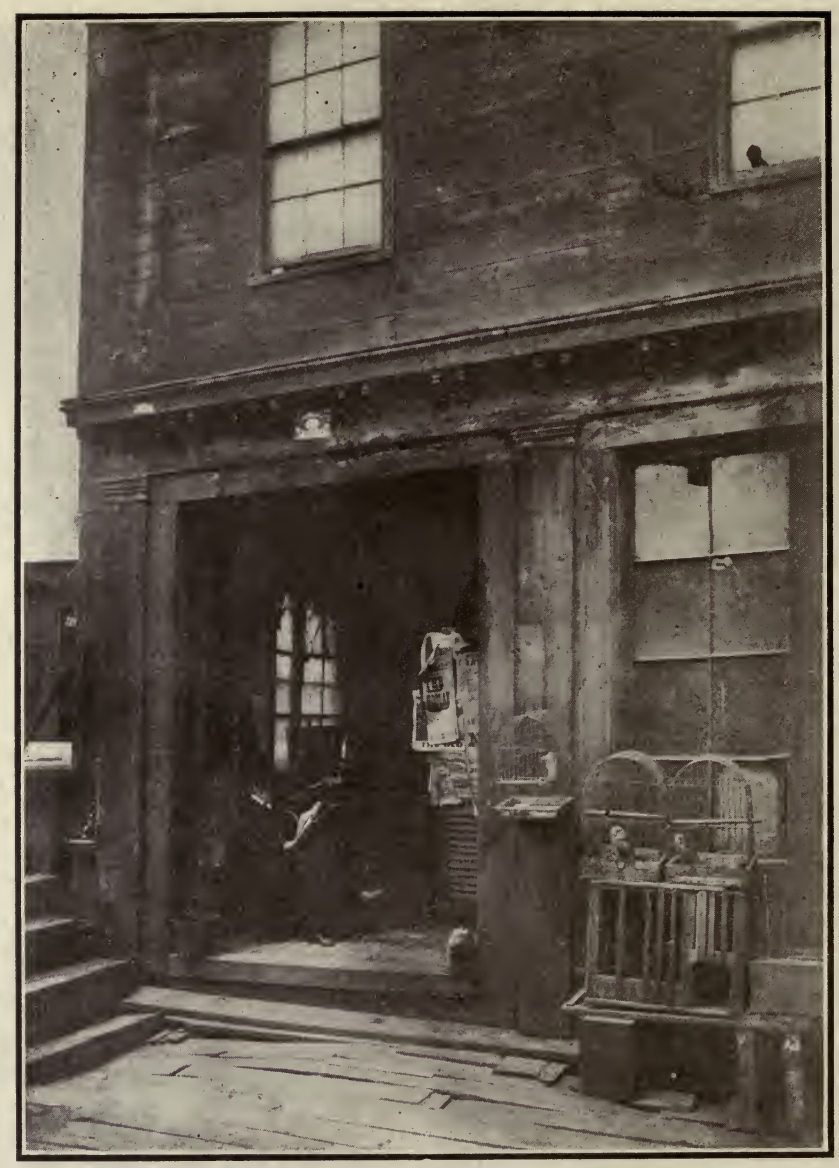
Abe Warner, Attired in His Holiday Garb, in a Corner of His Famous Cobweb Palace.

The Cobweb Palace, San Francisco

By Bert Harrison

I CAN remember as a boy my first sight of the now almost forgotten "Cobweb Palace," which for so many years stood at the north end of old Meiggs wharf. The impression produced upon my youthful imagination by the sight of this queer repository of odds and ends, gathered from the seven seas, this menagerie and nest in which the cobwebs had been allowed to accumulate until they had covered the walls and ceiling of the original bar-rooms—will never be effaced.

Entrance to the Old Cobweb Palace, Showing Part of the Menagerie.



Entrance to Abe Warner's Cobweb Palace.

Going down the six or seven wooden steps which led from the sidewalk to the entrance of Warner's Cobweb Palace (or Cobweb Saloon, as we knew it then), the first thing which attracted one's attention was the number of animals that adorned the front entrance of the place. Monkeys, chained to their cages, gamboled about or came up for the peanuts which the children of the neighborhood were in the habit of giving them; bears in their cages growled and prowled up and down in their narrow homes; while parrots screeched a noisy welcome to the stranger who, brought by curiosity, visited this odd "attraction" of old San Francisco. Besides these animals there were other varieties of the furred and feathered tribes, who from time to

time resided at the Cobweb Palace.

When Abe Warner acquired the saloon—which later was to be famous as the home of the undisturbed cobweb—the place had been for some years the gathering place of those lovers of what social life Meiggs wharf offered, and who made the saloon their rendezvous. In the early days the place was a very popular bar and gathering place for the life and activities which centered around the old wharf.

When Warner bought the saloon the cobwebs were suffered to remain and multiply, and from that date on until the old building was destroyed the spiders had their own sweet way with the interior decorations of the place. With a great love for odd coins, pieces of quartz, bric-a-brac, swords, pistols, etc., and anything out of the ordinary in odds and ends, Warner soon collected an interesting pile of material which was of considerable interest to the visitors to his establishment.

To San Franciscans of the early days the Cobweb Palace was a real, living institution—a place where those whose duty called them to the harbor front could congregate and find refreshments according to their taste. If one desired to play a sociable game, that could be arranged, or if time hung heavily on one's shoulders, there was enough quaint sights and odd incidents happening right at the front door to make loitering a pleasure.

After the place became more of a museum than a real active business like the emporium for the dispensing of drinks, the primeval glory of the Cobweb Saloon seemed to wane. It became, in fact, as it was in name, a place of cobwebs. From its ceilings the gauzy silken meshes of webs hung in festoons anywhere from a foot to two or even three feet deep, and the walls were thickly covered with examples of the spiders' industry.

When Abe Warner died some years ago—after seeing his world of men and women depart this life—the Cobweb Palace was torn down and the effects it contained sold at public auction. The many rare and curious articles which Warner had accumulated for so many years were distributed to strangers, and quite a sum was realized from the sale of them. Though the Cobweb Palace is now only a memory and its very site almost forgotten by the present generation, it still lives in the memory of those surviving old pioneers who used to know the place in the heyday of its glory.

AT EVENTIDE

While flames the west in gold and rose
  Fast ebbing day in glory dies;
Among the trees a soft wind blows
  In soothing tones like lovers' sighs.

The day is done—the fading light
  To gath'ring gloom in silence yields:
The restless birds have ceased their flight,
  And call no longer from the fields.

Then pales the east, and all aglow,
  The moon in splendor tops the ridge,
While cherished ones of long ago,
  In spirit steal o'er Mem'ry's bridge.

BURTON JACKSON WYMAN.

Two Views of Emperor Norton.

Reminiscences of Emperor Norton

By Dorothy Miller

IN ALL her varied history San Francisco has provided no stranger character to entertain the succeeding generations than that of Emperor Norton—that odd citizen who at one time was a familiar figure along the thriving city's principal thoroughfares.

The many stories of Emperor Norton, his antecedents, his career before the light of reason was darkened in his mind, would fill a good-sized volume, and though he has passed away for these many years, there are any number of living San Franciscans and Californians who well remember his

unique figure as an every day sight on Montgomery and other down-town streets.

Before the big fire of 1851 Emperor Norton was a prosperous merchant of the bustling young city and numbered his friends in all walks of life. The shock of the complete loss of his fortune in the fire which wiped the town out of existence, but which could not erase San Francisco from the map, affected Norton to such an extent that his mind gradually began to fail, until a few years later he was hopelessly insane. Not being of the dangerous variety, he was allowed his liberty, and as his hallucinations made him believe that he was the emperor of the United States and Mexico, his friends humored him to an extent which the modern world would call impractical and foolish. However, in those days sentimental reason played a larger part in the community life than it does now and Emperor Norton was not only allowed the freedom of the town, but provided with everything he needed free of cost.

The Emperor was in the habit of going about dressed in a semi-regal or military suit, epaulets on his shoulders, a cockade in his high silk hat and a sword at his left side—later on he abandoned the sword and carried a heavy cane.

Emperor Norton, carrying his mental picture of a national Nortonian government, issued paper money in his name, and was very lavish in spending this currency. Whenever he wished an article of clothing or a meal or anything else that struck his fancy, he walked into the establishment and demanded whatever he wished. The merchants of old San Francisco allowed Emperor Norton to play his part until death relieved them of their odd charge, and to their credit be it said that not one of them ever by word or deed did anything which would give the make-believe sovereign an inkling of the true status of affairs. Emperor Norton had a few imitators it is said, but they were not given the consideration he was, and they soon faded from public view.

EXILES

I brought from my home in the forest,
A wee, wild bird.
And he sings when need is the sorest,
One wild word.

"Die! I shall die, die, die!"

I know the thoughts that are thronging
In his breast.
I know the love and the longing
That cannot rest.

Flowers with the fragrance in them,
Waves with the sunlit foam,
Heights for what wings may win them,
In our forest home.

He sings his one song over,
"Die, I shall die!"

And I with you, little lover,—
And I!

JESSICA NELSON NORTH.

Dickens in Camp

By Bret Harte

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The rudy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

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Just a Drop of Ink

By Arthur R. Andre

CORPORAL Timms couldn't make head nor tails of his wife's letter. A Zeppelin had flown over London and had bombed the school—so the letter ran. His home had burned down; and his brother's manuscripts had disappeared—that much of it was easy enough to understand. But if Therese and the baby had been killed by the shock—as the letter stated—how could she have written and told him about it herself? And if they hadn't been killed—which was the only possible alternative—why should she have written and said that they had? Of course, his bewildered brain worked on, the blow the big German had dealt him had not made it any easier for him to straighten the tangle out. Neither, for that matter, had the wine he had consumed the night before. There was something, too, that he had forgotten—something that he had neglected—though he couldn't for the life of him remember just then what the oversight was. Then, like a bombshell exploding inside his aching head, came the appalling recollection that the Germans had won the war.

The Germans had won the war—little Corporal Timms could think of nothing else. For four years, he remembered, the Allies had kept the Germans back. They had held command of the air, and had destroyed the Huns' submarines faster than the latter could be replaced. They had stopped the Austrian advance in Italy; and for a time at least it looked as if their economic blockade alone would win them the war. Then came the Russian disaster, and it was the Allies' turn to fight with their backs to the wall. German airplanes wrested control of the sky from the Allies' machines. German submarines, in increasing numbers, ravaged the seven seas. The Germans had more guns, more ammunition, and more men than the Allies could put in the field; and—what was the strangest of all—they were better supplied with food. Corporal Timms couldn't understand it. What had happened, he asked himself, perplexed, that such a state of affairs should come to pass? Then it occurred to him to wonder what had happened to himsedf. . . . And again, in imagination, he was battling with the big German on the edge of the shell-hole; and, again, they plunged downward together, locked in each other's arms.

The Allied armies surrendered on the first of May—Corporal Timms' mind ran on again, like a well-oiled machine. Paris and the channel ports capitulated two weeks later; and then came the conquest of England, which had made the Germans masters of the world. One morning in June, he remembered, the Germans had slipped out of Kiel Canal and had landed an immense army on the coast of Kent. They met with little opposition. England had been stripped of men and guns for the ill-fated campaign in the north of France. The warships that should have given them battle were away on a wild-goose chase somewhere in the North Sea; and with hardly a blow struck in its defense, the city of London fell into German hands. Again the flow of the corporals thoughts abruptly stopped. Something had happened to him, he told himself, for he couldnt move hand or foot. He didnt even know if he possessed hand or foot. All he knew was that he had fought with a Hun in a shell-hole, and that he had choked the man to death. . . . . Then his thoughts went back to the raid on the

German lines.

Promptly on the stroke of nine, he remembered, the boys had climbed out of the trenches in the thick fog. Color Sergeant MacBean was on his right hand. Private Flannigan was on his left; and every member of the regiment was armed with a trench-knife, and as many hand grenades as he could carry along. They met no enemy watchers at the listening posts. No night-patrols were out to give the alarm. The German cannonading had died down. Their own big guns had stopped, and while they crept forward not a single star-shell flamed in the sky. Suddenly, out of the darkness to the left a whistle shrilled, and, the next instant pandemonium broke loose in the German lines. Corporal Timms recalled tossing his bombs into the trench in front of him, then he turned and run back, with Private Flannigan now on his right hand and the tall Scotch color-bearer on his left. Neck and neck they ran, with their heads down and panting for breath. In and out of holes they stumbled, now down now up again. Machine guns spat venomously at them out of the darkness. Searchlights behind them began to pierce the gloom; and they had almost won back to their own lines again when they encountered a German who was running the opposite way.

"Look out, Corporal!" Flannigan warned, too late.

Corporal Timms felt a stinging blow on the head as he closed with the man, and the two of them tumbled into the pit. Then, he remembered, the man's body had gone limp in his hands. And then—. And then—. But time had moved forward again half a dozen years. The fight with the Hun in the shell-hole had dropped completely out of his mind; and he was now only a lonely and disconsolate spector in an Alien German world.

No cattle or sheep grazed upon its thousand hills. No grain-fields waved beside its flowing streams; but dotted over its surface at intervals were strange looking buildings, the like of which Corporal Timms had never seen before. The ghost of the little Englishman felt impelled to enter one of these buildings. Nobody barred his way, or even appeared to notice that he was there; and soon he was lost in contemplation of its army of busy workers, its complicated and noisy machinery, and its rows and rows of enormous vats. At one end of the building was a deep shaft, the corporal perceived; and from the bottom of this shaft issued carloads of big rocks. The shade of the little corporal watched the rocks melting away in the row of vats. Then he trailed the resulting mixture as it passed from department to department and from floor to floor, changing in color and consistency as it went along. He noted how it was tested and manipulated by the alert, watchful mechanics and deft-handed girls; how it was kneaded and molded and baked in ovens, just like loaves of bread; and, finally how it was wrapped and packed ready to be shipped away. The wraith of Corporal Timms picked up a loaf and examined it. It was bread, he discovered—"synthetic" bread, of course. His brother's experiments in chemistry had prepared him for that —but it was good bread—just as good as could be made from the finest wheat —and he now understood why the Germans had won the war. . . . Then time moved back again half a dozen years; and Flannigan was pulling him out of the shell-hole by his left leg.

The color sergeant and Flannigan bound up his forehead. Another regiment took over their section of the trench; and soon they were bowling merrily southward, leaving the sound and fury of battle far behind. At a siding, near Chantilly, the troop-train halted, in order to give another one the right of way; and the corporal was informed that the other carried American troops. The mud-spattered Tommies gave the Americans three rousing cheers. The boys in olive-gray cheered back. Then there was more cheering and hand-gripping and waving of hats, as the trains pulled slowly apart. Corporal Timms looked

on at the scene with a swelling heart; then his thoughts went on ahead to the little village of C——, to which his regiment was bound. He remembered the two restful weeks that he had spent there before. Then he remembered the cheerful little inn down by the bridge, where he was wont to foregather of an evening with his two friends; and, last, but not least, he remembered his cozy little billet in Dupret's loft. Faster and faster the troop-train raced into the night. It rumbled through tunnels and over bridges; then it tilted to one side as it sped around a curve. The noise and the motion made the little Englishman feel drowsy. The voices of his comrades and the rattling of the windows grew fainter and fainter in his ears; and then he was sound asleep, with his head pillowed on the Scotchman's breast. . . .

When he awoke again it was past midnight, and he was seated in the barroom of the village inn beside a roaring fire. How long he had been there he didn't know. How he got there he didn't know. Flannigan and the Scotchman were drinking at a table with some men that he knew; and the air of the place was heavy with tobacco smoke and the smell of sour wine. Presently it dawned upon him that MacBean was telling a story. He yawned and stretched himself, and then it occurred to him that the story must be a funny one, for at intervals the men laughed and pounded on the table with their glasses and stamped on the floor. The noise made his head ache; and he was about to beg them to desist when he discovered that the story was about himself—his friend was describing his encounter with the Hun in the shell-hole, and was telling it wrong. He rose from his chair to give his own version of the fight, but his legs gave way beneath him, and the mishap was greeted with another shout of glee. The room spun round and round, and the glass that he had been holding in his hand fell to the floor. . . . Then the laughter of his friends became the roar of triumph of the Kaiser's marching hosts; and he was back in London, watching a parade of German troops.

It was the same old London that he knew and loved so well; and yet it was not the same, for all the places of business bore German names. Then he discovered that the people who lined the streets were conversing in German. Even the little newsboys spoke German, and whichever way he turned German signs and German advertisements confronted his gaze. "Why don't the people speak English?" he asked a man standing near him, as a company of German marines swung proudly by.

The other stared at him wide-eyed. He was a narrow-chested little man, with a gloomy expression of face, and it was at least a minute before he could make up his mind to reply. "Why don't they?" he said at last, drawing his questioner furtively aside. Then, almost in a whisper:

"They don't dare."

"Why don't they dare?"

The man urged him to speak lower, then explained:

"Ever since the conquest, no language but German may be spoken on the streets or in the home. The children learn only German in the public schools. Adults are made to study it at night." The man glanced around. "And there are spies everywhere."

"But,—" Corporal Timms began.

Again the other implored him not to speak so loud. "The sick, the aged and the infirm are shipped abroad," he continued, "and their relatives never hear of them again. Men of sound physique go to the trenches, to fight the Kaiser's wars. Others are sent to the continent to labor in workshops and mines. Women are conscripted to work in food-factories and munition plants." The speaker paused again until a man who was loitering near moved away. "And all the time Germans pour in to take possession of our land and homes."

"But,—" Corporal Timms began again.

"Nor is even the family safe," the

other ignored all attempts to interrupt. Children are torn from their parents and are billeted upon strangers, to break up family and religious ties. Men and women are officially 'mated,' whether they desire to be united in matrimony or not. Parentage is forced upon some; forbidden to others." The sad-eyed little man halted impressively.

"And the least show of resistance is punished by death."

Corporal Timms could contain himself no longer. "Better death a thousand times—" he began. Then some one shook him by the shoulder and asked him what was the row; and he discovered with a gasp of relief that he was still in the inn. . . .

The fog had rolled away and the moon shone bright as the corporal marched up the little village street between his two friends. Flannigan strode proudly beside him, with the dead German's helmet cocked jauntily on the side of his head. The color sergeant sang Auld Lang Syne and Comin' Through the Rye as he stepped nimbly along; while the little Englishman's heart was too full for words. It felt good just to be alive, he told himself, as he gazed at the peaceful scene. The moonlight silvered the trees and the roofs of the houses. The vanes of a windmill, on a nearby hill, moved majestically around; while the breeze that cooled his forehead came to him laden with the scent of new-mown hay. But his legs were unsteady, he discovered, as his comrades hurried him along; and he was glad to cling to the Irishman's arm to keep from falling down.

Opposite the market place the Scotchman emitted a yell, which caused windows to fly up and night-capped heads to appear on every side. Then, with the utmost solemnity, he proceeded to dance a Highland fling. Corporal Timms watched the performance with joy and pride. The moon made the scene as bright as day, and as the color sergeant held his arm above his head and kicked jerkily to right and left, he looked not unlike a big jumping-jack, suspended from the heavens by an invisible string. Flannigan essayed the feat, too, and the battered German helmet fell off his head and rolled in the street. . . . Then Flannigan and the Scotchman and the faces of the astonished villagers faded from view; and the little Englishman was back in London again, staring at the ruins of his little home.

He turned his head at last, to gaze across the street, and where the school had been was nothing but a pile of smoldering bricks. A crowd of men and women were gathered about the wreck, partly concealing it from view, and standing in front of it were a number of ambulances and undertakers' machines. Presently, one of the latter detached itself from the line and moved slowly down the street. Corporal Timms dejectedly followed it.

Soon, he was in a big warehouse which was being used as a temporary morgue. Rows of tiny stiffened figures covered the cement floor. Distracted parents moved up and down among them, scanning each little form by turn; while the smell of burnt human flesh tainted the air. One woman had gone mad, Timms perceived. She was sitting on the floor with a little blackened corpse in her arms, and she was crooning to it and calling it endearing names. Another woman, who was watching her, suddenly threw up her arms and ran screaming out of the place. Sick at heart, the little Englishman followed the crowd around the gruesome building, and, near the door, he discovered the dead bodies of his wife and child.

Corporal Timms looked sadly down at all that was left to him of the two beings that he loved most on earth, and hope fled from his soul. Therese and little Tommy were dead. He, too, was dead; and his body was moldering away in a shell-hole in the north of France. His return from the raid on the German trenches was only a dream. The night in the village wine-shop was a dream. Scotty's dance in the moonlight was a dream. The big German had killed him—he was sure

of that now—and he was just a disembodied spirit, condemned forever to walk the earth, unseen, unpitied and unloved. "What have I done," he bemoaned himself, "that such a fate should be mine? What have I done or left undone? Ah!"—and his heart gave a sudden leap for joy. He knew now what it was that he had left undone. He had forgotten to turn over on his side when he went to sleep.

Corporal Timms opened his eyes and stared at the cobweb-covered rafters above his head. He was back in Dupret's loft. He was loath to believe it at first—his mind had betrayed him so often since he had tumbled into his cot the night before—but just then a squad of soldiers marched past the house and a flake of white-wash detached itself from the roof and dropped on his nose. Then M. Dupret's rooster crowed. Corporal Timms had a soft spot in his heart for the perky little bird and he could have recognized its crow among a million. He heard the voice of Madame Dupret herself. The lady was singing the Marseillaise as she moved about below; and the words of the song mingled pleasantly with the tinkle of pots and pans. A look of ineffable contentment overspread the little Englishman's face.

Presently, he told himself, he would get up and have a bath and a shave and rout out Flannigan and MacBean. But in the meantime it felt good to lie there and listen to the chickens in the yard and the pigeons on the roof, and the farmers' carts lumbering past the house. The little rooster crowed again, defying all and sundry, and a train whistle, miles away, seemed to answer the call. Then the smell of bacon and eggs frying—real bacon and eggs—came to him up the loft stairs, and he caught himself thinking about "synthetic" food.

Corporal Timms smiled to himself as scene after scene of the nightmare which had disturbed his sleep flashed before his eyes. He wondered how much of it was memory and how much imagination. He wondered how much of it grew out of the raid on the German lines, how much of it was based upon his brother's absurd theories and ideas, and how much of it was the effect of the wine he had drunk at the little inn. He dismissed the thought at last. and then his wife's "imaginary" letter recurred to his mind. But was his wife's letter imaginary? The smile left his lips and a chill ran down his spine, for now he remembered reading it the night before. He had said good-night to Flannigan and MacBean at the corner of the street. Monsieur Dupret had lighted his candle for him and had handed him the letter just before he climbed the stairs. He slowly turned his head. Yes, there was the letter, lying on the chair where he had dropped it. He picked it up gingerly and read:

"Dear Tom:—A Zeppelin flew over London yesterday, and one of its bombs set fire to the school across the street. —— children were killed (the number had been deleted by the censor) and fully as many more were dreadfully maimed."

Corporal Tims was aghast. It was the letter of his dreams, word for word. He breathlessly read on:

"Your brother Ned behaved splendidly. He was in his room upstairs when the explosion occurred. He just ran down to assure himself that Tommy and I had —— been killed by the shock (the word 'not' had also been deleted) then he hurried across the street and rescued a number of children at the risk of his own life."

The eyes of the little Englishman flew back to the obliterated word; and as he stared at it, all his fears vanished away. "My word!" he gasped. The wine he had drunk and the carelessness of the censor explained everything.

"Then our house burned down," the letter continued. "It caught fire from the sparks that blew across the street; and everything we own, as well as your brother's manuscripts, went up in the smoke. But what do we care,

Tommy and I, provided we get you back safe and sound at the end of the war?"

Corporal Timms fondly smiled as he turned over the page. He knew what was coming, but he read on:

"Ned doesn't believe that his notes were burned up, he insists that some German took them. You know how positive he can be. He says that already the Germans know more about chemistry than anybody else—himself excepted, of course—and that with the help of his notes, it would be easy for them to make all the food they need out of rocks and things, and win the war. Isn't he absurb?"

"He's as crazy as I am!" Corporal Timms broke out, as he remembered the spectacle he had made of himself the night before. He wondered what his wife would have said; and as the thought crossed his mind, a deep flush mounted to the edge of his bandage and spread behind his ears.

"Never again!" he grinned, shamefaced, holding up his right hand.

And as if to remind him that good resolutions are of no avail unless they are kept, the letter concluded:

"Don't drink any of that sour French wine—you know how it disagrees with you. Don't lie on your back when you go to sleep—you know what horrid dreams you have when you do—and don't run into any danger or let yourself be killed.

"Your loving wife,
"Therese."

EVENING AT THE LAKESIDE

Now sets the sun in magisterial might,
Inimitable where illimitable realms unfold.
Flare forth the banners of advancing night,
Harmonious hues of orange, rose and gold.
Forked tongues and flaming darts of crimsoned chrome
And glimmering blends of rich wine-tinted red
Cleave through the mountain mass of clouded foam,
As Sol slow sinks to his horizon bed.

Ephemeral seas of opalescent hue. . . .
Of shimmering amethystine emerald-mauve
Evolve upon the gold-abandoned blue,
And lave each pebbled nook and crannied cove.
Now shades of dusky brown and grey maroon
Betray th' approach of night. . . . when lo! divine,
Outpours the pallid silver of the moon,
Lights up the heaven, the lake, the grove of pine.

JOHN RAVENOR BULLEN.

The Last Tie

By Dr. J. D. B. Stillman

WHEN we stood for the first time on the iron-bound shores of the Pacific a generation ago and looked upon their desolate mountains, after a voyage of more than half a year, we thought in our forlorn hearts that the last tie that bound us to our native land was broken. We did not dream that the tie that was to re-unite us, and make this our native land forever, was then flourishing as a green bay tree in our woods; but even so it was, and here, in the month of May, it lay before us, a polished shaft, and in whose alternate veins of light and shade we saw symbolized the varied experience of our California life.

Would I accept an invitation to go to the "front" and see the last spike driven? Old veterans and companions in frontier life would be there—men with whom I had hunted grizzlies in the river jungles. We had hungered and feasted together on the plains, slept with our feet to the same fire, and fevered side by side when the miama had shrunk the blood in our veins. Could I refuse to share in this triumph on the great day, long prayed for, that was to witness the finishing blow to the greatest enterprise of the age? California would be there with her bridal gift of gold! Nevada and Arizona were coming with their silver dowers, and a telegram from Sacramento informed me that a place would be reserved for me in the special car that was to convey the high contracting parties of the first part to the scene of the memorable event.

With one lingering look at the fireside where my children played, a cheerful word to my exhausted patients, and a hope that they might improve the opportunity of my absence to recuperate their wasted strength—I was off.

The regular passenger train from Sacramento starts at about six o'clock in the morning, and we moved off soon after in a special one, consisting of the superintendent's car and a tender. The car was arranged with a kitchen, dining, bedroom and parlor, with sleeping accommodation for ten persons; the tender was provided with water-tanks, for the greater part of our way was over regions where good water could not be obtained, refrigerator and stores for a protracted sojourn in the desert. A careless glance around was enough to lull any apprehensions that might have been felt from past experience, that we might be compelled to eat our stock on the road, or search for manna in the land of the "Diggers."

Stretching myself out on a sumptuous lounge, I looked out on the brimming, turbid river and breathed the morning air laden with the perfume of a city full of roses. The pulse of life beat high, the town was on tip-toe of expectation and gushing with the enthusiasm of triumph. The crowds cheered as we passed, and President Stanford on the platform bowed his thanks. Besides the President were the three Government Commissioners, Sherman, Haines and Tritle, Chief Justice Sanderson, Governor Safford, of Arizona, Collector Gage, of Nevada, and a few others, who, like myself, were not particularly distinguished but born to good luck.

Across the bridge and out upon the plain we flew, alternate flashes of wheat fields and flowery pastures, and ghosts of trees went by; the rumble

From the famous painting by Thomas Hill, "*The Last Spike,*" showi
Central Pacific Company and the Union Pacific Company at Promonto
of San Francisco, May 10, 1869.

overnor Stanford with the hammer to drive the Gold Spike connecting the
oint, eighty miles west of Ogden and eight hundred and four miles east

and clatter of car wheels filled my ears and soon lulled me into a drowsy reverie, and I "dreamed a dream that was not all a dream."

I stood as a child in my father's door-yard and saw the rippling flood as it flowed for the first time over the sandy floor of that stream—small as it seemed when measured by the line, but mighty in its results—that immortalized the name of Clinton, and opened the great lakes and prairies of the west to the commerce of the Atlantic. A troop of boys, barelegged, were frolicking in the frothy current; one stoops down and catches a fish struggling half smothered, and bears him away in exultation; the booming of cannon rolls their peans of victory from the Hudson to Erie, and back again through a wilderness, startling the black bear from its covert and awakening the land of the Iroquois with the march of a mighty people.

Again I stood amidst a group of curious, skeptical men on "Albany Hill." when a ponderous steamer on wheels was about to test the practicability of making steam a motive power on railways. They had been successful in England, and why not here? A line of road had been constructed for fifteen miles as straight as a beam of light from the sun and at water level. I heard again the fizzing of the steam and the gush of water as the machine vainly essayed to start. More fuel was supplied, the fizzing grew louder and sharper—slowly the wheels began to revolve but slipped on the track—sand was thrown on, when, with a cheer from the hopeful, the enormous black mass began to move off. The crowd grew excited and followed on, men on horse-back led the way, determined to be in at the death and see how far the joke would go. Faster the iron horse moved on, faster the horsemen rode, and as the dreadful sounds redoubled, their steeds bolted the course, with starting eyeballs, terror-stricken. The locomotive was the victor; one dog alone contested the race, bounding and barking on till lost in the distance, and on the long vista, where the paralleled lines met, the black speck disappeared, leaving a film of smoke to float away among the pines. One man—I could call his name—laughed outright; another shook his head: "Somebody would get hurt yet." Mr. Van Epps, my schoolmaster, said that he "never had any doubt that so much was possible, but he had many reasons for believing that steam could not be successfully introduced to the propulsion of carriages. It was a very pretty philosophical apparatus."

And still I dreamed; the air grew momentarily cooler, the pines grew larger and darker, deeper and darker yawned the canyons, the train seemed poised in mid-air, now flying through tree-tops, and now circling like an eagle the beetling cliffs they call Cape Horn. Far below rivers flowed like silken threads, and as silent; above us, the snowy peaks kept creeping down, and sombre shadows of giant pines, whose vast trunks had withstood the storms for a thousand years, oppressed us with their gloom. We plunge into the bowels of the mountain and out at once into the sunlight and past the cheerful dwellings of men. We are cribbed in by timbers, snow-sheds they call them; but how strong! Every timber is a tree trunk, braced and bolted to withstand the snow-slide that starts in midwinter from the great heights above, and, gathering volume as it descends, sweeps desolation in its path; the air is cold around us; snow is on every hand; it looks down upon us from the cliffs, up to us from the ravines, drips from overhead and is frozen into stalactites from the rocky wall along which our road is blasted, midway of the granite mountain. We are in pitchy darkness in the heart of the mountain—the summit of the grade; out again into the light; on, on through wooden galleries mile after mile; a sylvan lake flashes out from its emerald setting among the mountains—a well-dressed gentleman touches me on the arm, and taking a cigar from his lips, asks me if I will not take luncheon. "Where are we?"

I respond. "There is Donner Lake, and we will soon be at Truckee." "Two by honor and the odd card, that gives you the rubber—Jake says 'Lunch,' and we will go and get our revenge in the dining room." I was on earth again.

Truckee was the first place that I could realize. It is worth a trip over the mountains to see that city alone. The whole place is "bran-new"; every board in every house, and there are many of them, looks as if just from the saw-mills, so fresh and bright; such crowds of great healthy-looking bearded men. The enormous amount of lumber in and around this place creates a wonder in the mind of one coming from the west—what will be done with it? but one approaching from the east will exult more than wonder. Down the valley of the Truckee river winds the great highway, crossing the river several times. Just before entering a tunnel, when the road slips in between the mountain and the river, we came near driving our last spike. Some Chinamen on the mountain-side were cutting trees, and, seeing the regular train pass, and knowing nothing of the special one, they probably thought it a fit time to run a log down the mountain. But whatever may have been their intention, the log landed on the railroad just before us—its length fifty feet and its greatest diameter three and a half feet—the smallest end rested on the track midway between the rails, and the other rested on the bank at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The short turns of the road prevented the threatening danger from being discovered until we were almost upon it; but the promptness of the engineer and the lightness of the train, saved us from a catastrophe. The pilot picked the log up, or did its best to do it, and went through bankruptcy; but the force of the blow was not lost, for the heavy frame of the engine tripped the log and landed it where there was just room for it, yet did not prevent it from clearing away the steps of the starboard side of the train from stem to stern. The only person injured—and he but slightly—was one of the party who was on the engine, who, seeing what seemed an inevitable crash, jumped from the train. The force of blow can be conceived from the fact that the log was broken through the middle, where it was at least three feet in diameter.

It was near sundown when we reached the last crossing of the Truckee, where our crippled locomotive was sent to the hospital, and our cars were made fast to the regular train. Here the desert proper begins; here for five hundred miles we lose sight of sweet running water, and the attention of the traveler is arrested by the water trains—numerous tanks mounted on trucks, used to supply the grand army of laborers and animals while the work was going on, with all the water they used. The worst part of the overland route was always represented by the early emigrants as this 40 miles from the Truckee river to the Sink of the Humboldt Lake, as it is more generally called. There is absolutely no water that is not hot and poisonous, and the low shrubs that abound everywhere are bitter and unwholesome to animals. The bunch grass on which the animals support life thus far, here gives out entirely, and it was this last 40 miles that broke the hearts of so many faithful animals in the memorable emigration of 1.49, and their bones still lie at every rod in the sands where they fell, to witness for years to come the terrible sufferings they endured. The nearer they came to the life-giving waters of the Truckee the more abundant these sad memorials are strewn. Several of our party were among the overland emigrants that year, and they pointed out where, one by one, their animals perished; where they abandoned their wagons, and where their guns—the last article they could afford to part with—were planted muzzle downward, into the hillocks in the desperate struggle for water and life. The coniferous trees we left far back on the slopes of the Sierras, and a few cottonwoods or poplars only flourished here and

there along the banks of the lower part of the river. But there is no spot so desolate that does not teach some thrilling lesson in the world's history. If you would study the anatomy of the human form you must strip it naked; the region before us required no such denuding process; in the economy of Nature it was bare enough, and its very bones were everywhere exposed to the eye. The stunted growth of pale green, bitter shrubs did not conceal the earthly salts that covered the ground with their frostwork, and the swift wheels of the train raised clouds of ash-colored dust that settled over everything. Yet no man would have had the speed slackened on that account. It was a country that one could not travel over too fast.

The lessons taught in Physical Geography in that one day's travel were deeply interesting. To pass from the extremes of fertility through Alpine snows between sunrise and sunset of the same day cannot be done everywhere, or anywhere else as far as I know. Why this contrast? In what age of the world was this "great basin" through which the Pacific Railroad runs for hundreds of miles, drained of the mighty flood that filled it and which has left its water-lines hundreds of feet above us as distinctly legible as those that are washed today? From the great Mud Lake on the north, away south where the Pyramid drinks up the Truckee, and the Humboldt is the bed of what was once an inland sea larger than any body of fresh water now known upon the globe. If the water had disappeared by evaporation the change would have been gradual; but the appearances indicate distinct periods of subsidence. In the valley of the Great Salt Lake there are five well-marked ancient beaches, or benches as they are there called; the highest is best defined, and is eight hundred feet above the present level of the lake; there is no outlet in all its borders, and if the water should return to its old level it would cover every habitable spot on its shores.

The novelty of a spring-bed in a railroad car was too great to allow of sound sleep; it was too much like being tossed in a blanket all night; and with the first light of morning I was up. The air was cold, and snowy mountains were in sight—one is never out of sight of them. A volume of steam in the distance indicated hot springs.

At Elko we parted with most of our passengers, who were bound for the White Pine country, a hundred miles south of the railroad. Another night brought us to the front, where we saw the novel sight of a town on wheels. Houses built on cars to be moved up as the work progressed. Here were the Chinamen who had built more railroad in a given time than was ever done before by any people. The Central Pacific Company had been battling for years with the formidable difficulties of the Sierra Nevadas; and when at length they descended from the mountains they passed like a hurricane across the open country. All the material except the lumber was transported around the continent; and yet with such vigor was the work pushed forward that three hundred miles of the road was constructed in nine months. Ten miles were laid in one day; and it was worthy of note that all the rails were taken from the trucks and deposited in their places by eight men, four on a side. These rails weigh on an average five hundred and sixty pounds, and allowing fifty feet to each rail, the amount of iron borne by each man during the day of eleven hours was seventy-four tons! This was without delay. The names of the men who performed this feat are justly a part of this record. They were: Michael Shay, Patrick Joyce, Thomas Dailey, Michael Kennedy, Frederick McNamara, Edward Killeen, Michael Sullivan and George Wyatt.

We arrived at Promontory Summit on Friday, under the information that the connection of the two roads would be made on the following day. The morning was rainy and dreary; two or three tents were pitched in the vicinity for the rendezvous of those ruf-

fians who hang about on the march of industry and flourish on the vices of men. The telegraph operators at the end of the respective lines were then within a few rods of each other, and communication was opened with the officers of the Union line to the eastward of us. We were informed, after some delay, that it would be impossible for them to arrive before Monday. The delay seems to have been an unavoidable one; but it was to cause a great disappointment to the people of California, whose arrangements for a celebration the next day were completed. The intelligence was sent back to Sacramento and San Francisco, and messages were returned that the celebration must take place according to the published programme; that it could not be delayed without defeating its object altogether. We all felt the embarrassment of our position keenly, but we tried to make the best of circumstances we could not control. To spend three days in this desolate spot, surrounded by sage-brush, with only such neighbors as would make it dangerous to venture away from the car, lest we have our throats cut on the suspicion that we might have a spare quarter in our pockets, was not charming. The camps of the construction parties of each road had fallen back from the summit to the low ground near the lake, after the close of one of the most celebrated contests of engineering skill and energy on both sides ever known, and were resting on their arms.

One-half of our party procured a conveyance to the camps of the Union Pacific, where General Casement, their Superintendent of Construction, generously dispatched a train to convey them to Ogden. On the following day the same gallant officer came up to the end of his track with a special train which he put at the disposal of Governor Stanford to take the rest of us over their road. The offer was accepted, and we ran down to Weber Creek station, and an opportunity was enjoyed of viewing some of the finest mountain scenery in the world. The Wasatch Mountains rise from the plain on the west shore of the lake to the height of six thousand feet above its surface, or ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are the very ideal of inaccessible snow-covered mountains, set off by the green fields and blushing tints of the peach orchards just coming into flower. Mr. Hart, the Central Pacific artist, who accompanied us, took some fine views of this mountain from the railroad overlooking the town of Ogden. The tiderip is well marked where the currents of traffic from east and west meet—where the barley from the west greets the corn from Illinois; where paper is currency, and coal takes the place of Jupiter trees as fuel. We feel, while looking about, that we have met half way. A genuine thunder storm seemed to have been got up for the occasion and drove us all indoors while we were at Ogden, and cooled the air. Here we found plants common at the east but unknown in California—as the old familiar Taraxicum or Dandelion; and Rhus toxicodendron or Poison Ivy takes the place of the Rhus diversiloba or Poison Oak.

On the following day we ran our own train back, about thirty miles, to Monument Point, at the north end of the lake—the only point where the railroad touches it; and we spent several hours upon its shores. A beautiful sea is Salt Lake when seen from an elevation—its color varying from brilliant blue to green; but a study of its briny shore reveals it as a dead sea in which no living thing is found. The waves cast up masses of the remains of insects which have perished on its surface, and which are known as the "grasshopper line"—the high water mark. A few fish in the lake would allow no grasshopper line along the shore, but here the insects are pickled when they perish, and are finally blown ashore. Its islands, when visited by Fremont and Stansbury, were inhabited by myriads of birds, where, undisturbed, they bred in security; but we saw no living thing within or above its waters. Our steward with his gun

procured a mess of snipe from a marsh where a fresh water brook lost itself in the sedge at a distance from the lake—among them was a rufus headed Avoyset.

On the morning of the tenth, as we looked out of the car, we saw a force of Union Pacific men at work closing up the gap that had been left at their end of the road, and the construction trains brought up large numbers of men to witness the laying of the last rail. About ten o'clock the whistle announced the long-expected officers from the other side. We went over at once to meet them. In a superb piece of cabinet work they called a "Pullman car," we met Vice President Durant, of whom we have heard so much, with a black velvet coat and gay necktie, that it seemed to have been the "last-tie" to which he had been giving his mind, gorgeously gotten up. General Dodge was there, and he looked like business. The veterans, Dillon and Duff, were there to give away the bride. General Dodge on the part of the Union Pacific, and Edgar Mills on the part of the Central Pacific, were appointed to arrange the preliminaries.

The munificence of private citizens of San Francisco had contributed two gold spikes, each designed to be the last one driven. Gentlemen from Nevada had contributed a silver one, at whose forging a hundred men had each struck a blow. The Governor of Arizona, also on behalf of the Territory, had one of silver. The Laurel tie that we brought with us was adjusted to its place, and in order that each gold spike should be the last, one was presented by Governor Stanford, President of the Central Pacific, to Vice President Durant, of the Union Pacific, who should drive it as the last on the latter road, and be driven last of all by Governor Stanford, who had thrown the first shovelful of earth at the opening of the road.

It had been arranged with Mr. Gamble, superintendent of the telegraph lines, that throughout the cities of the United States, wherever fire-alarm telegraphs were established, connection should be made with the last spike and the hammer that drove it, so that the blow should announce itself and fire cannon on the shores of both oceans at the same instant. Preparations having been completed, the operator sent notice to all stations throughout the country to be ready, and the whole Nation held its breath. A reverend gentleman present was invited to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the work. The operator announced, "Hats off, prayer is being said," and as we uncovered our heads, the crowds that were gathered at the various telegraph offices in the land uncovered theirs. It was a sublime moment, and we realized it. The prayer ended, the silver spikes were driven; Durant drove his of gold. Stanford stood with the silver sledge gleaming in the air, whose blow was to be heard farther, without metaphor, than any blow struck by mortal man; the realization of the ancient myth of Jupiter with the thunderbolt in his hand. The blow fell, and simultaneously the roar of cannon on both shores of the continent announced the tidings: It is done! The alarm bells of the principal cities struck—one, two three synchronous with the strokes of the hammer; and people rushed from their houses thinking a general alarm of fire was being rung. The cause soon became known and banners everywhere were flung to the breeze; other bells joined in the cry of joy and triumph. Te Deum Laudamus was sung in the churches, and chimes rung out the National anthems. The Nation made a day of it.

But I set out to tell what we did there among the sage-brush, away there in the heart of the wilderness. We Californians were too few to make such noise. We did the best we knew; but we were swallowed up in the multitude that came from the East.

The officers of a detachment of the Twenty-first Regiment, with their wives, on their way to California, arrived in time to witness the ceremony; and soon after the detachment itself came up under arms, accompanied by

the regimental band playing National airs. The locomotives from each side rolled over the place of junction as if to weld the union, touched pilots and screamed their best. The only women from California were Mrs. Ryan, wife of Governor's agent at Ogden, and Mrs. Strowbridge, the wife of the superintendent of construction for the Central Pacific, who had been with her husband at the front during the whole of the time of the building of the road; and a post of honor was assigned her as the "Heroine of the Central." The prearranged telegrams to the President of the United States, the Associated Press, and others, were sent off, and, after cheering the companies and everybody interested, we adjourned to the car of Mr. Durant, when answers to our messages began to pour in from Chicago, New York and Washington, announcing that the lines worked as intended and that the country was in blaze at the East.

Governor Stanford threw open his car, and the officers of the Eastern company returned his visit. And then the trains bound east and west went their respective ways; the troops, who travel only by day, went into camp; and, after an ineffectual attempt to capture the officers of the Union Pacific Company and bring them prisoners to California, we steamed away from that spot which will be distinguishable until the sawed ties from the Sierras and the hewn ones from the Laramie are rotted away.

Years to come, the traveler as he passes the place will look out for the laurel tie and the gold and silver spikes that garnished the last rail that connected the two oceans with a continuous band of iron. Could they hope to see them there? Why, even before the officials left the spot they were removed and their place supplied with those of the ordinary material, and when the throng rushed up, the coveted prize was not there. What their fate would have been we can judge by that of their successors, which had to be replaced by new ones even before we left the spot. They were broken to pieces for relics; and the unfortunate rail itself was failing beneath the blows of hammers and stones, to be borne away in fragments as heirlooms.

MY CALIFORNIA HILLS

Oh restful hills that stretch away,
Down through the plum-bloom haze,
My peaceful hills who know no strife,
No battle din nor war's grim ways,
Sheltering feathered things,
Nurturing rills,
Ah, sweet in the plum-bloom haze are my hills.

HENRY FITZGERALD RUTHRAUFF.

The Mountain Heart's-Ease

By Bret Harte

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
  By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
  Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that thou can not find expression,
  For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession
  And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
  And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
  To see thy charms displayed;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
  And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises
  And passes in a tear—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
  Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
  Above a peaceful soil:

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
  Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
  Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
  Thy work thou dost fulfill,
For on the turbid current of his passion
  Thy face is shining still!

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The Letter of the Wali

By H. A. Noureddin Addis

IT IS about my son that I have come, Excellency," began old Hadji Abdullah Efendi, as he stood respectfully, his hands folded and eyes cast down in the presence of the great man, "my son, Ahmed, of whom you have doubtless heard."

Husseyn Pasha, Wali of Halep, looked up from the paper he was reading. Slowly his gaze wandered from the old man's green turban to his soft, pointed slippers of goat-skin,—then back again, finally coming to rest upon the untrimmed, grizzled beard. Husseyn Pasha was a handsome man of middle age; strong and capable-looking, and his neat brown beard and fresh, well-kept appearance from fez to boots stood forth in marked contrast to that of his aged visitor.

"Be seated, Efendim" returned Husseyn in a voice that, while falling somewhat short of cordiality, yet was not unkind. Inwardly he resented the interruption, for he was in the midst of the cares of government, and Husseyn Pasha was a busy man, but he had been reared under the shadow of that old Islamic tradition commanding respect for age regardless of rank, and could not show rudeness to his visitor.

"Perhaps your Excellency has heard since your arrival in Halep that it is Ahmed's wish to go up to Stamboul?" went on the old man, seated now rigidly upright on the extreme outer edge of the large divan. "Perhaps even you may have heard that Fehmy Pasha, your predecessor, promised for Ahmed an introduction to His Excellency the Dakhili Naziri (Minister of the Interior.)

The pasha shook his head slowly. "My acquaintance with Fehmy Pasha was very slight. And since taking up my new duties here I have had but little time to listen to the gossip of the bazaars. Fehmy left things—. But there,—he was an old, old man, and it ill beseems one to speak slightingly of the dead."

"Al-hamd-u li'llah! Femy Pasha was a good man," commented old Hadju Abdullah meditatively.

"I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do." There was a hint of interrogation in Husseyn Pasha's voice. And Hadji Abdullah was quick to take advantage of the opening.

"But you could, Excellency!" With an affirmative gesture. "Should I dare ask I would implore you to give my son a letter of introduction—the introduction that was promised by Fehmy Pasha."

The Wali hesitated. "But I never saw your son, Ahmed," he protested, "never even heard of him before. Whether or not I should feel justified in recommending him would depend upon knowing the young man,—by the testimony of those who already know him, and have been acquainted with him all his life."

"Ahmed is a good boy," urged the old man, somewhat nettled.

"Doubtless he is; yet it is not unusual for fathers thus to judge their sons, even when all the world judges otherwise."

"But I know my son," persisted old Hadji Abdullah. And there was a trace of indignation in his voice.

The pasha made a gesture of politely doubting assent.

"I am an observant man."

The Wali hesitated—still silent.

"You will not give Ahmed the introduction then?

"An introduction is an intimate thing, Hadji Abdullah Efendi,—very intimate. Can I introduce any person I do not myself know? Besides, I have just given a letter of introduction to young Orkhan Zia Bey, son of Fu'ad Nazim Bey, the Da'wa Vekili. It would never do to send too many young men. To do so would render my services useless to the young men involved, and put me in a bad light as well. So I fear what you request is impossible for the present at any rate."

"Then my son must give way to the son of Fu'ad Nazim Bey."

The pasha nodded.

"So be it, if such be Allah's will. At any rate I shall have my boy with me longer."

"Perhaps I shall return, Excellency," continued the old man, bowing respectfully as he retired from the presence of the great man. "Insha-'llah, Ahmed's turn will come."

"Insha'llah!" replied the pasha solemnly.

* * * * *

To understand the character of the youth in question, the prime necessity is a knowledge of his early environment. For, not only was Ahmed very unlike his father,—he was also very unlike the young man his father supposed him to be. The early loss of his mother, which had but augmented his father's natural dreamy impracticality, left Ahmed's upbringing in the hands of servants, principally those of an old fellah woman whose ignorance was equalled only by her bigotry and a sort of obcession of pride in the family of her master.

"Insha'llah Pasha olursun! (God grant that you become a pasha!") Thus went the ever recurrent phrase whispered by the old servant into Ahmed's childish ears. And in her ignorance thinking that learning savored of work—that the arts of reading and writing constituted in themselves a profession to be followed only by menials, she employed every artifice at her command to circumvent Hadji Abdullah's wish that his son should receive an education. A pasha, she reasoned, was above such pettiness. So it was that Ahmed grew up in a state of lazy indifference to all learning, that, according to his nurse's limited mentality, was best adapted to her aspirations for his future.

Thus the long empty days of Ahmed's boyhood were passed in the company of chance acquaintances of the bazaar and street—the lazy semi-criminal, polyglot riffraff of the cities of Asia Minor. And thus had its beginning the side of Ahmed's character of which old Hadji Abdullah was destined to remain in complete ignorance.

To say that Ahmed actually became a criminal would be to exaggerate. Too completely the slave of inaction, both mental and physical, he lacked not only the application to plan but that to perform as well. His whole boyish life was a negation. Tales of robberies culminating not infrequently in murder which supplied such an important part of the gossip of the bazaars left him unmoved. These, indeed, as well as the long religious homilies of his father, or the readings of the Qu'ran at the feet of the Hodja, one and all failed of their purpose. Calm and stolid, his stubborn mentality was fortified by the ideas of the duties of a great man which he had absorbed in his home. Yet the young man did not lack intelligence of a kind. His difficulty was that he was surrounded by inhibitions, limited by the metes and bounds of his environments and training.

But always, as an article of faith, the acceptance of which prohibits the mind from attaining the capacity of judging its inherent truth or falsity, Ahmed held to the idea that he would one day become a pasha and a great man.

And as pashas come from Constantinople, he realized that he must go to

the capital in order to fulfill his destiny.

Thus it was that old Hadji Abdullah Efendi went up to interview Husseyn Pasha, the new Governor of Halep. And in consequence of the interview which his father sadly recounted upon his return, there arose in Ahmed's brain a resolve for him so revolutionary that at one stroke it destroyed the entire mental habit of his earlier life.

* * * * *

Orkhan Zia, son of one of the best known lawyers in Halep was not unknown to Ahmed. And it happened that in passing through the bazaar that evening the latter caught sight of his successful rival.

The young Bey was engaged in earnest conversation with one of the merchants there, consequently neither of them noticed the young man who slipped noiselessly behind a nearby bale of merchandise.

"But no one is going except my young son, Suleyman, and the devedji," Ahmed heard the merchant say in an argumentative tone.

"No matter," returned Orkhan Zia Bey with a short, nervous laugh, "There shall be no extra work on my account."

The Arab merchant smiled as he stroked his short beard meditatively. "But it is for your person that I fear," he replied. "Your identity could scarcely be concealed in Halep, and your father's reputation has reached the ears of every brigand on the way to Iskenderoun."

"Never fear, Ali Efendi,—never fear," persuaded the youth gently, although he looked carefully about as he spoke, "I shall carry but little money—my passage is arranged for in advance—and I shall go to the house of my father's cousin in Stamboul. A brigand might well rob me of the little money that I carry without great benefit to himself or inconvenience to me."

"Allah, that youth might endure forever!" exclaimed the Arab admiringly. Then after a pause, "Suppose they found no money—what?"

"They would give me my freedom, I suppose. What else could they do?"

"And your father the leading Ga'wa Vekili of Halep! Hardly. Seldom, indeed, is Fate so kind to the bandits between Halep and Iskenderoun. They would surely hold you for ransom. But you might by waiting two or three days, or a week at most, go with a larger party, thus lessening the risk of capture."

The young man shook his head. "Not if I can go tomorrow. I tell you there is no danger, Ali Efendi. Why, months have passed, six, or even more, without a single attack by robbers upon that road."

"True, Beyim,—but—"

"Then I shall see you at the hour of the Zuhr prayer tomorrow. Until that time we are in Allah's keeping!"

* * * * *

As the merchant turned eagerly to observe the youthful buoyancy with which his caller hastened down the narrow street Ahmed emerged from behind the bale of merchandise which had hidden him during the foregoing conversation.

"Allah!" exclaimed Ali Enfendi, as the young man hurried by in the direction taken by Orkhan Bey, "Hadji Abdullah's graceless son. Now where can he have come from that I failed to observe his approach? Doubtless some devil's business,—and his father is a good man, too."

For some distance Ahmed faithfully followed the young Bey's footsteps, although without especial design in so doing. Then suddenly there appeared in a narrow doorway that opened directly upon the street in front of him the form of a tall, well-set-up young man. For a moment the figure remained there vacillating apparently in the doorway,—then turned back and disappeared as it came. But in the instant that he remained in view young Ahmed quickened his pace almost into a run. "Kara-Mitros!" he called softly, "Kara-Mitros!"

When he came up Ahmed found the young Greek standing hidden in the

doorway, and in response to his beckoning finger followed him into the deserted little cafe which opened to the rear. There he told Kara-Mitros of the caravan which was departing on the following day for Iskenderoun, suggesting that they ambush and rob it on the way.

Ahmed promised for his companion whatever money and merchandise the robbery might afford, reserving for himself only the right to search Orkhan Zia Bey, and keep such papers other than money as might be found upon his person. To this the young Greek agreed, and they parted soon after with a promise to meet at an early hour the following morning.

Upon reaching home that night Ahmed startled his father by announcing his departure for Constantinople next day. He also demanded, and after much discussion received, sufficient money to cover the expenses of a trip to the capital at the lowest rates and to live meagerly for perhaps a few weeks after reaching there.

* * * * *

"I said the Zuhr prayer, you fool!" cried Ahmed irritably to his companion as they trudged wearily along the hot, dusty caravan trail on the afternoon of the second day out. "That means that they would stop at Kara Hissar the first night instead of Salihli, as you thought. Therefore we will have to go on to the next Han, for if nothing has gone wrong, it is there that they will stop tonight."

"Kara Hissar, is it?" grumbled the Greek. I suppose you're right. But, Good Heavens, this is a hard road! Why couldn't we have stopped them nearer Halep? There's no use going almost to Iskenderoun to rob a caravan of this size. The Zuhr prayer, you say,—Zuhr! I never can get this heathen religion through my head." And the Greek went on murmuring something about afternoon prayers.

At the next Han they stopped, each making a light meal from the few provisions they carried. Then, thoroughly exhausted, they lay down on the floor of hard earth and were soon asleep.

"Hold, thou she-devil! Stand, mother of Satan! Thou illegitimate son of a hyena!" The voice of the desert-bred devedji cursing his animals in the plaintive, half-caressing manner of the professional camel-driver awoke the young men.

At the same moment Orkhan Zia Bey and the Arab boy, Suleyman, entered the Han. Orkhan Bey paused in the doorway to light a candle, and as its feeble rays spread a dim radiance over the immense, barren room, Ahmed slipped quickly behind his gigantic companion, fearing the young Bey's recognition.

A whispered word in the Greek's ear as Ahmed concealed himself, and the former arose to greet the newcomers.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he began. "It is indeed a pleasure to learn that we will not have to spend the night alone here. Unfortunately my yoldash is indisposed. He fell sick on the road. As you see, he is now sleeping, and I trust you will be as quiet as possible so as not to awaken him."

Taking his cue from his companion's speech, Ahmed stirred noisily and emitted a snore that had in it more than a suspicion of a groan.

"Hist!" continued Kara-Mitros in a penetrating whisper, placing a warning finger to his lips, "I beg you to be careful. Oh my poor friend!"

* * * * *

The capture was easily effected. A hurried rising in the night, a short whispered consultation, a sudden attack, and the caravan was in the young men's possession.

As previously arranged, they conducted their prisoners into the nearby hills, where the Greek was to detain them three or four days in order that Ahmed might take a steamer from Iskenderoun before Orkhan Bey's arrival there. With the exception of the devedji the prisoners were submissive enough, but struggle as he would the

desert Arab was unable to loosen the Greek's workman-like knots. So after applying to his captors every vile and approbrious name in his camel-driver's vocabulary, the devedji subsided and obeyed the orders of Kara-Mitros without further demur.

True to their bargain, Ahmed claimed the right of searching Orkhan Zia Bey alone, and finding a carefully folded paper transferred it to his own pocket. He then relinquished his further rights in the prisoner to his already complaining companion.

"Whatever money may be found upon Orkhan Bey's person is yours," protested Ahmed in reply to the Greek's lamentations.

"Little enough to repay me for holding them here while you make good your escape, my friend," grumbled Kara-Mitros, "I have a mind to let them go at once."

"But you promised."

"And you said the caravan was laden with rich merchandise. You have victimized me, Ahmed Efendi."

"By Allah!" protested Ahmed, raising his hands.

"No. I have no mind to listen to your perjuries. Go. I shall do my best to keep them."

* * * * *

The first day after Ahmed's arrival in Iskenderoun passed,—then the second, and third,—still no steamer for Constantinople.

Toward the end of the third day of wharf-haunting Ahmed began to start to look behind him at every unexpected sound. Ahmed the impassive, the stolid, heavy boy, was beginning to develop a well-defined case of nerves. "Allah!" he would exclaim, scanning anxiously first the empty space about him, then the line of ships riding gently at anchor just beyond the edge of the wharf, "Allah have mercy!"

Next morning they took Ahmed's passage money and allowed him to go on board a French steamer which was to sail for the capital sometime during the afternoon. All day long passengers kept thronging on board until the decks were crowded. It was early in the Holy Month of Ramazan, and many persons were going aboard in order to take advantage of the exemption from the fast granted to travellers.

At last they got under way. It was near nightfall, and those Muslims who had of necessity kept the day's fast, were making preparations for the Iftar when Ahmed's eyes lighted upon a familiar figure. It was Orkhan Zia Bey, rather rumpled of dress and travel-stained, but looking very much the same as when Ahmed left him in the hills in care of Kara-Mitros.

Needless to say Ahmed did not break his fast at sundown. On the contrary he put all possible distance between himself and his co-religionists, finding himself at last in the midst of a company of Jews who had boarded the ship at Beirut. One of these, a crafty old gray-beard, soon made friends with Ahmed, and finding that his new friend's conscience was of the innocuous sort, the young man early confided in the old Jew the secret of his trubles.

"Here you are almost sure of detection," was the old man's verdict.

"I might conceal myself somewhere among the merchandise in the Anbar," suggested Ahmed.

"Only to be dragged forth and held up to derision when discovered, as sooner or later you would certainly be."

"Perhaps if I could find work on the ship,—become a member of the crew," began Ahmed hesitatingly.

The Jew shook his head. "Impossible," he growled. "Still,—yes,—there is a way."

"And that way?"—eagerly.

"If you could exchange with one of the sailors of the ship,—wear his clothes and do his work; that would be the best disguise."

"Would it be possible?"

"No doubt. But it will require money."

"I have little enough of that, but,—"

"Wait here. I'll see what can be done."

The old man shuffled rapidly away.

He was gone only a few minutes, and returning motioned Ahmed apart from the others.

"Come with me," he whispered.

Ahmed followed the Jew below deck, through narrow passageways up and down stairs, forward and back, until he had thoroughly lost all sense of direction. Finally they came to the "gaillard," in which were lounging such of the ship's sailors as were not on duty, smoking and telling stories.

"This is the young man who will exchange with you," said the old man in Turkish to Ahmed. Then, looking at a young French sailor, he repeated the identical phrase in French.

The two boys shook hands, greeting one another reservedly, each in his own language. Then they proceeded methodically to business.

"Trois livres," demanded the Frenchman, breaking in with outstretched palm upon Ahmed's dreams of European clothing.

The Jew interpreted "Three pounds, —uch lira."

"Olmaz," protested Ahmed despairingly. Three pounds seemed a fortune to him. He had but little more for the entire trip to Constantinople, including expenses until such time as he should begin to earn something for himself. "Olmaz," he repeated hopelessly, "It cannot be," And he dropped the Frenchman's clothes as though they had burned his fingers.

"One moment," pacified the Jew. "Doubtless there will be something of pazarliq in the Frenchman's proposition. Let us see."

After much heated conversation he at last succeeded in cutting the price in two. It might have been still further reduced had it not been that the exchange involved the keeping of the fast, which the more devout would do regardless of the exemption in favor of travellers,—and which, considering his ignorance of the languages and customs of the Orient, the Jew thought best for the sailor in order that no hint of suspicion rest upon him. It was all right,—one hundred and fifty piastres gold,—the young Frenchman said, all right for abandoning the privilege of wearing the nondescript raiment of a mouche even though he were forced to travel as a despised deck-passenger,—but to keep the fast,—to let no drop of water nor morsel of food pass his lips between the hours of sunrise and sunset, "'Cre nom d'un nom!" That did not come so cheap! "Crever de soif et faim!" And for one sou less, 'Ah non, par exemple!"

Finally the bargain was struck. Then the Jew demanded payment for his good offices, and the boatswain for keeping Ahmed's secret. Another forty piastres,—twenty to each of these two worthies, still further reduced the young man's already depleted hoard.

"Allah biyouk dir,—great is Allah!" cried the young man, fingering carefully over the few small silver coins that were left to him, "and swift and certain His punishments. For as I robbed Orkhan Zia Bey, so have the despoilers fallen upon me. Allah have mercy!"

* * * * *

In the midst of his hard labor Ahmed noticed as they neared the capital that strange men began to make their appearance on board, mingling with passengers and crew. He also observed that they were much given to asking questions and to making notes in small books, one or more of which each seemed to carry about his person. But so long as he did not come face to face with Orkhan Zia Bey Ahmed was content.

Except that all wore the few these strange men were variously clothed, mainly in the prevailing European styles. Most were bearded, and all were alike in that facial expressions were hard and impassive, as though carved from stone. Ahmed was interested. He thought they resembled Turks, these unusual men,—still they could not be, for already three or four had addressed him in strange foreign tongues. Perhaps French, he thought. It sounded like the language spoken by his fellow-sailors.

But on the evening of their arrival

at the capital Ahmed began to understand these extraordinary passengers. For as the ship's anchors dropped a heavy hand fell upon either of the young man's shoulders and he looked about to find that one of these men stood on either side of him. "Come with us!" said one, and he spoke excellent Turkish with the accent of the capital.

Next morning he was aroused by the noise of the heavy iron door as it swung complaining back on its rusty hinges, and a prison employee,—a zindanji,—entered with a tray. "I am late," he observed grimly, "you must eat quickly for the breaking of the dawn will soon be here, and the time of the sahur will have passed."

"Why am I here?" asked Ahmed as he fell upon his food. He had not broken his fast for a full twenty-four hours. "Am I accused of some crime?" The memory of the caravan still haunted him.

"What should I know about it?" grumbled the zindanji. "Nothing. Allah! Why ask me? But that's the way with these accursed prisoners, always asking questions. As though one had nothing to think of but them and their troubles. It's Kismet, I say. Kismet has brought you here,—and, Allah willing, Kismet will release you. Otherwise—" The dark-visaged employee winked jovially at Ahmed as he passed his finger about his neck and grimaced like a strangling man.

Ahmed understood. And his understanding did not make the succeeding hours of his waiting pass more pleasantly.

At length the zindanji reappeared, —accompanied now by two policemen who seized Ahmed, conducting him through a maze of passageways and corridors to a large, bare room at one end of which a large, prepossessing man of later middle-life sat behind a table. A few others were ranged about the room, some sitting, others standing in groups and talking. As the young man approached the table two men detached themselves from one of the groups and came in his direction. They were the men who had taken him from the ship.

"You were suspected," said the Hakim,—for such the large man proved to be,—"of criminal activities. These men," indicating the men who had awaited him, "assert that they found you in Frankish dress, passing yourself as a Frenchman—a French sailor. In itself this looked dark for you,—especially since many flagrant outrages have occurred of late on the highways near some of the ports where this ship had called. Why should a Muslim wish to disguise himself as a Frank unless to shield himself from justice? But thanks be to Allah, we have been preserved from doing you a grave injustice. An old Israelite who seems to have enjoyed your confidence told one of our men that your object was to avoid the fast, so while dismissing the charge of having violated the Canon Law, I must adjudge you amenable to the Law of the Sheri'. Therefore you must go before the Cadi."

* * * * *

Hadji Emroullah Efendi, the Cadi before whom Ahmed was conducted, was evidently in no jovial mood this morning. As he sat there upon his cushion clad in caftan and slippers his face drawn and downcast no one would have surmised that he was the humorous judge whose witty sayings were so frequently bandied from mouth to mouth about the bazaars.

"Too late for the sahur this morning," whispered one of the guards.

The other grunted assent. And Ahmed caught the words: "Rotten temper."

"So you decided not to keep the fast?" The Cadi glared at Ahmed.

The young man demurred hesitatingly.

"Why then this masqaraliq," pointing at the Frankish costume.

Ahmed hesitated. Any explanation was certain to render his position worse. After all, the punishment of the Cadi would not be severe.

Suddenly he remembered. "I have a letter," he began, "a letter of recommendation,—a tavsiyye-nameh." And

he fumbled in his pockets, producing the letter he had taken from Orkhan Zia Bey.

"It is from the Wali of Halep," his chest swelled involuntarily, "introducing me to the Minister of the Interior. Perhaps it may explain."

Of course Ahmed never really expected the letter to explain anything. He merely hoped to so overwhelm the old Cadi by the fact of his intimacy with such dignitaries that he would not have the courage to penalize him for religious laxity.

The old judge frowned as he unfolded the paper, yet he did so with a certain air of respect. Then, glancing at its contents, a little smile played upon his features.

"What did you say you are called?" queried the Cadi, looking across the open letter at Ahmed.

Until this moment Ahmed's complete ignorance of the art of writing had not allowed him to realize the part that his own name would play in the affair,—that, once in his possession, a letter recommending Orkhan Zia Bey would not as surely be a letter of recommendation for himself as though it had been written expressly for him. Now he began to see the idea. "My name is Orkhan Zia Bey," he replied.

"Very well, Orkhan Zia Bey, I suppose you have good reasons for calling yourself Ahmed, son of Abdullah last evening,—there is no doubt a grand future before you,—a future which I shall do nothing to mar. Therefore I advise you to present this letter at once at the proper address. Also remember the Law imposes upon every good Muslim the fast of Ramazan. That is all. You are free! Here is a fez to replace that Frankish abomination." And the old Cadi laughed softly, much to Ahmed's wonder.

* * * * *

"I am Orkhan Zia Bey," said Ahmed as he stood before the inquisitive functionary at the entrance to the Ministry of the Interior, "and I have a letter of introduction to His Excellency."

"From whom?"

"From Husseyn Pasha, Wali of Halep," returned Ahmed importantly.

"One moment," the employee cried to a young man who hastened through the room. But the young man failed to hear, so intent was he upon his duties.

"His Excellency, the Minister, has a new secretary," grumbled the functionary, turning back to Ahmed, "and so far he can see nothing but the task in hand at any given moment. No difference, he will return in a moment, and I will send word of you to His Excellency."

But Ahmed did not hear. He was still staring at the door through which the Minister's new secretary had passed,—staring as one who had seen an apparition. For the new secretary, the young man who had passed through the room so hurriedly that he failed to notice Ahmed's presence was none other than the real Orkhan Zia Bey.

Suddenly the young man came to himself with a start. Then turning, and without either excuse or apology, without even so much as saying that he was going, he was gone. The door yielded readily to his touch, otherwise it would probably have been broken down. Once outside Ahmed ran like a frightened rabbit.

Beside the fountain which fronts the Yeni Djami sat a public letter-writer surrounded by the implements of his calling.

"Will you read this for me?" asked Ahmed cautiously approaching and tendering the paper he had taken from Orkhan Zia's pocket.

The man took the letter and read as follows: "To Sa'ad Efendi, Esski-Zabityye Djadessi, Stamboul, from Ashraf Mehmed of Halep. My dear cousin: I have waited long for a reply to my last letter, which has not come. I have to say that your family is well, also is my own, thanks to Allah! Your children are growing rapidly, and little Nourri goes to school every day. Old Kutchug the boyadji had a bad fall last week, but is better now. Insha'llah he will recover. Our

goat had two kids some time ago, one male the other female. I sold the male to Kurd Hassan, the butcher, but the female I gave to uncle Moustafa, who says that some day she will give as much milk as her mother. Uncle Moustafa needs a goat; for as you know he has been without one since before you left home. Your cousin, Ashraf."

At first Ahmed thought the letter must be a cipher message of some sort. He had heard that great men did not always say just what they meant in their letters. But when the letter-writer told him that there was a new lustradji (bootblack) on the Esski-Zabtiyye Djadessi, lately from Halep, he resolved to investigate.

"Allah!" he exclaimed softly as he walked slowly up the hill in the direction given him by the letter-writer, "Kismet seems to be against me! As a highwayman I am a decided failure, and my political prospects are not brilliant. This Ashraf Mehmed made Orkhan Zia his messenger, and in order to succeed to that honor I committed a crime. Well, at any rate I will deliver the message, and finish what I have undertaken."

* * * * *

"I need a man," observed the grateful Sa'ad Efendi, folding the letter carefully and bending again to the feet of the client whose boots he was polishing, "my business is growing so that I can no longer attend to it single-handed. Perhaps you wish to work in Stamboul?"

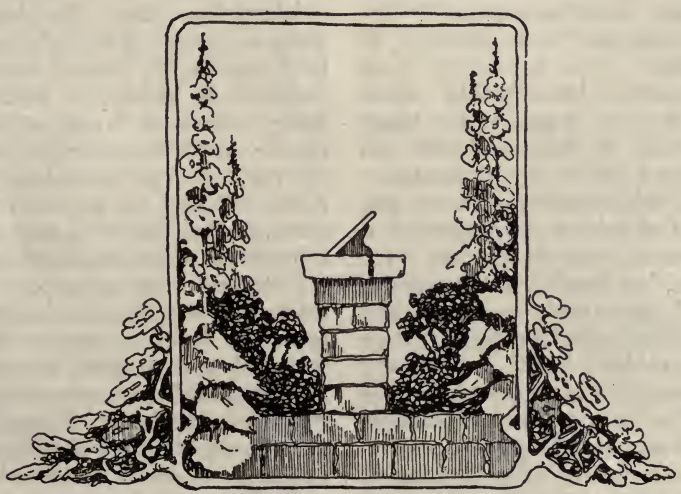
Ahmed hesitated. He had hardly expected to follow this road toward the goal of his ambitions. "Yes," he said at length, "I do want work. I have scarcely the means of obtaining another meal."

"No matter," returned Sa'ad, "I have an abundance of food here awaiting the hour of the Iftar. Meanwhile if you will clean up a little about the shop while I attend to customers that will be sufficient for today. Later I will teach you the lustradji's art."

Ahmed did as he was directed.

* * * * *

A few days later Ahmed again sought his acquaintance, the public letter-writer near the Yeni Djami. "I have a good position," he dictated in writing to his father, "an excellent position. One in which I may gain much money, although not leading directly to the position that I desire. In regard to an introduction from Husseyn Pasha to the Minister of the Interior, you might as well let that rest for the moment, as I have—temporarily at least—abandoned my project of becoming a pasha."



Legend of San Juan de los Lagos

By Louise M. Palmer

WE HAD taken our desayuno at La Penta, and at four o'clock in the morning, with eyes still worn down with sleep, took our places in the diligence, and sped away from the beautiful green valley to the barren plains and brown hills beyond.

We were to breakfast at San Juan de los Lagos; so, when at twelve o'clock it was pointed out to us, lying in a valley almost at our feet, we looked at it with admiring interest. Irrespective of the thought of breakfast, which was connected with it, it was indeed a beautiful spot. It lies in a perfect basin, the bed—says history—of a large lake, which was suddenly drained by a great eruption of the volcano Colima, several hundred miles distant. This may account for the name, as there are certainly no lakes there now to give rise to it. The whole formation of the surrounding country supports this legend; but we had not much time to observe this, so much was our attention allured by objects that appealed more directly to our feelings.

These were innumerable small crosses of wood or stone, which stood on either side of the road with the regularity and grimness of sentinels, and, to one who knew they were the sentinels of death, they presented a most solemn and terrible aspect. Involuntarily, the hands of the gentlemen closed upon their weapons, and the ladies whisperingly asked if there were many robbers here.

"At present, no," said Don Luis, the chief authority in such matters, "though, of course, it's always well to be upon one's guard. It is in carnival time, however, that these crosses multiply the fastest. Look at the town; is it not beautiful?"

We looked ahead, but as the diligence spun like lightning down the steep decline, we caught only uncertain glimpses of an enchanting mixture of white houses, green trees, running water, and brilliant sunshine, and above all, the two tall spires of a church whose lovely forms at once caught and riveted the attention of all.

"Splendid! aren't they?" said Don Luis. "Isn't it a pity that they are made the occasion of so much plunder and murder? It really does seem as if there is a curse upon them; and yet, in spite of all, thousands yearly flock to kneel at the consecrated shrine of that church, and scores—yes hundreds—lose their lives by their devotion, and few indeed reach their homes without being stripped of their goods. The first appearance of a pilgrim upon this mountain road is the signal for the gathering of banditti from the neighboring hills. But look at the towers again. Are they not beautiful? and as the church is one of the prettiest in Mexico, I advise you to make a hurried breakfast and go to see it. And when we are again upon the road, if you would like to hear it, I will tell you the legend which, in a great degree, leads to the yearly pilgrimage and its attendant horrors."

"We will certainly go to the church," we said as the coach suddenly plunged upon the level ground of the valley, and all but a confused mass of houses and trees and the ever-present crosses, was lost to view. These last were even more plentiful than ever upon a magnificent stone bridge which spanned the wide, but now almost dry,

river, and which served to connect two busy parts of the town.

"We were glad to lose sight of them for a few moments in the breakfast-room of the diligence house; and then throwing shawls over our heads, that we might enter it with propriety, we hurried through the narrow and sunny streets to visit the famous church. Suddenly we came upon a large open square, and at the head of it, occupying the whole of one side by its noble front, and raised some twenty feet, was the building we sought.

We stood for a moment at the base of the magnificent flight of granite steps, and contemplated with admiration and astonishment the beautiful, yet severely simple architecture. The form of every column, door and window, the shaping of every bended cherub-head, seemed perfect—perhaps all the more so in contrast with those of the many Mexican churches we had lately visited. All had been larger, and most of them far more profusely decorated than this, but none so graceful, so light, so perfect. The towers, piercing the heavens in a succession of fluted pillars, with the most exquisitely carved cornices, were indeed enchanting; and without knowing whether they were perfect, according to any school of art, I knew that nothing had ever impressed me as being so airily beautiful.

We entered the church and found it far more simple and elegant than most Catholic churches in Mexico, or any other country. But after one look at the lofty, quaintly painted roof and the pictures over the altar, we found nothing in them remarkable, and returned to the diligence-house to find the mules already harnessed and the driver impatiently waiting for us.

"Oh, Don Luis, the towers are lovely!" was our exclamation, as soon as we were seated and the diligence had rushed at its usual break-neck pace out of the streets of the town and entered upon the more quiet country roads. "Now, begin then with the 'once upon a time' of all story-tellers, and let us know about them."

"I must, indeed, begin with 'once upon a time,'" said Don Luis "because nobody has the least idea when the occurrence actually took place. The most authentic historians can only say that it was some years after the retreating waters of the lake exposed rich pasturage in this valley, and induced shepards to gather here and begin the building of a town.

"The town grew and flourished, and in process of time it was discovered that the little adobe church under the hill was not large enough to hold half the worshipers, and that it was absolutely necessary to build another. The towns-people contributed largely to this end, and the Virgin herself pointed out, in a dream, an inexhaustible quarry of sandstone, of which her chosen edifice might be built.

"Now, after money sufficient for the purpose had been collected, the padre looked about him for a suitable person to carry into execution the designs he had already made; and the only fitting person he could hit upon was one, Pablo Gonzales, a gigantic fellow who had built half of the houses in San Juan de los Lagos, and was continually regretting that he could find nothing more worthy to employ his skill and ingenuity upon.

"'Now,' thought the padre, 'if we can only agree upon; as to how the work should be done, Pablo will be the very man to do it.'

"But this was the very thing they could not agree upon; and the more they talked it over, the more they disagreed. Pablo was bent upon a form and style of building unheard of by the worthy padre; still, he was not so blind as not to see many of its advantages. But the towers—O, heavens! the towers!—who ever beheld such a heathenish contrast to the square, white blocks—dear to his memory!—fluted columns, and capitals, and wreaths! Who ever heard of such a jargon, of such nonsense, of such a waste of money! What would be left, indeed, to provide pictures, and candles for the altar, if all should be expended in trumpery carvings and hea-

thenish columns and capitals.

"'And don't you suppose,' exclaimed Pablo, drawing himself up to his full eight feet of stature—for there were giants in Mexico those days—'don't you suppose the blessed Virgin has sense enough to be better pleased with sculpture than with candles? Do you think, then, the insufferable smell of tallow can be so sweet to her?'

"'Irreverent scoffer!' cried the padre, looking at the enraged giant. Go thy ways; thou shalt build neither the church nor its towers. Get thee hence, lest the curse of the church fall upon thee!'

"So Pablo went out, with the great object of his life defeated; which was, to build a church which should be the glory of his native town, and the admiration of the entire country. He went out and felt that his heart was broken. He had had troubles before; he had lost the wife of his youth, and four of his six children had followed her to the grave. Yet no other trouble had equalled the sorrow and despair with which he looked upon the broken dream of his life. Never, should he work into enduring stone the lovely images which his brain had created. Never, should he be famous. O, what a poor, miserable, fallen worm he felt himself—this giant, with the strength of a dozen men and the stature of a god.

"He went to his home, hopelessly miserable. For the first time in his life he was a terror to his household. He bent his head in shame before his mother, and wept bitterly at the sight of his children. Then, at other times, he waxed fierce, and called upon earth and heaven to witness his sorrow; and so it began to be whispered about that Pablo Gonzales was mad, and people looked askance at him as they passed the door where he sat thinking, thinking. all day long; and his mother began to think like them, and to pray for a grave, instead of glory, for her son.

"Pablo Gonzales was poor, and his old mother and young children were sometimes sorely pressed for food; but he never thought of seeking work after he knew that he was not to build the church; neither would he listen to those who came for him; and so, gradually, poverty and distress came upon the dreamer and his family.

"One day, indeed, he seemed a little roused; for, walking toward the site of the new church, he saw it was built after his own designs. 'They have stolen my work and my frame from me,' he thought bitterly; but, in spite of his anger, he continued to visit the spot as if fascinated, until, at last, the towers were begun, and, seeing that they were to be of the horrid block shape, he exclaimed, 'They are killing my beautiful creation!' He burst into tears, and hurried from the spot.

"After that a still greater change took place in him. He became at first horribly feverish and excited; then he began to complain of pains in his limbs, and of the most intense fatigue; then he lay in his bed during hours of the day, in a most intense and dreamless sleep. Still he did not seem ill. At eventide he devoured voraciously the food his mother set before him, though he refused it at all other times.

"Meanwhile, his temper became more and more capricious. The slightest thing angered and excitd him, and any mention of the new church drove him into a perfect fury; and so he failed to hear a piece of news which was exciting all the town.

"At the end of a year from the commencement of the church the principal superstructure was so far finished that the building of the towers was begun. An unsightly mass of adobes had been raised on each corner of the front of the church, when one morning the whole was found level with the ground!

"It was a most extraordinary thing. The work of a month thrown down in a night,—and by what?—by whom? Some people suggested an earthquake; but many people had been awake during the night, and testified that there had been no earthquake. Some suggested one thing, and some another; but the padre said it was the fault of bad adobes and mortar, and, having

a fresh lot of both made under his own direction, set his men to work to build up the towers again.

"His men worked well by day, but some Power undid it all at night. Again and again were the rising towers thrown down, until, at last, the men declared it was useless to work against the devil; and the padre thought it best to follow their suggestions, and attempt to exorcise him.

"Accordingly, after the throwing down of an unusually great amount of work, he came, attended by a large number of his clerical brethren, and with 'book and bell,' and the most fearful menaces of the church, bade the Evil One begone, and then quietly set his men to work again.

"They obeyed him, with renewed hope and zeal; but, alas, for naught. The first thing the anxious padre saw, as he looked from his window the next morning, was a shapeless mass of adobes before the church, and where should have been by this time a goodly tower—nothing.

"This was enough to make even a saint lose his temper, so it wasn't to be expected that the padre should do less. 'By the Cross!' exclaimed he, 'I've lost time and money enough already in trying to fit the Holy Mother's taste in towers, and by the saints, I'll bother no more about it! If she wants towers to this church, she can build them herself, or send somebody else that can do it better. Does she suppose that the whole life of a faithful priest can be bothered with towers?'

"And with some dim thoughts of woman's inconsistency, he went out in a very bad humor, to tell his men that he had been warned in a dream not to attempt to build towers to the church; and then, in high dudgeon, set them to work upon another part.

"But this was not the only thing that interfered with the building of the church. The men came from the limestone quarry and told one by one, the immense blocks of stone which they had hewn for the pillars of the doors and windows had been carried away.

"At first the padre laughed at these reports. Then he alternately prayed in public and swore in private; and at last the service of exorcism was repeated at the quarry, but, just as at the church, without the least effect; the thefts were continued, and though several pillars had been hewn from the rock, not one remained with which to decorate the church.

"Never had priest or layman so much trouble to build a church; never labored any mortal with such patience as this poor padre; yet he could succeed in nothing, and he was almost sinking into despair, when awakening one morning, he looked from his window and saw such a sight, that, forgetful of that decorum necessary not only to the priest, but the layman, he rushed across the street in his night attire and gazed in wonder and ecstacy at his church.

"Upon the right-hand corner, from whence his unsightly square of adobes had been thrown down, stood a foundation of stone, exquisitely cut and polished, and upon this a circle of exquisite pillars, the bases of which were sculptured with fruits and flowers, and the capitals with angel's heads peeping forth from wreaths of leaves.

"It seemed, indeed, as if the Virgin had taken the padre at his word, and had sent angel hands to complete his work. Within an hour all the inhabitants of the town, and indeed of the whole valley, were gathered before the half completed church, gazing with admiration and awe upon the miracle that had been worked there. But as soon as their awe had been slightly superceded by curiosity, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could prevent this tower from sharing the fate of the others. It seemed, indeed, to be doomed to destruction, so anxious were the people to possess themselves of the small particle of the heavenly handiwork. But the padre argued, with a great show of reason, that it wasn't at all likely that the Virgin and the Saints were going to sculpture pillars and capitals only to be destroyed; and promised all the

terrors of the Church upon the daring mortal who should as much as lay a hand upon the precious stones.

"They heard, and grumbled a little, but nevertheless obeyed; and although no sentinels were placed over the towers, not a stone of them was touched. One by one, at intervals of weeks, pillars were added, and more and more beautiful grew the structures.

"It certainly was the saving of a great expense. It cost nothing but the hewing of the great limestone blocks; for these, one by one, continued to disappear from the quarry. But still it was not comfortable to live where this mysterious work was going on; to hear night after night the click of hammers and the sighs and groans, as of laboring men, and yet to see nothing!

"The padre was not a brave man. Indeed, he had even pretended to himself to be; yet he at last resolved to discover, if possible, this mystery. True, he was deterred for some time from doing so by the tale of one of his parishioners, who, much bolder than himself, had stationed himself in the tower one night, and, after watching and waiting, was suddenly seized upon by some unseen force and hurled to the ground, where he was found stunned and bleeding in the morning.

"The padre resolved to be more careful than this man; to say his prayers all the time; and, above all, not to ascend the tower, but to watch at the foot of it.

"At midnight he stole silently forth from his house. He looked eagerly around. He saw, he heard, nothing. Yes, listen! what was that? A faint reverberation, as of mighty blows! The Angel Host were at work. But where? He saw nothing, and the blows resounded as if from beneath the earth. Could it be, after all, that the tower was the work of demons? Was the devil mocking them by this show of heavenly architecture? His limbs began to tremble; his knees smote together. The noise of the hammer and an awful groaning began. The padre turned to flee. He knew not where he went, until he suddenly found himself near the quarry and confronted by a gigantic figure bending beneath an immense block of stone. Was the figure angel or fiend? He could not tell. He fell down before it, bereft of life and sense; and so the work-people found him in the morning.

"The next night instead of watching, the padre dreamed; and his dream was that he who watched the building of the towers should surely die.

And so, unwatched, the building of the towers went on; and there was only one person in the whole country who had not seen them and marveled at their wondrous beauty. This was he who would once have glorified in them most. But Pablo Gonzales was dead to such thoughts now, and, indeed, to every other. He was gradually wasting away. His gigantic strength was gone. Day after day he lay on his bed in a comatose state. He scarcely touched food, and never spoke, except to say: "Oh, my dreams, my beautiful dreams! Oh, God, could I realize that of which I dream, I could die happy. Strange! Strange! I dreamed last night my work was nearly finished. Strange! Strange.'

"And so two years went on. The towers were nearly finished, and Pablo Gonzales, the disappointed architect, was dying.

"His poor mother wept, day after day, in agony! but she worked hard to feed her dying son and his starving children, and so at night she slept.

But there came at last a night when her heart's cares overcame her bodily fatigue, and she could not sleep. And so, lying awake, she heard, early in the night, a strange noise. She tremblingly arose and looked from her window. Soon there was a slight noise at the house door. It opened and her son came into the open air. He was dressed, and in his hand was a heavy hammer and a chisel. His eyes were wide open, but they had in them a strange, ghastly look. 'The sun is rising,' he said, looking up to the moonlit sky, 'I shall be late; they will be waiting for me'—and throwing the hammer

and chisel over his shoulder, he strode rapidly down the street.

"His mother rushed after him, yet at some little distance, fearing he might discover her. She followed him through the short street, across the crazy wooden bridge which then spanned the river, and on still farther; first along the river side and then toward the hill, where lay the quarry.

"But he did not go to the quarry. He stopped some rods before it, and suddenly, with one moment's exercise of the great strength which again seemed to animate him, tore aside a great stone and revealed to his mother's astonished gaze a small cavern. It had evidently been once much larger, but it was now almost full of blocks and chips of stone, and upon them lay two pillars, the facsimiles of those of which the famous tower was formed—two pillars which would complete the structure.

"A sudden revelation filled his mother's soul. She stood there spell-bound. She saw him begin his work, saying gayly there was nothing like sunlight for such delicate touches. She heard him direct an imaginary throng of men to do this or that, and then complete the work himself, while he merely thought himself directing others. She saw him at last stand before his nearly completed work, with ecstacy in his wide, wide-open eyes, and then, complaining that he could see no longer, for the sun was setting, saw him come out in the early dawning, and, calling 'Adios, Fose,—adios, Pedro,' to imaginary companions, close the stone against the opening of the cavern and walk slowly and painfully home. She saw him enter his room, undress and go to bed, saying he would rest before eating; and then she saw again commence a day of heavy, dreamless sleep —his night.

"And then, as mothers generally do, she bore her glory and her grief to God, and then rushed to the priest to tell him what she had seen.

"He was astounded. He could not believe. He could believe in the miracle of angels turned builders sooner than Pablo Gonzales had done this gigantic work alone. True, now that he came to think of it, the towers were exactly after the plan Pablo had shown him; and besides, he was a man of immense strength, and, it was said, had, in his younger days, lifted and even carried weights as great as were these pillars. Besides, the work had been in hand more than two years, and the padre had often, in his secret soul, thought that it would have been as well had the heavenly architects finished their work a little more quickly; especially as the rough blocks were always prepared for the pillars, and they had nothing to do but carve and place them. So, the end of it was that the padre's faith in the angels was a little shaken, and he resolved to obey the old woman's invitation and follow her to the cave that night,

"It was late when she came for him, and nearly midnight when the two, accompanied by an old man-servant of the priest, stood before the open cave.

"The bright moonlight was streaming into it, and lay full upon the two blocks of stone. Pablo was just putting the finishing touches to his work. 'A little more light in this angel's eyes,' he was saying. 'There, there, that is perfect. Thank God, my work is finished!' And then he fell upon his knees in silent prayer, turning his wide-open, yet apparently sightless, eyes to heaven.

" 'But, boys,' he said, 'these pillars must be set in their places today. I've promised that you know. Heavy!—pooh! They're nothing compared to the others! Steady! There now, that's it!' And, evidently with the belief that he was assisted by a score of men, Pablo Gonzales bent beneath the burden of the giant pillar, and walked away.

"He carried it to the church as if it had been a child on his back. They saw him, in a manner that was indeed miraculous, ascend the ladder which leaned against the tower, and, relieving himself of his burden, begin, with hammer and chisel, mortar and trowel,

to put the pillar into a proper and firm position. They saw him complete his work, and then go quietly home and to his rest.

"That day the padre did not sleep, though he had watched all night. He sat beside the bed of Pablo Gonzales, and wondered and shuddered at his death-like sleep. Once he woke him up and asked him if he ever dreamed. At first Pablo, at sight of him, burst into curses. 'Do I ever dream?' he exclaimed, at last. 'Ah, I seem to do nothing but dream; and it is always of the towers! the towers! Why, I have dreamed this very night that I had built them as I told you I should, and that there was but one pillar wanting to complete them.'

" 'Come, and see if thy dream be not reality,' said the padre, gently; but Pablo sprang up furiously. 'Do you dare mock me?' he cried. 'Am I, indeed, so weak and fallen as that?' And then, sinking down upon his bed like a weakly child, he burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

"The padre went away deeply troubled. What was to be done? Nothing—nothing now, at least; and so he waited till night, and then watched through the night, and saw the great work completed.

"Saw it completed; and then saw Pablo Gonzales descend into the great square and exultingly give thanks to God; and then, after appearing to dismiss a great number of work-people, he turned again with admiring, almost adoring eyes, to the towers he had created.

"The sun was beginning to rise. It was, he said, getting very dark; yet still he lingered to look at and admire his work.

" 'It is finished!—finished!' he cried in ecstacy again and again. 'Oh, my God! Oh, blessed Virgin, and all the saints, I praise thee! Now, now indeed, I am contented to die. Fame—fame is mine! And what more has the world to give?'

"He turned his wide, wide-open eyes upon the rising sun. 'What is this I feel?' he said faintly. 'What is this awful nightmare that comes so often over me? Is it death? Must I indeed die, with this cup of glory scarcely tasted?'

"The priest and his servant had held the mother back. Other people had gathered around and restrained her by their wondering looks; but, at these words, she burst from them and rushed to her son.

" 'No, no, thou shalt not die!' she cried. 'Live!—live for glory, for fame, for wealth and love. Oh, hast thou dreamed these towers into existence? Wake, wake, and behold thy work!'

"For a moment he stood rigid. Then he sprung from her in sudden affright. 'Ah, mother! why hast thou awakened me?' he cried. 'I was dreaming! ah, such a dream!'

"And then he sunk helplessly down upon the ground, as if it had been a bed. 'Ah, to dream, to dream once more of such glory! Oh, my God!'

"And casting his eyes up to heaven, his glance rested upon the towers; and with sudden energy he sprung to his feet.

" 'Am I dreaming still?' he cried, in a voice terrible with concentrated energy and power. 'Am I ever, ever to have this mocking, mocking dream before me? Waken me! waken me!—in pity, waken me!'

"You are awake, my son, my darling!' said his mother, sobbing and clinging around his neck. 'Look, Pablo! here are the neighbors and friends you used to know.'

"He looked around him; he felt of his own body; he touched his mother's face and hands. 'Yes, yes,' he sighed, 'I am awake; this is no dream. But the towers, the towers.'

" 'Thou, in thy sleep, has built them!' said the padre. 'In thy sleep thou hast created this realization of thy dreams. In thy sleep thou hast made thyself Pablo the great, the wonderful!'

"Pablo Gonzales looked around him at the wondering people, the towers, the fair sky, and the green earth.

" 'It is true! It is true!' he cried; 'they are my work—my life. Pablo

Gonzales has won everlasting fame. He is immortal!'

"He sunk to the earth. His massive frame quivered for a moment, and was still. Pablo Gonzales was, indeed, immortal.

* * * * *

"Poor fellow!" sighed one of us; and we all looked back to the towers just fading from sight. "How sad that he should have died just as a career of wealth and fame was opening before him."

"But, of course, the church richly endowed his mother and orphans," said another, more carefully minded.

"Well, indeed!" said Don Luis, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "History seems to think that the family were sufficiently rewarded by the canonization of Pablo." "Indeed," he added, "some unbelievers deny the story altogether, and say that, although the towers were built at night, it was not done by a single somnambulist, but by a corps of men, under the joint direction of the padre and Pablo Gonzales—and done for the purpose of attaching some mystic attraction to the singularly beautiful towers. Many also affirm that the favorable influences attached to them are mere delusions, and that it was for his impiety that Pablo died; and they say that, even now, misery or death falls upon those who hasten to worship at his shrine."

"Oh! I don't believe a word of that!" said several of us at once; and all looked toward the spot where the towers had been last seen. But the diligence had outrun our thoughts, and we were far out of sight of San Juan de los Lagos, and entering upon the high table-lands of Mexico.

DEAR FIELDS

Dear fields all tangled up with Queen Anne's lace,
Have you heard what the wind is whispering low—
Of he who used to walk here by my side—
Has the wind told you, too, that he has died—
Died—in the fields where only crosses grow?
And you, all tangled up with Queen Anne's lace,
An awful contrast to that Hellish place;
Dear fields—do you suppose he thot of you
When his dear eyes were dimming with the mist—
Those laughing eyes I never could resist—
They say he spoke of you (and of me, too)
And longed for you all fresh and frothed with lace,
And for the little path one scarce could trace,
Where oft he loitered with me by his side;
His last words came one grey and weary dawn—
Begging me to be "Brave, and 'Carry on'—
As I loved him;" else I too should have died,
And been at peace beneath your pall of lace;
And yet—it seems that I can see his face
When dawn comes up and finds me here alone;
But O, so many boys have trod the track
Down which there cannot be a turning back—
He died for us—please God that may atone,
Dear fields all tangled up with Queen Anne's lace!

—Nina A. Walker.

Dec. 5.

The Penalty

By Robert Page Lincoln

THE mid-day sun sent its scorching rays down upon the floor of the desert with unmitigated fury, basking with sinister intent upon shimmering heat waves that glassily spun before the vision. As far as human eye could reach there was nothing save a wide expanse of sand, broken here and there at intervals along the plain by gullies, and crumbling rocks, that thrust their forms into the parching atmosphere, weary, aged, decaying. A few scattering shrubs, without the least hint of foliage, raised themselves above the white saline matter and added but to the universal desolateness and awfulness of that forbidding waste. The staggering reality of being lost, completely, dumbfoundedly lost in such a forsaken place, which God had neither willed to man or dumb beast, shot through the wanderers brain like a fiery shaft of lightning—a paralyzing fear momentarily unmanned him—he swayed in his tracks, gazing wildly about on every side. East, west, north and south, it was the same; the wide alkali dusted plainland reflecting back the simmering rays of the sun, so sharply that a half blindness pained his sight. Nothing appertaining to life could be seen—not even a preying buzzard gluttonously watching his progress from on high nor yet a lizard scuttling away at his approach. Nothing save that deep, profound, voiceless silence—supreme silence! The man helplessly stared through narrowed lids into the bleary distance, seeking to discern some object to guide him; but no, there was a sameness in everything, and he could only moan aloud, pressing his gnarled fingers against his eyes to soothe them from the glare of the sun. Those blistering rays fell more and more directly upon him as the meridional hour came into its own, causing him to involuntarily contract the skin under the cotton shirt, which, torn to strips along the arms, left them prey to the intense heat. His uncut hair lay in matted confusion upon his head; his unkept beard adding much to his grotesque appearance. The bloodshot eyes were sunken in the head and burned with an unnatural luster; the sunburned face was pinched and drawn and the perspiration coursed at will from his brow, mingling with the biting dust—raised by his feet—forming thin layers in places. He cried aloud clutching the canteen at his side:

"Lost! Lost! Lost!"

The words crossed his lips scarce above that of a whisper and died, a mocking utterance that smote upon his consciousness with the mailed fist of Truth. He clamped his teeth together, drawing the cracked lips back from them and doggedly shuffled on into the unknown, a desperate determination lifting him from his brooding hopelessness. Presently, he told himself, he would find his way out of this waste and all would be well. It demanded of him a patient disposition and a great deal of endurance. What sort of a man was he to give in to the brute forces of Nature? His boots seemed no longer light, but as though filled with lead—each a hindering weight, from which power had languidly flown. As he trudged wearily on his hand repeatedly sought his throat, dry and parched. He tried to wet his lips, but all in vain, for the tongue clove to the roof of the mouth and was incapable of reclaiming the

saliva. A convulsive effort to swallow producing no effect, he cried out aloud at the agony of it all—a cry that was merely a burdened groan, ending in a harsh rattle down his throat. The canteen at his side was but a third filled with the precious water and he guarded each drop as though it were an intrinsic gem, miserly caressing the receptacle with his short, stubby fingers. The soul within him was clamoring feverishly for one single draught of that strength-replenishing fluid—a mere mouthful, anything to stay back that deadening, sapping thirst, that insatiable prey upon his body. Now as he staggered or plunged on the desire to drain the canteen hounded him like a thousand devils, all prancing about him, shouting, crying in his ears and mockingly deterring his progress. Unconsciously his fingers twirled the cap loose from the grooves, and in a moment he had lifted the canteen to his lips. The temple of his will crumbled like a house of cards, and he gulped out a mouthful of the water, letting it glide over his tongue till it had laved the withered portions. As he stood thus swaying his mind was centered upon but one fulfillment—that of satisfying his physical requirements despite future consequences. He tottered unsteadily and the movement of one foot forward upon the sand brought it in contact with a treacherous greasewood limb, and the next moment, stumbling ahead, he fell headlong, measuring his length upon the ground; the canteen flying from his hands, and lay some distance off, the contents plunging out with spasmodic rushes. For a moment the man lay gazing fixedly upon the thing, and then, with a cry of despair upon his lips, rose, and with surprising quickness, recovered the flask, only to find but a mouthful retained in it. A look of dread crept over his features and he stood in collapse with sunken jaw and desperate mein—then, with a mad-man laugh and a curl of his lips, he tossed off the scant portion left and flung the canteen far from him with a curse that sounded hollow and inhuman in that tomb of solemn desolateness.

"At least I won't have that infernal thing to goad me," he muttered, turning his face once more toward the trackless stretch that opened before him. Bent forward eagerly, he peered into the shadowless dim of the horizon; no sign of life, only that maddening length of dazzling sands, with its monotonous display of verdureless, sickly, gray-green sagebrushes and crumbling rocks. His eyes pained him constantly more and more, the rising alkali stinging his eye-balls like sparks of flame. His brain seemed like an upheaval of molten lead, and everything swam upon an ocean of fantastic conformations; the ringing in his ears sounded very sweet and mellow, and the scenes conjured up before his vision presented themselves in a glow of beautiful imagery. Thus suddenly in the midst of his blurred meditations there rose a face. It was the face of a dead man, looking hollow-eyed at him from the mask of death, a pale silent face that seemed frozen and sinister. He recoiled as though from a blow, throwing his arms before him to protect himself from the attack of an unseen foe. It was Liggit! He gasped, drawing the breath through his clenched teeth, staring before him wildly. It seemed the man was lying there stark upon the ground and those eyes even in death were wide open and glaring into his own, a damning light of vengenace in them. There on the forehead was the small round hole with a minute speck of blood alongside where the bullet from his revolver had entered, snuffing out the flame of life in that human body. This man, his pardner; the man he had shot down in cold blood for that damnable secret. Ligget, who had discovered the gold out in this inhospitable hell. He, Bennet, had murdered him in a wild fit of greed that he might have it all; this wealth he had come out to find and name as his own. He remembered very well the occurrence; the scene as it had happened was mentally enacted there before his eyes with all its brutal details. He gasped,

his great hulking body half bent. "This—this must be a—mirage. My God, I dug him down. Those eyes—Oh, why did I do it? Why in the name of ——?' The vision faded and he stood there with palsied limbs and misted eyes, endeavoring to make out again the scene, but of no use, for it had completely vanished from his sight. His muscles relaxed, but he still stood there as if spellbound, his head thrust forward. Then with a cry he broke into a feverish run, finally stopping out of sheer exhaust of his powers. His blurred mind collapsed and consciousness mercifully leaving him, he suddenly tottered and fell, lying there silent under the fervor of the omnipotent sun. How long he lay there he had not the faintest recollection, but presently a savage throbbing wracked his head; there was a buzzing in his ears as of water spuming over rapids. Then his eyes opened, his head was raised, and he came back into his senses with a start. More blinding than ever was the sun, and the thirst assailed him like a thousand swords stabing into his throat. There seemed no life in that organ—only a shrivelled-up numbness. And still life clung to his form like the tentacles of a devil-fish, relentlessly sapping from him the last dregs of energy and hope. At the cost of a prodigious effort he attained his feet, swaying uncertainly as one under the influence of liquor. And somehow vaguely, he remembered. The body—Liggit! Here? No—he looked right and left, before and behind him, with a criminal fear that suddenly leaped uppermost in his mind, offsetting his present harrowing predicament. Certainly it had been but a vision, though quite beyond the capability of his dizzy senses to venture a guess upon. Yet there was a strange belief in his breast. The sun, now on its afternoon slant westward, was haloed in a sheen of fire, the blistering rays unceasing in their fervor, seemingly marked him as an object on which to center their mighty power. But the man was strong, healthy, toughened—his years in the open having built for him a body not lightly to be reckoned with. But the endurance was beginning to tell more and more plainly upon him—he staggered and plunged forward, saving himself numerous times by swaying to keep his balance. His feet were cramped and felt as though resting on a bed of live coals, each step causing him to wince, even though a deadening influence had stolen through his body. Yet with a brutal tenacity he would not relinquish his grasp upon life and kept on—on—on, each interval a dismal eternity. The ringing in his ears no longer was mellow and clear, but vibrant with a harsh grating that seemed to pulse along every fiber and muscle of his body. All was still save the thud, thud, as the heavy boots met the ground, plowing through the saline efflorescense.

And now—his dull mind wandered again into the present, as though jerked from the obscurity of night. He stopped abruptly, shaded his bleared eyes with his gnarled hand and scanned the weary space before him where now loomed a rock, big and distinct and forsaken, silent and sinister. Nearer at hand he could make out through the wavering heat dims an object on the ground that strangely caught and held his fancy. He riveted his attention upon it, for it was distinctly familiar in some unpleasant manner. Shuffling forward with a leap of energy he perceived what it was and halted with a cry on his lips—every nerve in his body keyed up to the breaking point.

"My God, I have walked in a circle!"

For there on the ground, half whitened with the alkali, lay his horse shot through the head, motionless in death. He remembered that he had ridden the animal into the desert and in the course of their rambling it had stumbled in a hole, breaking a leg, making it necessary to shoot it. The man stood rooted in his tracks, as though unable to move from them. He had walked in a circle—had travelled over all that ground only to find himself back at

the starting point. The heart in his breast was held in the grip of a sickening terror; he pressed his hands against his pain-wracked head and fell to his knees with a pitious groan. Where now was even the last small thread of Hope? Where now to place one's confidence, with the assurance that all would be well? Nothing to look forward to believing that only a little further on would be relief—something—anything, perhaps human help that would snatch him away from this torture pen of prolonged agony. Could it be that Fate had meted out this punishment, his in repayment for the cowardly act that had lured him into that forbidding waste? The belief swam through his mind like a paralyzing shock, and again that cold, dead face and those accusing eyes sprung before his vision; he stood there wildly glaring into the vast unknown in a sheer stupefaction, pierced by a dumb fear that chilled him to the vitals. Let this be the end then, he told himself. Why strive any further? Let death come to him, even if it were in a roundabout course. He well deserved this punishment. But once more a brute resolve sent its thrill of masterful energy surging through him with an enlivening warmth; the clinging hands of life as before clamored at his will and bid him have courage. Thus once more the inertia of hopelessness fled, and in place rose a renewed confidence that grew wonderfully as the moments passed.

Suddenly his eyes caught the gleam of something bright at his feet—half interested, he kicked the object up from its partial bed of dust and discovered with a gasp that it was his revolver! With a sort of wondering fascination he stooped and picked it up and clumsily twirling the chamber found with a certain mixture of awe that it held but one cartridge intact, the others were empty. One cartridge —one bullet—one life! The world swung in a dizzy sense-absorbing whirl around him, and a vague, uneasy feeling preyed upon his consciousness. By the lifting of the hammer, the pressing of the trigger with the muzzle upon his temple, he would lie there on the sands sightless in Death's eternal sleep. The thought oppressed him till it became unbearable; it possessed an influence that woke in him a mute curiosity and to think further upon it would be to carry it into effect. A moment's deliberation, however, and he thrust the weapon into his hip pocket, all misgivings fleeing as the pangs of pain again flamed tumultuous in every receding current of his life's blood. Desperately he set out, tramping forward with a mind blackened and empty, his recollection disappearing into the mists of nothingness and beyond recall.

The sun had gradually slipped into the mothering arms of the twilight and the piercing rays streaming from the burning disk lost their blistering power. The dim distance melted into a mellow grayish-brown, and far and near a conglomeration of coloring shone resplendent on the bosom of the silent plainland. A film-like haze enveloped the great fiery orb as it edged lower and lower toward the inviting obscurity of the horizon, and soon the thickening gloom smothered all vestige of light. As the twilight dwindled the figure of the lone man stumbling on his way gave as before the only evidence of life, either human or otherwise. The head was sunken wearily between the shoulders, his every expression denoting intense fatigue—such fatigue which has over-reached the widest bounds of endurance. Now and then he would pause, half-falling, only to catch himself and stagger on; often he fell, and many times lay motionless till it seemed he could rise no more, but the miraculous steadfastness of his will-power held sway over his weaker physical tendencies. Yet his progress was slow—step by step at a snail's pace he went forward, with incoherent mutterings upon his lips.

The dusk of night had now completely engathered the desert-land like a great velvet shroud and softly folded the awful sands from view. All was bathed in a tranquil serenity; not one

cloud or the slightest film of vapor seemed to appear on the face of the deep blue canopy of the heavens. The red glare of the moon and the more pallid light of the countless stars sprinkled broadcast over the firmament illuminated with a delicate brilliancy the silent scene. Yet no voice or hum of insect broke in upon the encroaching solemnity; the atmosphere in its illimitable reaches seemed in perfect sympathy with the sepulchral quietude which admitted of not the least whispering breeze—stagnant and paralyzed by the universal dearth.

* * * * *

It was morning on the desert. The sun in its full glory rose into the limitless heights above the eastern horizon like a red, scorching ball of fire, seemingly hung suspended in the listless atmosphere in close proximity to the earth. Then gradually, as the sun crept up the heavens, a rich glow of rosy coloring spread like a ripe blush over the face of day, flooding softly at first then enveloping with deeper tints the solemn plainland until it presented itself in a spotless robe of vermillion, with here and there a blotch rising shadowy from the glowing bosom—the same crumbling rocks—they appeared strangely formidable as the piercing sunrays gained fervor. The sands took on a scintillating gleam, the dismal and gloomy hue vanished as if touched by magic and chased away the heavy banks of vapor that overhung and completely obscured the distance.

Two men approached the water-hole mounted on horses; both were covered with alkali, and with broad felt hats pulled low over their eyes. Both were grizzled and wore the marks of the typical westerner; keen eyes with eagle-like penetration, the silence of the desert brooding over their tongues, making their speech short and listless. Their manner, however, was that of a rigid sureness and a reserve that spoke more than word of lip. The horses went forward at a swinging trot, the refreshing scent of the water arousing within them an unsubdued desire to appease their vital craving; their ears were pricked forward in eager anticipation. Thus man and brute upon arrival at the welcome spring drank to their hearts' content of the luke-warm fluid, after which the canteens were carefully filled, the cinches pulled tight under the steaming bellies of the animals and everything made ready for a continuance of the trip.

Suddenly a shot rang out upon the breathless stillness, so sharp and clear that the air seemed to split and fall apart, the reverberation rolling away finally into a decreasing echo. Both men and horses started at this unexpected incident. The report had come from their right, and with an air of mystery showing in their eyes, the men swung the horses' heads and trotted forward.

There, some distance off, lay a man sprawled beside a rock, his arms thrown wide, a bullet from a revolver held in his gripped hand having shattered his skull. One of the riders slipped to earth, throwing the reins to the other and in a moment had turned the body so that the face was revealed.

"Him?" briefly queried the man sitting upright in his saddle.

"Same," the other returned, glancing up with a gray light in his hard eyes, then, suddenly catching up the gun from the fingers of the dead man, he spun the chamber—then he felt in the man's pockets. "He sure cheated the law—and at the right minute. One cartridge an' he used that to cash in with."

"Got lost more'n likely," the other replied rather indifferently. "An' right in clost call of the water-hole. Luck!"

The other straightened up from his investigations with an air of finality.

"He paid a hell of a price." The other nodded.

A Crowded-Out Cousin

By James E. Porter

MR. MORTIMER BIGSBY was going into the country to spend the holidays. Mr. Bigsby spent all of his holidays in the country at the home of Henry Peters, a cousin many times removed.

"Cousin" Henry's daughter, Louisa, was a most excellent cook, a widow, and fair to look upon; with a plump beauty, mature, yet not at all elderly. Mortimer Bigsby's mind had dwelt upon his cousin Louisa a good deal of late. When his dyspepsia and sundry other physical ailments troubled him he had visions of renouncing his bachelor freedom and establishing a home of his own with "Cousin Louisa" as its mistress. It was too bad for such a cook and housekeeper to waste her talents upon a doddering old father.

As Mr. Bigsby carefully buttoned his gloves and adjusted his top coat he thought of Louisa's defects. Of course she was not perfect. He remembered one Thanksgiving morning when she had almost grumbled because she was obliged to miss morning services in order to get dinner on time. Mr. Bixby's dyspepsia did not allow him to eat a late dinner. Thanksgiving services were commendable, certainly, when they did not conflict with masculine comfort. When they did so a woman should forego them smilingly and silently.

She also harbored an unfortunate fondness for cats, dogs, children, and other useless encumbrances.

"But these are slight defects, and easily corrected," decided Mortimer as he buckled on an extra heavy pair of overshoes. He intended staying with his cousins two or three weeks, and it would rain, of course, during that period. It always did rain in the country. Cousin Henry Peters would meet him at the station with an open wagon, and when Mortimer remembered the gait of "Cousin Henry's" horse he shivered. Living in steam-heated hotels, billiard-rooms and theaters did not tend to make a man hardship-proof.

It was not a hard life; on the other hand it was not altogether satisfactory. Hotels were noisy and frequently drafty. When a man reached the age to which Mr. Mortimer Bigsby had attained he was subject to sudden indispositions, when a faithful attendant was needed to stand by with brandy-and-water; one who could be snarled at with impunity without being able to retaliate by giving warning. "In short," concluded Mr. Bigsby, "it is time that I should marry."

He sincerely hoped Louisa was not offended because he had paid so little attention to her and her father during their last visit to town. He had written them a polite little note explaining how very busy he was—crowded with engagements, and so on—why, if Cousin Louisa had any sense she would understand that a city man's life was far different from that of country people, who are only too glad to entertain guests in exchange for their society.

Mr. Bigsby had not occupied the seat beside Cousin Henry Peters but a very few moments before he decided that there was no ill feeling in the good man's mind. "As of course there is no reason to be," reflected Mr. Bigsby loftily.

When Mr. Peters had discharged his carefully muffled guest at the front gate Louisa graciously met him and escorted him into the house. Morti-

mer had never seen his cousin looking so well, so blooming and so expectant.

Perhaps it would be better for all parties—but of course it would mean great sacrifice on his part—if he stooped to take her, the woman must not expect too much. If he chose to dine occasionally at the club, or spend an evening among friends, she must be made to understand there were to be no wifely objections. He was afraid Louisa might be a little—just a little—exacting. On the other hand, during those dark days when his mouth tasted like a county fair, and his head felt buzzy and full of wool, what a comfort it would be to lie on the lounge and listen to her reading in that cheerful, well-modulated voice of hers, while some dainty and nourishing broth simmered on their own kitchen range.

"Cousin Mort" laid aside his muffler, his rain-coat, his outside chest protector and his overshoes, together with his aligator suit case, and turned to view the surroundings.

Such a pleasant air of homely domesticity! so quiet, so orderly! There was no mistake about Louisa's knack for home-making. The rooms were wide, warm, and full of the delightful fragrance of Christmas cooking, all done up and ready for the next day's feast. And such refreshing quiet! Quiet, Mr. Bigsby reflected, was necessary to a man in his state of health.

"Louisa," he breathed, as his flabby hand closed over her energetic fingers, "don't you feel that you are—a —well, a bit selfish, if I may use the term—you and your father—in keeping such a delightful home all to yourselves? Have you never felt that you should open your doors to those less fortunate?"

"Yes, Cousin Mort, I have felt exactly that. I was talking to father about it the other day. Said I 'We were reasonably well-to-do before we got poor Jim's life insurance money, and with that we are almost rich, and it is our duty to try to make others besides ourselves happy.' "

"I am glad to find you in this mind, dear woman, for I have a proposal to make: Could—ah—er—you find it in your heart to make a home for one who has long been homeless?"

"Cousin Mort, how well you have read what is in my mind! Not one, but six homeless creatures, not counting the dogs."

"I—er—you don't seem to catch my meaning. I was speaking of myself."

"You, Cousin Mort! Mercy! I am not thinking of establishing a home for the aged; it is an orphan asylum I have in mind. I am going to adopt a whole family of motherless children. I have sent father to fetch them, and they will be here in a few minutes.

"I kept it as a pleasant little surprise for you. Nature intended me to be the mother of a large family, but some kink of fate gave my opportunity to poor Mrs. Kelley, who was not at all fitted to bear such a responsibility, and who just simply sank out of sight under the burden. Now I am going to show the world what I can do with her children. Father didn't like the idea at first, but I persuaded him. 'Louisa,' said he, 'you are crazy! There are six of 'em, one a babe-in-arms, and the howlingest babe I ever heard at that!' 'And no wonder,' said I, 'Of course the girls do the best they know, but they are nothing but children themselves.' 'Why,' said father, 'the day I was up there with the jelly and biscuits that youngone never let up during the whole hour that I was in the house! It just threw back its head, opened its mouth, and let 'er go.' "

Mr. Bigsby fumbled feebly for his handkerchief. He felt ill. A wicked light shone in Mrs. Eldridge's eyes.

"I am just ashamed that we haven't had the children here before this, but, said I, 'perhaps it will be just as well to wait until Christmas; then Cousin Mort will be with us, and he can help train the dogs. The family owned two dogs, which, of course, I won't leave behind, and our old Rover will have to be drilled in company manners a little, I presume, when those two strange dogs arrive. Are you cool in a dog-fight?"

Mr. Bigsby rose and totteringly trod on the tail of the cat.

"Father thought perhaps I better wait until after Christmas before I brought the children over, but I said, 'No, I've got to get up a good Christmas dinner for Cousin Mort Bigsby anyway, and I might just as well fill those children up at the same time. I'd as soon die for an old sheep as a lamb. Or, to change the proverb, I'd rather die for a lot of lambs than one old sheep!' Says Father, 'You'll get enough of it, Louisa.' 'Don't you worry about me, father,' said I, 'I shall enjoy it, and so will Cousin Mort, and if it gets too thick for you, you can go out to the barn for a rest.' You will like the children. They are so nice, although, of course, you know—a little—well, ungoverned, just at present, especially the bow-legged twin. But you wait a couple of years and see the difference. You will have such good opportunities for observing their advancement, too—being here only at holiday times.

"Think what a pleasure they will be to us all tomorrow! Our Christmases have been very dull in the past; just father looking at a new muffler which I have knit for him, and me looking at a pair of new black gloves which father bought for me, and you looking at us both. But now think of tomorrow! Little red stockings and long black ones, and steam-cars and rubber balls and dollies, and jimcracks, and—molasses candy daubed over everything—oh dear! How well I remember when we were all small children and our house was just one great howling uproar all day Christmas.

"Yes, indeed! The children will do you good! A man living as you do, boarding at a hotel, without family responsibilities, and with no one to think of or plan for except himself, is apt to grow—well—narrow, don't you think? Some would even get selfish under such conditions.

"There they come! Oh, oh! Rover has picked a quarrel with one of the dogs already! Hurry out and get between them! You are not afraid, are you? Then I must go myself! Let me by, please!"

Mr. Mortimer Bigsby stood aghast in the center of the room. Outside the turmoil grew; the snapping and snarling of fighting dogs, the shrill yap of boyish voices, the scolding and calling of the girls, and "Cousin Louisa" and her father, and above all, cutting the air like a knife, persistent, penetrating, maddening, the wail of that lusty babe-in-arms.

It was the day before Christmas, and Mr. Bigsby had come to the country with the friendly intention of enjoying the cooking and good cheer of Louisa, his cousin many times removed; but before nightfall he decided that he must forego this pleasure for all time to come. He would never again deliberately expose himself to such a nest of vipers!

The bow-legged twin had not been in the house fifteen minutes when off went the ink-bottle from the clock-shelf, spattering its contents over the immaculate bosom which covered that part of Mr. Bigsby's anatomy where his heart was supposed to be located.

The other twin showed a decided tendency towards a pugilistic career, doubling up his dirty little fists and informing Mr. Bigsby that he could "lick him."

The yearning to be alone with the youngster in some remote woodshed, though not expressed in words, shone in the icy glitter of "Cousin Mort's" eyes.

While keeping the fighting twin at bay with one hand he faintly inquired of his cousin Louisa where she intended to stow so many people over night.

"The hired man is gone; so the girls can have his room; father will have to take the twins in with him, I will manage the baby; and you, Cousin Mort, must share your bed with Ralph, the oldest boy."

"Louisa," gasped Mr. Bigsby in a tragic whisper, "he has sore eyes!"

Mrs. Eldridge nodded, "Too bad, isn't it? But I think I can cure them in time."

An hour later Mr. Bigsby was jogging stationward beside his Cousin Henry. He hoped to catch the 7 o'clock accommodation train for the city.

"Too bad," said Mr. Peters, "that you happened to be taken sick just before Christmas. If you felt you could stay I believe Louisa could fix you a dose that would ease you some. She's splendid at doctorin'. Now them Kelley youngones, sore-eyed and pimpley, and spindlin' lot they are now, but you wait a couple of years and see how she'll fetch 'em out. You won't know 'em. They are really likely children, the whole bunch of 'em."

This was the last straw for Mortimer Bigsby, and he was about to make some sharp retort telling Cousin Henry what he thought of children in general and the Kelley youngsters in particular, when through the open door of a modest cottage floated out on the winter air a tune which he remembered his mother used to play to him in his childhood. The gathering dusk concealed the mist in Bigby's eyes as he turned to Cousin Henry and said, "Well, I guess those Kelley kids are no worse than any other youngsters. I used to be a pretty tough one myself when I was their age."

The Poet of the Sierras

In Memory of Joaquin Miller

By Teasdale Randolph

"Dare!
"I'd dare the curses of the sceptered kings!
"I'd build a pyramid of the whitest skulls,
"And step therefrom unto the spotted moon,
"And thence to stars, thence to the central suns;
"Then with one grand and mighty leap would land
"Unhindered on the shores of the gods of old,
"And, sword in hand, unbared and unabashed,
"Would stand forth in the presence of the God
"Of Gods; there, on the jewell'd inner-side
"The walls of heaven, carve with a Damascus
"Steel, highest up, a grand and titled name,
"That time nor tide could touch or tarnish ever.
"Yea, anything on earth, in hell or heaven,
"Rather than lie a nameless clod forgot,
"Letting stern Time in triumph forward tread
"Above my nameless and neglected dust!"

—Defiance of Don Carlos in "Ina."
"Songs of the Sierras."

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
"Behind him the Gates of Hercules;
"Behind him not the ghost of shores,
"Behind him only the shoreless seas!
"The good mate said: 'Now we must pray,

"For lo, the very stars are gone.
"Brave Adm'r'l, speak! what shall I say?'
" 'Why, say: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!" ' "

—*Columbus*, "*Songs of the Soul.*"

I.

Brave was the spirit of him now gone
To th' rendezvous of immortal bards,
Deathlessly chanting, "Sail on! sail on!"
With the Geneese bound western-wards!
Daring the "curses of sceptered kings,"
Fronting the wrath of the "gods of old"—
Zounds! how his clarion note outrings
Like th' battle-cry of a warrior bold!

II.

Steel in his lines for the nerves of men
Burdened with tasks of the New Empire—
Courage and cheer from the Poet's pen
Dipp'd in the crater's primeval fire!
Meat of the grizzly's unconquered breast,
Wine of Sierra's abounding heart
With a vaster strength could not invest
Nor more impetuous zeal impart!

III.

Sang he the epics of sunlit heights;
Songs of the red man's orgies of blood;
Hymns of the stellar-bespangled nights
And the road-men's cryptic brotherhood;—
Ever attuned to the love of God
Speaking in river and peak and dell;
Breathing his scorn of a tyrant's rod
And th' coward's fear of the pit of hell!

IV.

Calm Cincinnatus* of Piedmont Hills,
Poet of the Eldorado's womb,
Sweet is the mem'ry of thee that thrills
Souls of the comrades who throng thy tomb!
Far, at the Gate of the Golden West,
Breakers of passion forever rise;—
May we not say to our hearts distrest:
"These are thy signals from Paradise?"

**Joaquin Miller's full name was Cincinnatus Heiner Miller.*

Cult Worship: The Last Vanity

By Elliott J. Clawson

THERE are whole classes of men and women nowadays who admit that they do not know of any kind of a God, whatsoever. Self admitted agnostics are not at all uncommon. They do not even cause comment. They have come to be accepted almost as an honored institution. The outcry of the zealously religious against such men is probably forever hushed.

They are scientists, doctors, students, socialists, zanies and dilettantes who strike that bizarre attitude for effect. In these days such men are allowed to be good citizens, and they seem to be equally as "God fearing" as the staunch believers How can this be then if they know of no higher authority, no moral law, for such includes a law-giver, an authority?

The fact is, moral law, itself, never was effective in governing actual questions concerning what is right and what is wrong. The moralities people possess have very little to do with their lives. But there is another law that always has pointed to some kind of a practical course of actions, to infidels, Mahometans, Chinamen, blackamoors, and desperadoes and almost everybody else alike, created after the fashion of an anthropoid. This is the law of cult fear.

As "social animals" all men are very much the same; afraid of the same things, in different clothes and under different names, perhaps, but, albeit, the same things. That is one reason why Abbe Renan said that one man was as all men as one day was as all days. We read Turgenev's "Poems in Prose," written of a different time, society and stage than ours, and we say:

"Isn't that true? I know just that man he means." Of course we know that man because he is all men. But the smaller definition is: there has always been but two men in the world; myself and all-men.

The savant is one of the all-men. His cult usually wears antinomian style vests, but what's in a vest? He, however, has discarded many of the local trimmings which complicate even a momentary beholdment of the cavernous stream which rumbles de profundis the undiscovered, unnamed motif which distinguishes the homo from its kindred geni.

The savant does not fear God. It is said that he did so a long time ago, but that, also, is improbable. The savant, however, nearly always believes himself to be a gentleman or a genius or an anarchist or something. And the cult to which he alleges depends upon the kind of a gentleman or anarchist he believes himself to be.

He says:

"It is no crime to murder a man if the deed is done gracefully." He does not fear that God will smite him if he murders, because he does not believe in a smiting God, nor a burning hell, at all. He knows that he and his friends believe that the civic law against murder is not moral any more than the marriage pronounced by the justice of the peace is more the bond of God than the clink of the Gipsies' anvil. He knows that war is just as much murder as it was for Bill Sykes to beat in his wife's head with a bludgeon. He knows that if he kills a man or a woman his moral conscience will not chide him any more than for stepping on an ant or for being a Napoleon.

But:

He knows that the cult to which he belongs does not murder people any more than it indulges in petit thefts or pardons Oscar Wildes. And he realizes that should he murder he would immediately loose caste in his cult. He is afraid of this. His membership and standing in that magic circle is his only civilization. Its law is the only one to which he bears his heart and says: "Thine will be done." He enters into what the cantists of his realm call immorality with gloved hands, surrounded by perfume and incense, and his hair turns prematurely grey around the temples, yet his heart is virgin pure because his cult recognizes these things. It says do what you will, within certain well defined limits, but in a gentlemanly, delicate manner.

It may be that there are such savants who belong to no cult except a mighty one within themselves. Barsarof must have been such a one. They have destroyed the last vanity behind them and are apparently brutes, but who can tell? What standard of virtue can they be adjudged by? They confess none. They can stand upon the scaffold without a scruple of shame in their hearts nor a pang of regret for a broken cult code and compliment themselves upon the pleasant and sudden manner of death before them.

During the French Revolution it was the code of the cult of nobles to take death upon Dr. Guillotine's butcher bench after the manner of requesting a dance at a royal ball. It was not bravery. It was simply a membership fee to the strongest cult that ever existed, and which received the coup de grace then and with that magnificent spectacular climax. But, is it not surprising, how long the death rattle lasts with those nobles?

A Canadian who was in that last charge of Britishers before Conje sent up the white flag, told me that all that night he had lain behind a trench with a venomous rain of bullets singing over his head, momentarily expecting the order to climb the redoubt and charge into eternity. He said he firmly believed that the moment his head raised above that bank of mud it would be shot off. He said that he prayed and swore that he should not be a coward, not because the idea of being a coward appeared to him to be unworthy—he did not think about that—but because those around him would see that he was afraid. Had he been dubbed as a coward he would have lost his cult standing, and so he was willing to sacrifice his life to guard that standing.

I was very intimate with a young man who was an embezzler. He told me all his secrets. His father was an upright man, closely affiliated in religious circles of the community. He was looked upon as a model citizen. The day that he learned that his son had been spending large sums of other people's money was a dark day, and from henceforth he was a broken man. He found the erring young man in the office where the shady transactions had taken place. Deathly white and with beads of sweat upon his brow, the first words he addressed to his son were not concerning his honor nor his God, but he said:

"This must not leak out. So and so must not know about this. I have worked hard for thirty years. With that thirty years and a little more I can cover the discrepancy. We will hush the matter up." More than anything else was what his cult might think.

It happens in the vast majority of cases that men consider much more what their cult comrades think than what may be the effect of the breaking of any credo statute. In fact, it is seldom the moral involved which acts as a compunction against the breaking of a moral law, and it is nearly always the cult fear which causes hesitancy and thought.

Don Ramon's Revenge

By Mrs. W. Davenport Hudnall

AWAY down in Old Mexico, Senor Ramon gloated over his vast possessions. Day by day he became more and more discontented and morose, as he looked upon his broad acres; fields of coffee, sugar and hemp, and as far as the eye could reach, and beyond, he could call the land and all who dwelt thereon his. But Don Ramon was a widower, because all the pretty senoritas and the widowed senoras looked upon him with fear.

It had been whispered abroad that somewhere away back in his life there had been a young and pretty Donna Ramon, who had mysteriously disappeared, after she had gone with him to the far away land of the Gringoes.

Be that as it may, only he knew, and when he courted pretty Senorita Inez Santora, just fresh from the convent and devoted care of the good sisters of Sacred Coeur, he never could fathom the evident fear she had of him. Inez was the only daughter of a noble Mexican family, consisting of three brothers and her widowed mother.

All wanted her to marry Don Ramon because of his broad lands and great wealth, and upon her shoulders rested the responsibility of recouping the lost fortunes of the noble Santora family.

The boys either would not or could not work, and as soon as they found Senor Don Ramon had fallen in love with gentle Inez their fortune seemed assured.

Surely no girl in her right mind would refuse such an offer, much less Inez, who was simply a penniless girl, with naught but a sweet gentle disposition and a beautiful face. Inez kept her own counsel, and almost broke her heart over the turn of affairs. She loved her mother, and brothers, too, as she knew nothing of their escapades. But she had been to mass at the great cathedral on some of the sacred feast days of the church, and her lovely eyes had wandered around many times when she should have been saying her prayers, and they encountered the admiring glances of Don Pedro Garcia, he of the powerful form and graceful carriage.

Inez always looked for him every time she went to the cathedral, and he was always in the same place, no matter at what hour she was there. She wondered how it could be that he knew when to find her.

After she left the care of the sisters and went to live with her family, no matter when she attended the mass, he was always there. Heart answered heart, and her eyes returned his loving glances, and some day she knew she should meet him. Surely, the Blessed Mother Mary would bring all around right. So Inez continued her work among her flowers and sang the livelong day, as she nursed her secret love for Don Pedro. She knew who was under her window at night, singing the old love songs to the twanging of his guitar, and the stray notes she found could only come from one source.

But alas! one day as she came home from a visit in the country to an old school-mate, imagine her astonishment upon entering the room to see Don Ramon chatting familiarly with her mother and brothers, and her mother addressing her, saying: "Inez, dear, Senor Don Ramon has conferred the great honor upon us of asking your hand in marriage, and we have ac-

cepted him for you. Come here, dear, and let us congratulate you upon your good fortune."

Inez looked from one to another, and great tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, mother mai, I don't love Don Ramon. I—I—oh! don't ask me to marry him. I cannot—I cannot.

She ran out of the room and up to her little shrine, and poured out her heart to the Mother of Sorrows.

Senora Santora made the best of the situation, and laughingly excused her by saying it would all be right by tomorrow; it was because the proposal was so unexpected, so sudden.

After Don Ramon had gone, Senora Santora went in quest of her willful Inez.

"What do you mean," she said. "Don't you know we are as poor as we can be, and it only remains for you to wed the Don to keep us from beggarly poverty, and the Don has promised to help your brothers, and me, also. You must and shall marry him. I had pledged my word!"

Poor Inez! Her life became one long torture, and at last she gave her unwilling consent, and then the Santora household became one vast workshop of preparation.

All the girls and widows shook their heads and prophesied dire disaster to follow the marriage. But Don Ramon showered his passive bride-elect with costly jewels and richest febrics for her apparel.

Alas! one evening as Inez was sitting in the garden, as she thought alone, she heard the love song she knew so well, and some one else heard it also, and watched her as she listened. The rapt and sweet expression on her face was one he had never been able to bring forth, no matter how magnificent the gifts or how sweet his compliments and love-making be, and he resolved to see who it was that brought that love light in her eyes. He climbed over the hedge, but just in time to see Don Pedro vanish around the corner. His jealousy was aroused, and he determined to take her far away, when she was his bride, far away to the land of the Gringoes, and then he would keep her shut up so no one could see her.

He kept his own secret, and Inez knew not that he had spied Don Pedro. After the wedding, which was the most brilliant affair that had ever been known in that part of Old Mexico, he hurried his bride away to the solitude of a new home in a comparatively new country.

Inez was all alone, and saw no one except her old nurse and the servants around the house, all of whom were brought from his old home, and had been his abject slaves, ruled by fear for years. He built the most peculiar house for their home.

It was shaped like a hexagon, with windows everywhere, and a cupola on top, so he could scan the country for miles around.

The house was situated on a lonely road, far away from the settlements, and approached through a long lane of eucalyptus trees, running north, south, east and west.

The house at the apex of the trees upon the knoll was so peculiar, and altogether so queer and uncanny that the straggling settlers gave it a wide berth, and it was whispered around that there were many dark deeds done under its roof. There was a large cistern some twenty-five feet deep near the house, and that tapped a living spring which supplied water for the house and large domain around it; orchard and garden blossomed and grew under the careful care of the servants, and Donna Ramon should be happy with such a home, but she was a prisoner, and never was seen on the roads driving except with the Don.

One day he left her, saying he should not be back until the following evening, as he was going to town to attend to some business affairs, and Donna Inez, being left alone, ascended the stair to the cupola to watch the moon rise over the far-distant water. Oh, how unhappy she was, ever since her marriage, and for six months she had heard nothing from her family.

Could it be that Don Ramon de-

stroyed the letters? She sat there she knew not how long, and it seemed to her the most peaceful time she had spent since leaving her own sunny land.

She heard a sound that made her heart beat faster, and faster, and she leaned far out on the window sill, and there stood—could it be possible. Oh, blessed Mother! Yes! it was none other than her beloved Pedro, singing the old love song, and looking up toward her.

What should she do—she must see him, but how—how? The old watch dogs, the servants, were not all in bed, and what if they should hear. She would write him a note, and fling it down from the window.

He must go until later. She flew downstairs and penned the note and put it through a ring she took from her finger, and flung it far down in the grass. Then she waited and knew that Pedro knew and would be still and wait—and what joy!

She could see him in the garden and Don Ramon would not be there to interfere. Would the hours never pass? At last she stole down, and out to Pedro—her lost love. She told him of her misery and Don Ramon's jealousy; how she was a prisoner; could go nowhere or see anyone; and how she had heard of his hard name among the settlers, and all her troubles.

How nice to have sympathy and love from an old friend from home!

He, in turn, told her of his wanderings and loneliness without her, and it was almost morning ere he started to depart. But hark! what was that step she heard over there by those rosebushes; surely no servant could be around now. She was bidding Don Pedro a long farewell, when an angry face, black with passion, and the gleam of an uplifted knife, was all—and Donna Ramon's sorrows were o'er, and Don Pedro and Don Ramon were in deadly combat, struggling over her dead body in the moonlight. One gained the mastery, and Don Ramon was left, but not dead, beside poor Inez.

When the morning dew aroused him, Don Ramon's first thought was how to get rid of the gruesome thing there on the grass. Surely there must be some way; he had done the deed before and still was free.

What could he do now? Something must be planned before the servants were stirring, and he must not be seen until to-morrow eve., when he was expected, and then he would join in the search for Donna Inez. Ah! there was the cistern.

He dragged her lifeless body toward it, and, lifting a board, plunged the poor creature down headlong into the water.

Then it was the work of a few moments to rid his hands and clothes of the evidences of his crime, as water was plentiful, and he would go away, perhaps never to return.

Which he did, and the queer house and its occupants still remained on the knoll on the hill for many years.

No one asked any questions; if they did, all they got for their trouble was, "Quien sabe"—and one by one the servants dropped out, and the old house and grounds went to ruin.

But the belated farmers, passing there at night, say the air is rent with a woman's scream, and the voices of two men in deadly combat, then a silence, a splash, and all is as dark as before.

Does Donna Ramon come back from the great beyond, and is the tragedy all enacted over again?

The taxes on the grounds are always paid by someone unknown, to this day, although no one knows who. If they do, silence is golden.

There had been some talk of dragging the cistern, and one night a light was seen near; the next day disclosed evidences of some one having been there. What did they do? What did they find?

Echo answers—what?

Snow-Shoeing in Southern California

By George Law

SNOW-SHOEING the last of March. This is not so remarkable. But snow-shoeing in Southern California the last of March, or even in the middle of January, needs explaining. It doesn't sound just right in the land of eternal summer.

Still, one of the many Fords whisking through the streets of Los Angeles on a certain morning in March was conspicuous for the presence of snow-shoes amid the camping paraphernalia in the back seat.

"Snow-shoes!" exclaimed a tourist, not as yet acquainted with the versatility of our climate and topography. "What on earth d' ye do with those things out here?"

"Why, use them in the regular way," I replied. "You see, when we want a taste of winter out here, and haven't the time or money to go east, we simply go zenith."

I smiled and gave "Henry" the clutch, for winter was beckoning not one hundred miles away, our blood was already atingle with anticipations, and we wanted to make it by night.

So we wended eastward and a little south, as fast as we dared go on the splendid cement highways which lead to Riverside and points beyond. At the top of Box Springs Grade we had the first sight of our destination, Mt. San Jacinto, rising majestic from the plains to a height of over two vertical miles, the top half mile or so dazzlingly white, like a Miltonian empyrean anchored above this world.

To think that our little stone cabin, stocked from last fall with winter provisions, fire-wood piled high by the door, was awaiting us there in that silent, arctic wilderness! The thought was such as to cause one to open the throttle.

So we shot on, scarce feeling the road-bed of the Perris Valley beneath us—except within the precincts of Perris itself,—and reached the town of San Jacinto, at the foot of the mountain, easily by noon, without being subjected to a single indignity of tire or what-not.

Ten miles beyond San Jacinto the grades begin, winding and switch-backing up the mountain to the resorts of Idyllwild and Keen Camp. There are two, one making the rise of three thousand odd feet in eight miles, the other taking it easier in about eleven miles.

We tackled the short grade, but "Henry" began to get "wheezy." In the course of a mile of hard-gained, hotly contested distance, in which the water-breaks had literally to be bucked across, a twenty-one per cent loomed at the beginning of the main switch-back, and "Henry" balked. As no amount of tinkering with him or coaxing of him could make him go on, we did some hazardous backing to a point where it was possible to turn around and sallied down to tackle the other grade.

All was smooth sailing for two or three miles. But this grade is also addicted to switch-backs, and unfortunately indulges in twenty percents or so. "Henry" again balked. More tinkering, coaxing, and a drastic deviation from the last; but it was all to no avail.

As we were fully equipped for the open, we decided to camp on the spot and give "Henry" another try-out in the morning. We were still far below the snows; but for a first night in the mountains, after months of pent city existence, a camp in the spicy chaparral belt was a delight. And with a

stream running by, a clear sky, the seat-cushions for mattress, we had everything that convenience and comfort required.

Morning brought no change in "Henry's" disposition. He backed down beautifully, so beautifully, and so adept had I become in backing him, that my wife suggested backing up the grade. But for the neck-strain I had been willing to try it. However, the road was badly grooved, and the water-breaks were veritable moraines. While it was still possible to get "Henry" out we decided to do so, and, running back a few miles, put him up at a ranch in the canyon. Then with knap-sack and snow-shoes we struck out for Idyllwild afoot.

And perhaps it was for the best. The day's delay gave us an opportunity to get somewhat hardened for the last six miles of necessary foot-travel by trail, and likewise served to acclimate us to the change in altitude and temperature.

In Idyllwild, which is 5,000 feet altitude, the snow had melted from all except the shadiest places. Our destination was Tahquitz Valley, 3,000 feet higher, accessible only by climbing up over the rocky rim just northeast of Idyllwild.

A web of wind-clouds in the sky promised "weather," and knowing well the difficulty of the climb, we were exceedingly glad that we had not located the cabin at Hidden Lake, Round Valley, or other points more distant. Six miles, three of them almost straight up, were, with the promise of a cozy cabin and a warm fire at the end of them, within the bounds of the discreet possible, in spite of the handicap of soft muscles and numbing hours of wet and cold feet.

We did not encounter much snow until well up on the trail. Then, where the trail passed into the shadow of the north slope, snow appeared in abundance. It was hard and icy, and we put on spike-sandals, which we had provided for just such an emergency, over our moccasins. But for these, and the assistance of a metal-pointed staff, it had been difficult to keep a footing in the steep places, and the risk had been foolhardy.

In the pine woods at the top of the precipice, through which our way led for the last two miles,—much easier now, with only moderate deviations from level,—the crust of the snow was strong enough to hold up my wife, but let me through unexpectedly every now and then, up to my knees and deeper. So the occasion for snow-shoes had arrived, and I buckled mine on. My wife, however, who had never used snow-shoes, preferred in her fatigue to trust to the hardness of the surface.

The weather thickened, and an icy wind accompanied us through the woods. With snow everywhere, the aspect of the mountains was so changed that the familiar dells, meadows and rocky saliences of summer were recognizable with difficulty. But for the presence of our cabin, this remote wilderness isolated on the mountain top, with no signs of use or occupation by man, other than our own, would have seemed desolation itself. As it was, with hospitality assured, a warm glow of home pervaded the place and helped us to forget our cold feet and fatigue; we greeted the old scenes, decked out in their winter splendor, joyfully, and the view to the desert was like the welcome of a friend. Happiest of all was the first glimpse of the cabin, appearing so little in its vast, wild surroundings, subdued by the covering of snow,—so lonely with no sign of smoke issuing from its chimney.

There was a breathlessness in the moment when we pushed open the door. Though some disorder told of animal visitors, everything in the main was just as we had left it four months before, and, aside from an upset jar of jam, no depredations upon the food supply were noticeable.

A storm set in that night, and for more than a week we were beseiged by intermittent snows and rains. The sky cleared long enough to give us a ramble to the desert slopes. Then a

"Clearing-up" storm left a few inches of fine snow upon the hard crust, and, protecting our eyes from the dazzling glare with amber goggles, we made a trip to Hidden Lake, about 1,500 feet higher.

We caught sight of deer and crossed their tracks frequently. Once we came to fresh tracks which ended abruptly. Inspection revealed back tracks mixed with the forward, and we interpreted the episode of our little friend's advance, his sighting of us and his hasty retreat.

Hidden Lake—so named from its secluded site in a pocket of granite ledge, high on a barren ridge where the existence of a lake would never be suspected—was a milky-blue basin merging into white where the snows sloped up from its shores to the surrounding rugged heights.

Thinking that the waters were frozen solid, I ran forward on the snow-crust to launch forth on a long slide; but my feet sank in the milky-blue substance, and I just barely avoided a good miring in slush.

Our contemplation of this famous objective point of summer outers, in its present condition so desolate and forbidding, without a track or sign of life anywhere, was interrupted by a sound from busy, important civilization. It floated up to us weak and diluted, in the surrounding immensity—the whistle of an engine.

We went beyond the lake a short distance to the rim of the ledge—to that natural observatory where newcomers are invariably struck dumb with amazement and admiration, as though the view were in too great a dose for their unprepared faculties to receive.

But we, frequent visitors to this "observatory," were prepared for the eye-gorging and congratulated ourselves upon the crystal transparency of the day. Salton Sea stood forth in such bold clear outlines and colors that we thought we could tell the deeper places from the shallow, and instead of appearing fifty miles away, it seemed but five or ten, with even the far shores visible.

The striking feature of the Hidden Lake view lies in its straight-downness. From this 9,000 foot altitude point you look straight down into the sea-level basin of the Colorado Desert. To be sure there are mountain slopes directly below you, but they are so far below that they hardly seem to be there. The great fact is the yellow floor of the desert, streaked with washes of white sand and dotted with creosote bushes. You see caterpillar-like objects creeping towards each other along a black line, and the streak of blackness that exudes from them and the faint sounds that they give forth, assure you that the scene is fact and not fancy. Otherwise, from the unrealness of the coloring, the strangeness of the topography and the barrenness over all, you had just cause to entertain a doubt.

Warming ourselves by a fire easily started in the snow with the resinous wood of the lodgepole pine, we ate our lunch and watched the unfoldment of the drama of two trains, which, from our distance, appeared as though they were going to try to pass on the same track.

At the conclusion of two weeks we left for Idyllwild, according to schedule, not without considerable wistfulness at bidding good-by to the cabin and the wilderness, and some disappointment at not having been treated to more snow. Then at Idyllwild we learned that the roads had been washed out in the canyon below where we left "Henry" and that there was no chance of getting him out for several days. This afforded us a good excuse to return to the cabin for another week, and so, resting at Idyllwild that night, we climbed back up the trail the following day.

We took advantage of this unexpected addition to our vacation and of the clear weather to wash up the accumulation of soiled clothes, towels, and dish-cloths, which we did gipsy-fashion down by the stream, using a 50-pound lard can for a boiler, and spreading the things out to dry on the

buckthorn. And a fine "clothes-line" these low, spreading evergreen bushes make, with their many thorns to keep the wash from blowing away.

This domestic deed was accomplished just in time, for the weather again "thickened." After frightening Southern California with the prospect of a thorough draught, Jupiter Pluvius seemed to be in the mood to make full amends. A dead, heavy hush came over the mountains; murky clouds hung limp and bulging in the sky; then snow began to fall, those large, downy snowflakes of ideal Christmas weather —straight down, silent, like cotton or pillow-down, mantling trees, rocks and earth.

It was just the sort of snow-fall we had longed for. We opened our eyes the morning following its beginning upon a transfigured world. Fully two feet of the softest, lightest, fleeciest snow imaginable covered the old crust. It literally mantled the pines, firs and cedars from top to base, causing the branches to droop with its weight. It clung to the outer exposed tips of the branches in huge puffs, and its whiteness, purity and soft melting freshness were such as to entice our tongues over and over again. From the melting of the earlier snow from the roof of the cabin, huge icicles had formed at the eaves. The new snow fastened on to the exposed side of these like moss on the north side of trees. Hooded with snow, festooned with ice, and blue smoke wreathing from its chimney, the cabin was an eloquent symbol of the mellowness of winter; and the view from the outside through the falling snow in at the open door to the brightly-burning hearth-fire was such as could suggest nothing less than a shrine—the shrine, perhaps, of the Bluebird.

To our full satisfaction, the snow continued to fall, while, bundled up in woolen duds, we plodded about on our snow-shoes, played Fox and Geese—and felt our cheeks burn and tingle with that joyous reaction to Jack Frost which even the abundant counter-delights of "The Land of Sunshine" could not prevail upon us to forego.

Surely there is that in winter which to do without amounts to injustice to self. Summer is richer with meaning. because of the stimulating effect of the contrast, both upon mind and body. And those who would give Southern California her due, must add to her charms that of winter—or at any rate the prerogative of winter, exercised in wonderful conjunction with that of eternal summer.

It was still snowing on the morning that we took our second leave. Three feet or more had fallen and lay so lightly upon the ground that our snow-shoes sank in for six or eight inches with every step. Progress was therefore somewhat labored. Add to this the inability, because of the storm, to see very far ahead, and the occasion was certainly not the most propitious to travel six miles through a mountain wilderness in which trails were all covered up. Ravines, crags and forest aisles have a disconcerting tendency to look all alike during a storm when prominent landmarks are hidden and directions are uncertain.

Though I can almost claim that I know the San Jacinto heights better than I do Los Angeles, still there is not the convenience of policemen to recover one's whereabouts from in the former, and I was secretly glad that our snow-shoes marked a distinct path and packed it down, thus making a return easy if necessary.

I love to think of that path in the snow, winding and curving through the white wilderness, up and down slopes, across ravines and creeks, and finally down a precipitous mountain side, zigzagging the steeps, finding a way around pillars of rock and through thickets of scrub oak and mountain mahogany.

After the steep descent was begun, the possibility of a return was wholly abandoned, as it was easier then to make Idyllwild than to return to the cabin. The snow was so soft and yielded so secure a footing that the snow-shoes proved practical even for the steepest places, and saved us from

the possibility of floundering into unseen crevices of rock.

In the heavy chaparral belt near the bottom of the precipice the snow became damp and heavy, weighing down the branches in a way to obstruct the trail. A blow with the staff was sometimes enough to release the snow, when the branches would rise and let us through.

We came to the spot where last summer we had guided our pack animals off the trail to permit a party of tourists to go by. To the questions of one of the ladies we had answered that we lived up there. "Isn't that lovely!" the lady had exclaimed.

"I wonder what she would say, could she see us now," I remarked, recalling the incident to my wife.

"She would say the same—only still more believingly."

In the Realm of Bookland

Ranging in latitude from the child's book of verses to the technical volume devoted to the deepest sciences, the output of books continues to flow from the presses of the publishers at a rate which keeps the review editor at his desk overtime. Good, bad and indifferent will sum up the character of the present-day offerings, but this will not satisfy a public used to judge for itself and accustomed to indicate its personal opinion as to what it prefers to read.

For that reason we select at random a few titles which have appealed to us as deserving more than a mere passing notice.

"The Little Democracy," by Ida Clyde Clarke.—D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The author of American Women and the World War, who's latest book, "The Little Democracy," has just been issued by Appletons, has done a signal service to American social life, in our opinion, by giving to the young readers of the land a book which will help them master many intricate problems of community life and thought. Even before the great war, the community idea had been rapidly taking root in America, and it did not take a prophetic vision to see that the spread of this helpful idea would work wonders for the future citizens of the Rupublic —both the men and women citizens of our land.

Around these plans Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke, author of "American Women and the World War," has written "The Little Democracy," developing the practice of community organization in its various aspects and giving the best plans now in use and practicable for trial.

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"The Doctor's Part," by Col. James R. Church, M. D., U. S. A.—D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

As is natural during war times, any book which throws a light on any one of the multitude of features of the great conflict finds ready readers and an interested audience.

Col. James R. Church, M. D., U. S. A,. whose book, "The Doctor's Part," has just come off the press of the D. Appleton & Co., gives his readers a glimpse of what really happens when the soldier is wounded at the front in one of the many battles and skirmishes now taking place over in France. From the time the stretcher-bearer picks the wounded man up behind the firing-lines until he reaches the last stage to-

wards convalescence, or if unfortunately, another fate awaits him, until then, Col Church shows his readers the various stages of progression and visualizes the many hospital and camp scenes so that one can realize the wonder and magnitude of the army medical and surgical service.

A bright account is given of the personal side of the patients in all of their whimsical moods when they bear up under pain, fighting their country's battle in the hospital as well as at the front. The most heroic picture of the war is found in the hospitals. Colonel Church has seen service with the French and American Armies and has worked among the suffering in Belgium and Switzerland. Throughout, his book is strictly popular and non-technical in its language. The concluding chapters cover the work of the Red Cross and the wonderful organizations for the redemption of the disabled. All Americans who have dear ones in the service of their country will have their fears and anxieties greatly relieved if they will read Col. Church's inspiring story of the work of the doctors and their aids.

"Secretary Baker at the Front," by Ralph A. Hayes.—The Century Co. $1.00.

One of the most interesting short books relating to the war is that of Ralph A. Hayes' narrative of the trip of Secretary of War Baker abroad during the spring of 1918. Being the private secretary of Secretary Baker, Mr. Hayes had opportunities to gather first hand an amazing amount of valuable information which otherwise he would have been unable to get. In his book "Secretary Baker at the Front," Hayes tells of the experiences of the cabinet officer's party in England, France and Italy; of meetings with the heads of the governments of our allies, and of many other interesting happenings.

Of course no one, except Mr. Baker himself, could know the details of this momentuous trip to Europe better than the War Secretary's private secretary. Mr. Hayes was, of necessity, in the midst of all the stirring events of a journey that has had such extraordinary results for this country and our Allies. He came back with a book rich in tones on the incidents of the seven weeks between Washington and Rome,—a seven weeks which have had a decisive influence on the war. In the course of Secretary Baker's journey there were meetings with King George, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Generals Pershing, Haig, Foch, Petain, etc. The book is illustrated with photographs taken under the supervision of the author.

Following the return of Secretary Baker from Europe this spring, Mr. Hayes resigned his position and enlisted in the Army. At last accounts he was a private in training at Camp Meade, in Maryland.

"For the Freedom of the Seas," by Ralph Henry Barbour, author of "Keeping His Course."—D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

Ralph Henry Barbour's new book, "For the Freedom of the Seas," which has just reached us from the press of D. Appleton & Co., while dealing with a subject—the Naval and Submarine end of the war—and full of dash and timely interest, betrays too much of that spirit of hurricane to secure for itself, we are afraid, a lasting place in American literature. While the story is fairly well told, and has enough of the dash and swing of the nautical to please the most ardent admirer of sea tales, the evident hurry to get the book before the public has somewhat marred the value of the volume.

Nelson Troy, the hero, after having seen his father's ship torpedoed by a German submarine and his father made a prisoner, enlists in the Naval Reserve. He then takes part in the capture of some German spies, and later, when he is transferred to a destroyer, his crew engages a German raider in a brisk encounter. All through the story Nelson has many experiences which show the real life of the Navy in the present war.

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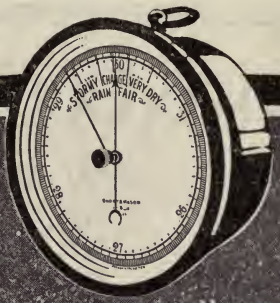

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"Joan and Peter," by H. G. Wells.—The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

H. G. Wells can always be counted upon to produce a volume that has the merit of holding the interest of the reader to the end. His latest book, "Joan and Peter," is the story of two children who do not stay children for long, but who soon are caught in the phases of expanding adolescence and budding manhood and womanhood. The story, while carrying a deep message of educational ideals and needs for the future generation, at the same time entertains and pleases the ones whom it is aiming to teach.

Mr. Wells' craftsmanship is at its height in his skillful arrangement of the plot which carries these two interesting young people through school and college. The sturdy Joan, at the period when she "cheeks" Peter's week-end guests, the delightful Joan at the time when life seems to hold for her but dancing, is an entrancing character. Not less so Peter, eager and sensitive, thrilling over Hamlet at Moscow, rebellious at the Irish complications. The revealing and brilliant writing that traces their growth makes every crisis in their lives, sport-ethics, love affairs, or politics, a vivid dramatic climax. "Uncle Nobby" is a fine drawing of the liberal minded optimistic Briton. His braveness and humor in interviewing Dons and Deans make good reading. His travels with Peter are recorded with illuminating comments on the conditions of pre-war Europe; the comradeship of the two, so far apart in age, is cleverly analyzed. Undoubtedly these characters will appeal more than the heroes and heroines in Mr. Wells' widely discussed novels of other years, for they step from his most mature and fertile imagination.

"The Drums in Our Streets," by Mary Carolyn Davies.—The Macmillan Company. $1.25

Here is a book of poems that will awaken an immediate response in the hearts of American men and women everywhere. They tell of the war as it comes to the mothers, sisters and sweethearts. They are personal and sincere and have the graces of imagination and phrase. As one distinguished critic remarks, "There is scarcely a line which has not a fresh beauty of expression as well as touching emotion."

Miss Davies' theme throughout may be said to be the thoughts and feelings that women have as they stay at home while their boys are at the front. This theme she treats with variety, delicacy and power. There is nothing morbid about the poems. Pride rises with the tears—pride in the women in our street, as well as for the boys with the drums.

"On the Overland Stage," by Edwin L. Sabin. Thomas F. Crowell Company. $1.25.

This story for boys, by a well-known writer of Western life, depicting life in the Middle West during its stirring days of settlement, is a picturesque and true chronicle of Western development—telling of the rise of the great overland stage route which extended from St. Joe, Missouri, clear across to Sacramento, California, during the sixties, and was the forerunner of the railroads.

Terry's father enlists to fight in the Civil War, and Terry and his mother establish a store and way station on the stage line. Here they encounter many interesting characters, among them the pony express rider, Billy Cody, who was later to be known to fame as Buffalo Bill, and Sam Clemens, who made his mark as Mark Twain. Next Terry gets his chance to handle the reins for a trip or two behind the prancing team of six, on the overland stage; and he meets the great Ben Holladay, stage king and forerunner of the railroad kings of a later day. There are likewise brushes with Indians which are brimful of peril, and other excitements galore, awaiting Terry and his many boy friends clear up to the last page. It is a clean, snappy story presenting a fine pen

picture of an important period in our Nation's growth.

BOOK NOTES.

G. F. Nicolai, the famous Berlin professor who recently escaped by airplane to Denmark, and whose book, "The Biology of War," is published this month by the Century Co., has just begun, in the London Times, the serial publication of an appeal to the German people to overthrow the "great unknown" authority that is hurrying Germany to its destruction. "I believe," he writes, "that international Germans like myself embody the spirit of Germany better than any Ludendorff or any other personage who openly or secretly holds the reins of the government. I know indeed that thousands, even millions, of the best of my fellow-countrymen secretly share my feelings. I know that there is nothing in the whole world they so ardently desire as that those who control Germany's destinies today may fail to achieve any lasting power, and that our military party may find itself baulked of its disastrous victory both at home and abroad."

Although her readers number well up into the millions, probably comparatively few of them realize how Kathleen Norris has lived the life of Americans such as she writes about.

Born in California, where early in life the responsibility was thrown upon her girlish shoulders of earning the living for her younger sisters and brothers, she began to take the hard knocks of life absorbing from a new viewpoint, the atmosphere of the small western town and later the journalistic atmosphere of the great growing city of the Golden Gate. In New York, where her literary struggles began and were crowned with success, she has known the Bohemian life of Washington Square and has known the life of "society" so-called, both in the palatial town houses and in the country estates of Long Island and Westchester. The lives of "Josselyn's Wife," of "Martie," of "Julia Page," of "Rachael," of "poor, dear Margaret Kirby" and "Saturday's Child" all spring directly from the many phases of American life which Kathleen Norris has lived and knows.

Word has just been received by his publishers that Iliodor (Sergus M. Trufanoff), the "Mad Monk" of Russia, has just reached his home in the District of the Don on the River Volga, after his long journey from America. He is at present engaged in organizing a force in Southern Russia to cooperate with the Allies in driving the Germans out of the country. Iliodor writes that the American people must not believe the reports of chaos in Russia, which are grossly exaggerated, and sends a message to all Russians in America to come home at once and take part in the heroic struggle against Germany. Iliodor was accompanied on his journey by his wife and children.

There is a story afloat of some British soldiers stationed in Flanders who became interested in gardening. They wanted a garden, but didn't know the proper way of going about it. A hardened old sergeant recalled that somebody had written a book called "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which had the sound of an appropriate text book. So he got it from the American Library Association Camp Library near by. When the book came it was a disappointment in one sense, but all the men enjoyed reading it. "Mrs. Wiggs," by the way, has just reached its fifty-second edition.